NOLLEKENS
AND HIS TIMES

BY JOHN THOMAS SMITH

EDITED BY WILFRED WHITTEN

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NOLLEKENS
AND HIS TIMES

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And Memoirs of Contemporary Artists from the Time of Roubiliac Hogarth and Reynolds to that of Fuseli Flaxman and Blake By John Thomas Smith Keeper of the Prints and Drawings in the British Museum

EDITED AND ANNOTATED

BY WILFRED WHITTEN

WITH EIGHTY-FIVE ILLUSTRATIONS

IN TWO VOLUMES VOL. II

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NOLLEKENS

AND HIS TIMES:

COMPREHENDING A

LIFE OF THAT CELEBRATED SCULPTOR;

AND MEMOIRS OF

SEVERAL CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS,

FROM THE TIME OF

ROUBILIAC, HOGARTH, AND REYNOLDS,

TO THAT OF FUSELI, FLAXMAN, AND BLAKE.

BY

JOHN THOMAS SMITH,

KEEPER OF THE PRINTS AND DRAWINGS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

SECOND EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON-STREET

1829.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER XVII

Sale of Mr. Nollekens's collection of Sculpture—Mending antiques—Sale of his prints, &c.—Account of his seated female figure—Patrons of modern English Sculptors—Antique foot—Sir Joshua Reynolds's throne chair—List of busts, monuments, and statues, executed by Nollekens—Chronological list of all his sculptures exhibited at the Royal Academy, from 1771 to 1816—Conclusion . . . . . *Page* 3

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES OF SEVERAL ARTISTS AND OTHERS CONTEMPORARY WITH NOLLEKENS

PAGE

LOUIS FRANÇOIS ROUBILIAC 27
PETER SCHEEMAKERS 38
JOHN MICHAEL RYSBRACK 50
MATTHEW LIART 54
GIUSEPPE CERACCHI 56
JOHN BAPTIST LOCATELLI 58
THOMAS PROCTOR 62
JOHN ZOFFANY, R.A. 67
JOHN KEYSE SHERWIN 73
THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. 82
JOHN BACON, R.A. 88
JOSEPH WILTON, R.A. 99
THOMAS BANKS, R.A. 117

PAGE
AGOSTINO CARLINI, R.A. 132
DR. CHARLES BURNEY 136
ISAAC WARE, AND HIS COMPANIONS AT OLD SLAUGHTER'S 142
RECOLLECTIONS OF PUBLIC CHARACTERS SOMETIME INHABITANTS OF ST. MARTIN'S-LANE 157
SIR ROBERT STRANGE 179
THOMAS VIVARES AND WILLIAM WOOLLETT . . . 183
FRANCESCO ZUCCARELLI, R.A. 188
MARCELLUS LAROON (THE YOUNGER) 190
CHARLES MACKLIN 206
SAMUEL PATERSON, THE AUCTIONEER 209
WILLIAM CUSSANS 215
JOHN OPIE, R.A. 218
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. 223
GEORGE KEATE 232
JOHN DEARE 234
THOMAS MAJOR 260
GEORGE MORLAND 263
RICHARD WILSON, R.A. 266
WILLIAM HOGARTH 270
FRANCIS HAYMAN, R.A. 277
JAMES BARRY, R.A. 279
FRANCIS LEGAT 284
OZIAS HUMPHRY, R.A. 290
BENJAMIN WEST, P.R.A. 301
JOHN HALL 317
RICHARD COSWAY, R.A. 319
GEORGE HENRY HARLOW 331
HENRY FUSELI, R.A. 337
JOHN FLAXMAN, R.A. 351
WILLIAM BLAKE 366

ILLUSTRATIONS

JOSEPH NOLLEKENS, R.A. . . . . *Frontispiece*
From the original painting by Sir William Beechey, R.A., in the possession of John Lane.

FACING PAGE

SIR GEORGE O'BRIEN WYNDHAM, F.R.S., F.S.A., 3RD EARL OF EGREMONT, THE MUNIFICENT PATRON OF ARTISTS . . . 6
From an engraving by H. Cook after Thos. Phillips, R.A.

JOSEPH NOLLEKENS, R.A. 24

MICHAEL RYSBRACK 50
After Vanderbank.

CHARACTERS SKETCHED BY P. SANDBY AT RYSBRACK'S SALE, 1764 . 52
From the *Magazine of Fine Arts*, Vol. II., p. 432.
From an engraving by H. Adland.

THE MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, 1772 . . 68
From the mezzotint by Richard Earlom after John Zoffany, R.A.

DAVID GARRICK AS ABEL DRUGGER, WITH BURTON AND PALMER AS SUBTLE AND FACE 72
Painted by John Zoffany, R.A. Engraved by John Dixon.

THE FINDING OF MOSES. A GROUP OF LONDON SOCIETY LADIES, 1789 78
Painted and engraved by John Keyse Sherwin.

THE WOODMAN 86
Painted by Thomas Gainsborough, R.A. Engraved by Peter Simon.

JOHN BACON, R.A. 90
From an engraving by T. Blood for the *European Magazine*, after John Russell, R.A.

THE ARTIFICIAL STONE FACTORY, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE. SHOWING THE SCULPTURES BY JOHN BACON, R.A. 94
Drawn and engraved by S. Rawle for the *European Magazine*.

THE STATUE OF DR. JOHNSON IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, BY JOHN BACON, R.A. 96
From an engraving by James Heath.

THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE, IN BRONZE, OF KING WILLIAM THE THIRD, BY JOHN BACON, JUN., IN ST. JAMES'S SQUARE . . 98
Drawn and engraved by S. Rawle.

PORTRAITS OF JOHN HAMILTON MORTIMER, A.R.A. (*seated*), JOSEPH WILTON, R.A. AND OF A LAD NAMED THURY WHO USED TO SWEEP OUT THE ROOMS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY AT SOMERSET HOUSE. 108
From the painting by John Hamilton Mortimer, A.R.A., in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House.

FACING PAGE

THE LADY'S LAST STAKE 114
Painted and engraved by William Hogarth.

THOMAS BANKS, R.A. 118
Drawn and engraved by J. Condé.

HOGARTH'S HOUSE IN LEICESTER SQUARE, SHOWING THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GEORGE I BY VAN NOST 146
From the drawing by S. Rawle, engraved in the *European Magazine*.

THOMAS HUDSON 150
From a drawing by Jonathan Richardson, the Elder, in the Print Room, British Museum.

NATHANIEL OLDHAM 154
From an engraving by R. Grave (Caufield's *Remarkable Persons*).

ROSAMOND'S POND, ST. JAMES'S PARK 156
From *Antiquities of London*, by John Thomas Smith.

OLD SLAUGHTER'S COFFEE HOUSE, ST. MARTIN'S LANE. TAKEN DOWN IN 1843 158
From a drawing by T. Hosmer Shepherd in the Crace Collection, British Museum.

COMPANION TO THE COACH 160
Formerly attributed to Rembrandt, but now to P. de Koninck or other inferior hand.

BENJAMIN WILSON'S HOAX IMITATION OF THE ABOVE SUPPOSED REMBRANDT ETCHING 160

BENJAMIN WILSON, PORTRAIT PAINTER AND MAN OF SCIENCE. . 162
Etched by himself.

THE LIFE SCHOOL AT ST. MARTIN'S LANE ACADEMY . . . 166
From a painting in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House.

STRANGE UNDER MISS LUMSDEN'S HOOPED SKIRT . . . 179
From an engraving by Grignon after Gravelot.

SIR ROBERT STRANGE 180
From the print engraved by himself.

ALDERMAN JOHN BOYDELL, PATRON OF ARTISTS AND PRINTSELLER 184
From an engraving by B. Smith after C. Borckhardt.

MACBETH AND THE WITCHES 188
Painted by Francesco Zuccarelli, R.A. Engraved by William Woollett.

THE COVENT GARDEN MORNING FROLIC 202
Drawn and engraved by L. P. Boitard, 1747.

JOHN WALKER, ELOCUTIONIST AND AUTHOR OF "WALKER'S DICTIONARY" 212
From an engraving by R. Hicks after James Barry, R.A.

MARY PALMER, NIECE AND HEIRESS OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, WHO MARRIED, 1792, THE EARL OF INCHIQUIN, AFTERWARDS 1ST MARQUIS OF THOMOND 228
From the original picture by J. Downman (1782) in the possession of A. H. O'Bryen-Taylor, Esq.

GEORGE MORLAND 264
From an engraving by T. Scott.

FACING PAGE

RICHARD WILSON, R.A. 266
Painted by himself in 1768. From the original painting in the Diploma Gallery, Burlington House.

FRANCIS HAYMAN, R.A. 278
By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. From the original portrait in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House.

THE RUINOUS HOME OF JAMES BARRY, R.A., IN CASTLE STREET, OXFORD STREET 280
Drawn and engraved by T. Prattent.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS RESIGNING HER CROWN . . . 286
Painted by Gavin Hamilton for James Boswell, engraved by Francis Legat, and supplied with a Latin inscription by Dr. Johnson.

OZIAS HUMPHRY, R.A. 290
From an engraving by Caroline Watson after Romney's original portrait.

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER FROM OZIAS HUMPHRY TO HIS PARENTS CONCERNING HONITON LACE DESIGNS FOR HIS MOTHER . . 298
In the possession of John Lane.

THE DEATH OF WOLFE 302
Painted by Benjamin West, P.R.A. Engraved by William Woollett.

THE MACARONI PAINTER (RICHARD COSWAY, R.A.), OR BILLY DIMPLE SITTING FOR HIS PICTURE. BY ROBERT DIGHTON . 320
From a rare mezzotint by Earlom.

THE PAINTER OF MACARONIS (MARIA COSWAY) . . . 321
From a rare caricature in the collection of Francis Wellesley, Esq.

A VIEW FROM MR. COSWAY'S BREAKFAST ROOM, PALL MALL . . 323

WILLIAM COMBE (AUTHOR OF "THE TOUR OF DR. SYNTAX") . . 324
From the original drawing by George Dance, R.A., in the possession of John Lane.

RICHARD COSWAY, THE ARTIST, INSIDE HIS WIFE'S HOOP . . 329
From an etching in the collection of Francis Wellesley, Esq.

GEORGE HENRY HARLOW 332
From an engraving by B. Holl after Harlow.

THE TRIAL SCENE IN HENRY VIII. WITH PORTRAITS OF MRS. SIDDONS AND THE KEMBLE FAMILY 334
Painted by George Henry Harlow. Engraved by George Clint.

HENRI FUSELI, R.A. 340
From the engraving by J. Rogers after George Henry Harlow.

JOHN FLAXMAN, R.A. 352
From a drawing by Ozias Humphry, R.A., 1778, in the Collection of John Lane.

MRS. MATHEW, WIFE OF THE REV. HENRY MATHEW. THE FRIEND OF BLAKE AND FLAXMAN 356
From a pencil drawing by John Flaxman, R.A., in the Prints Department, British Museum.

CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY PILGRIMS 378
Painted and engraved by William Blake.

PILGRIMAGE TO CANTERBURY 378
Etched by Luigi Schiavonetti, and finished by James Heath, A.R.A., from the painting by Thomas Stothard, R.A.

NOLLEKENS
AND HIS TIMES

VOL. II.—]

NOLLEKENS AND HIS TIMES

CHAPTER XVII

Sale of Mr. Nollekens's collection of Sculpture—Mending antiques—Sale of his prints, &c.—Account of his seated female figure—Patrons of modern English Sculptors—Antique foot—Sir Joshua Reynolds's throne-chair—List of busts, monuments, and statues, executed by Nollekens—Chronological list of all his sculptures exhibited at the Royal Academy, from 1771 *to* 1816—*Conclusion.*

THE sale of Mr. Nollekens's unsold works, and collection of antique and modern sculptures, took place under the hammer of Mr. Christie, on the premises in Mortimer-street, on Thursday, July 3d, 1823, and at the Auctioneer's room in Pall-Mall, on the two days following. The collection consisted of many of Mr. Nollekens's original models, carvings in marble, and works by Italian and other artists, particularly Michel Angelo and Fiamingo.

Mr. Nollekens's statue of a standing Venus in marble, pouring ambrosia on her hair, was purchased by Mrs. Palmer for 231*l.*;[1] and his model of a sitting Venus was bought by the Earl of Egremont.[2]

[1] This figure is by no means so good as the one of Venus chiding Cupid, executed by the same artist for his liberal patron Lord Yarborough. (S.)

[2] George O'Brien Wyndham, third Earl of Egremont, the munificent patron of many artists, including Turner.

The antique marbles consisted of a statue of Minerva; a noble bust of Commodus, in perfect condition, and several other Imperial busts; one of Mercury; and a very spirited head of a Faun; chiefly purchased at the sales of the late B. Bond Hopkins, Esq. at Pain's Hill; and at the Earl of Besborough's, at Roehampton. These antiques, which were mostly purchased by the Duke of Newcastle, brought full thirty times the money they had cost Mr. Nollekens.[1] His method of mending antiques was rather curious: he would mix the dust of the sort of stone he was mending, with his plaster; so that when dry, if the antiques were of Pentallic marble, the sparkling of the stone-dust in a great measure disguised the joining or mended parts. Mr. Roubiliac, when he had to mend a broken antique, would mix grated Gloucester cheese with his plaster, adding the grounds of porter and the yoke of an egg; which mixture, when dry, forms a very hard cement.

Mr. Nollekens's prints, drawings, and books of prints, were sold by M. Evans, in Pall-Mall, on Thursday, December 4th, 1823. They principally consisted of nearly the entire works of Nicolas Poussin; a fine collection of the engravings after Sir Joshua Reynolds's pictures; several sketch-books filled by Mr. Nollekens when at Rome, and numerous drawings also by him, made upon the backs of letters.[2]

[1] The statue of Minerva with helmet, to which Nollekens had added a lost arm, was purchased by the Duke of Newcastle for 162*l.* 15*s.* The same nobleman bought the antique bust of Commodus, which was said to resemble the then late Francis Duke of Bedford, for 336*l.*; the antique bust of Mercury for 147*l.*; and the antique head of a Faun for 105*l.*

[2] A copy of the catalogue of this sale, marked by Mr. Arch, of Cornhill, is in existence, and is described in *Notes and Queries* of February 3rd, 1906, by Mr. Aleck Abrahams, who shows that Smith's paragraph is inaccurate: the dates of the sale were December 18th and 19th, and Smith misdescribes the lots:—"There were sketch books, and a very large number of original drawings by Cipriani, of which Smith secured lot 331, 'Thirty-four Academy

Nollekens's figure with the sandal, carved for Lord Yarborough, was considerably the greatest favourite with the public of all his female figures; but that which he himself took the greatest delight in showing was seated with her arms round her legs, Lot 21, purchased at his sale at Mr. Christie's, by the Earl of Egremont, for the sum of eighty-four pounds; his Lordship giving it the preference to others by the same artist. He engaged Mr. Rossi, the Academician, to execute it in marble, with strict injunctions that no alterations whatever, not even an improvement upon the model, should be attempted. In giving this order, his Lordship was, in my humble opinion, perfectly correct; for, if improvements had been made, it could no longer have been esteemed as a production of Nollekens's mind; though I am perfectly convinced, that had the figure been carved under his own eye, it would in many instances have been benefited by those corrections which most Sculptors are induced to make whilst they are executing finished carvings from their models. Mr. Williams,[1] who carved this figure under the superintendence of Mr. Rossi, assured me, that in no instance could he have been engaged upon a more difficult task, especially in carving parts that were so intricately undercut; as the right hand of the figure placed before the right leg, was within a quarter of an inch of the shin-bone, and he had to invent tools of the most singular shapes to enable him to cut and file away the stone. It was the opinion of most

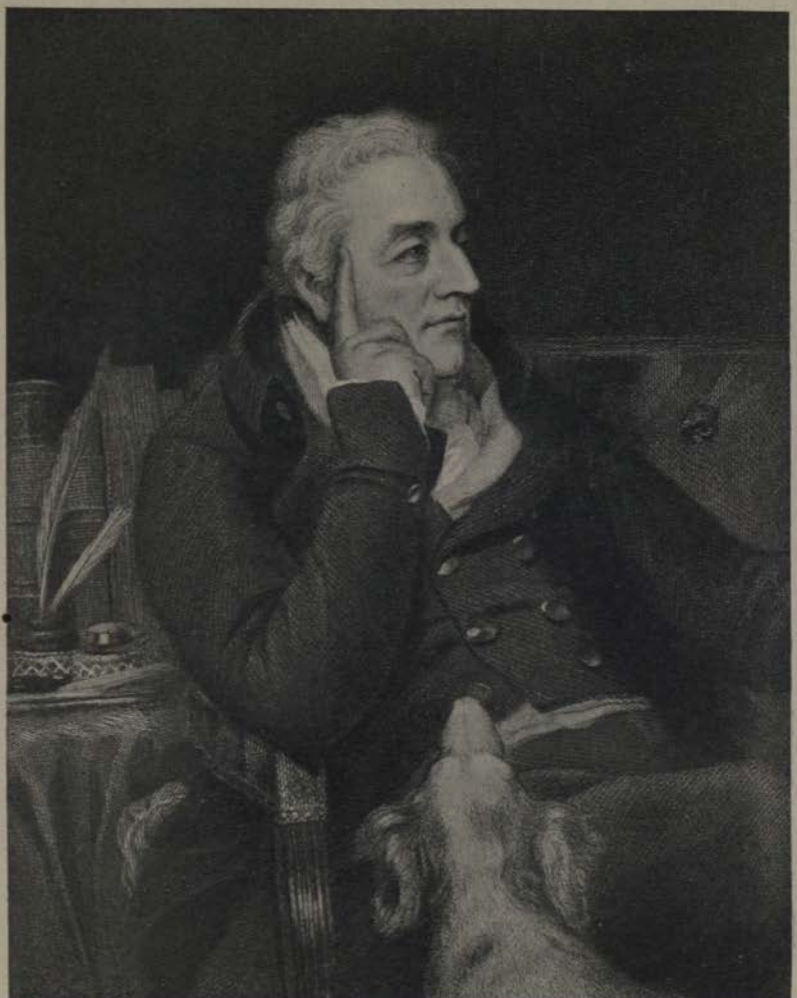
studies in red and black chalk' for 2*l.* 10*s.* Lots 307–19 included drawings and prints by Malton, Sir William Chambers, and Cozens. Lot 284 was 'Collection of inscriptions upon monuments and under busts executed by Joseph Nollekens, Esq., manuscript'; but nothing else of his occurs, and the name of Sir Joshua Reynolds is not mentioned." It may be that, as Mr. Abrahams suggests, Smith confused this sale with that of the studio fittings, etc., sold by Christie on July 3rd, 4th, and 5th of the same year.

[1] Possibly J. T. Williams, a sculptor at this period, afterwards a gem engraver.

artists, that many parts of this figure could have been much improved: they thought the ankles unquestionably too thick; and that, to have given it an air of the antique, the right thigh wanted flesh to fill up the ill-formed nature which Nollekens had strictly copied. The abdomen was far from good; and the face was too old, and of a common character; but the back was considered extremely beautiful. The attitude was a natural one, and acquired by mere chance, as good attitudes often are.

The woman from whom it was modelled, after standing for some time to Mr. Nollekens for parts of a figure for which he was then engaged, was desired to dress; and, upon her seating herself on the ground, to put on her stockings, her posture so pleased the Sculptor, that he immediately cried, "Stop, don't move; I must model you as you now sit:" and it is a curious fact, that he, being at that time Visitor of the Royal Academy, placed the woman, who sat as the model there, precisely in the same position. It is also rather singular, that the above-mentioned Mr. Williams, who carved the figure for Mr. Rossi, is in possession of a drawing made by his father at the Academy, from the female who was so placed.

When Mr. Nollekens had completed this model, the late Earl of Carlisle purchased it, with an intention of having it carved in marble, and placed with the numerous other works of Art at Castle Howard; but upon some family objections being made, his Lordship gave the artist a portion of the purchase-money to resign his bargain, and it actually remained unsold for many years previous to the death of our Sculptor. It is now, however, honoured with a pedestal at Petworth, amidst numerous specimens of modern Art, of which Lord Egremont, to his eternal honour be it spoken, is a most liberal encourager. This nobleman is not only in possession of Mr. Rossi's beautiful group of Celadon and Amelia; but, I am happy to state, has also commissioned the same artist to execute another figure for him. His



SIR GEORGE O'BRIEN WYNDHAM, F.R.S., F.S.A., 3RD EARL OF EGREMONT,
THE MUNIFICENT PATRON OF ARTISTS
From an engraving by H. Cook after Thos. Phillips, R.A.

Lordship will likewise have the good fortune to possess the group of the Angel Michael and Satan, one of the grandest works of the late Professor Flaxman,[1] and perhaps equal to the productions of this, or any age of former times. The modern Sculptors, however, are not only indebted to the patronage of the above Nobleman, but also to that of their graces the Dukes of Devonshire, Bedford, and Newcastle, who are in possession of some of the finest specimens of their abilities. Indeed our Sculptors of talent have so glorious a Patron in his Most Gracious Sovereign, that the greatest part of the Nobility and persons of opulence endeavour to vie with each other in the decoration of their halls and galleries; and in a few years, it may reasonably be expected, the mansions of wealthy Englishmen will exhibit such a display of native talent, that it will at once astonish and confound most of our Continental visitors and rivals.

Sir Thomas Lawrence is the fortunate possessor of an antique foot, valued by Nollekens as highly as any specimen in his collection; of which precious relique he has been heard to tell the following story. When he was at Rome, he often endeavoured to persuade Cardinal Albani, to whom it belonged, to part with it, but without success. At last, when Nollekens was about to come to England, the Cardinal, who knew no other way of getting possession of a female Torso, which Nollekens possessed, gave him the foot for it.

It has also been stated, that the Cardinal stole the foot in order to give it to Nollekens; and some, who stick at nothing, have said that Nollekens stole it from the Cardinal. This, however, I do not believe, as I never will encourage the thought of his being dishonest, or even in the slightest degree dishonourable. It is now kept by Sir Thomas Lawrence, under a glass shade; and it must have measured one

[1] This group of Michael and Satan is described in the supplementary biography of Flaxman, *post*. See another reference in Chapter X.

foot five inches and a quarter from the heel to the great toe, before the tip of that member was mutilated. Sir Thomas Lawrence, when first he acquired it, was inclined to consider it as belonging to the famous Torso; the marble being the same, and the proportions agreeing most perfectly: but, upon a little reflection, the President gave up that pleasing idea, perfectly satisfied that it never could have belonged to that fragment, as the foot treads flat upon the ground, and is unquestionably in the action of a standing figure about to walk, which does not accord with the action of the thighs of the Torso, which, the reader will recollect, is seated.

I was the means of Sir Thomas acquiring another interesting relique of art, as will appear by the following statement.

Twelve months after the death of Dr. Fryer,[1] I found, by a catalogue of his household property, that Sir Joshua Reynolds's throne-chair was inserted for sale by auction; and though I had many friends who were ignorant of that circumstance, and whose love for the Arts would have induced them to have gone to a high price for it, particularly one gentleman of rank and fortune, from whom I and my family have received repeated instances of kindness,—I considered it my duty, as an artist, to apprise Sir Thomas Lawrence of its approaching exposition; and, for that proper attention, I had the honour of receiving his warmest thanks. However, on the day of sale, the President had nearly lost it; as the lot was actually about to be knocked down for the paltry sum of ten shillings and sixpence, just as the rescuing bidder entered the room; which enabled him, after a slight contest of biddings, to place the treasure on that very day by Sir Thomas's fireside in Russell-square.[2]

Last year, in the ever-memorable sale of the Leicester

[1] Edward Fryer, M.D. (1761–1826). His biography of James Barry appeared in 1825.

[2] Sir Thomas Lawrence lived at No. 65 Russell Square, and died there January 7, 1830. The house has recently been demolished.

Gallery of Pictures,[1] consisting entirely of the productions of British artists, a comparatively diminutive chair of French character was conspicuously advertised as the throne-chair of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Sir Thomas Lawrence, as soon as possible, personally acquainted Mr. Christie with the absurd mistake; who, upon coming to the lot, with his usual manly fairness, acknowledged the error to the whole company, informing them that the real unostentatious chair was in the possession of the President of the Royal Academy.

Some time before Dr. Fryer's death, I requested him to give me a specimen of Barry's hand-writing, to insert in Boswell's *Life of Dr. Johnson*, which my wife has for several years been engaged in illustrating; when he most liberally gave me that artist's first sketch of the letter which he addressed to Lord and Lady Inchiquin, upon their honouring him with the presentation of the above-mentioned chair. And as many of my readers may not be in possession of Dr. Fryer's *Life of Barry*, where the perfect letter is inserted, I here give a copy of the first confused draught which now adorns my wife's book.

Mr. Barry presents his respectful compliments to Lord and Lady Inchiquin, with every acknowledgment and thanks for their inestimable favour conferred on him this morning, in the gift of Sir Joshua's chair.

Alas! this chair, that has had such a glorious career of fortune, instrumental as it has been in giving the most advantageous stability to the otherwise fleeting, perishable graces of a Lady Sarah Bunbury, or a Waldegrave, or in perpetuating the negligent, honest exterior of the authors of the Rambler, the Traveller, and of almost every one whom the public admiration gave a currency for abilities, beauty, rank, or fashion: the very chair that is immortalized in Mrs. Siddons' tragic muse, where it will have as

[1] Lord De Tabley (Sir John Fleming Leicester) died in 1827, and a portion of his collection was sold in this year, valuing 7466*l.*

much celebrity as the chair of Pindar, which for so many ages was shown in the Porch at Olympia.

This chair, then, of Sir Joshua Reynolds may rest, very well satisfied with the reputation it has gained; and although its present possessor may not be enabled to grace it with any new ornament, yet it can surely count upon finding a most affectionate, reverential conservator, whilst God shall permit it to remain under his care.

Jan. 30, 1794.

No. 36, Castle-street, Oxford-market.[1]

The next record which I shall insert concerning Mr. Nollekens, is, a list of his principal performances, which I have arranged alphabetically, in order that the reader may readily find the bust, statue, or monument of any particular individual.

BUSTS.

A.

Aberdeen, Lord
Ackland, Miss
Adam, Mr.
Alban's, Duchess of St.
Andover, Lady
*Anson, Hon. Thomas[2]
Argyle, Duchess of
Arkwright, Mr.
Arkwright, Mrs.
Asaph, Bishop of
Aubyn, Sir John St.
Aubyn, Lady St.
Auckland, Miss
Aufrere, Mr.
Aylesford, Lady

[1] Lady Inchiquin, who presented this interesting chair to Barry, was Sir Joshua Reynolds's niece, Mary Palmer, who married the Earl of Inchiquin, afterwards Marquis of Thomond. After Barry's death the chair passed to his friend and biographer Dr. Fryer, in the sale of whose effects it was bought by Smith himself for Sir Thomas Lawrence. It was afterwards owned by Sir Martin Archer Shee, Sir Charles Eastlake, and Lord Leighton. It is now in the Diploma Gallery under a glass case. It is an ordinary easy chair.

[2] Mr. Deville, of the Strand, having purchased of Mr. Goblet, Mr. Nollekens's principal assistant, the moulds of those Busts marked with a (*), the reader will be gratified by knowing that casts of them may now be had as above, at a very reasonable rate. (S.)

B.

Baillie, Doctor
Banks, Sir Joseph
Bathurst, Lord Chancellor[1]
Beaufort, Duchess of
*Bedford, Duke of
Bedford, John Duke of
Bedford, Duchess of
Barrington, Lord
Berwick, Lady
*Besborough, Lord
Bolton, Duke of
Borrows, Master
*Bradell, Mrs.
Brook, Lord
Brownlow, Lord
Brownlow, Lady
Brownlow, Lady
*Burney, Admiral
*Burney, M. D.
*Burney, Rev. Doctor

C.

*Canning, Hon. George
Carlisle, Lord
Carr, Mr. John
Castlereagh, Lord
Cavendish, Lord Frederic
*Cavendish, Lord George
Chambers, Doctor
Charles II. King of England
Chatham, Lord
*Charlemont, Lord
Charlemont, Lady[2]
Clair, Miss Le
Coke, Mr.
Colpoys, Admiral
Coote, Sir Eyre
Cornelli, Mrs.
Coutts, Mr.
*Cowper, Lord
Cromwell, Oliver
Cumberland, His R. H. William Duke of

D.

Darnley, Lord
*Darnley, Lady
Dashwood, Mr. Bateman
Denison, Mr.
Devonshire, Duke of
Dillon, Lord
Donegal, Marquis
Dorset, Duke of
Drummond, Provost[3]

[1] This bust is in the Registrar's-room of the Six Clerks' Office, Chancery-lane. In the Committee-room, under the same roof, is a whole-length portrait of the same Chancellor in his robes, by Dance; which has been severely cut at the lower part of the picture. (S.)

[2] I have heard Northcote declare, that, in his opinion, the bust of Lady Charlemont is the finest of Nollekens's productions; and, indeed, that he considered it equal to any antique. (S.)

[3] George Drummond, so often Provost of Edinburgh, ranks very high among the benefactors to the Royal Infirmary in that city. In memory of its obligations, a bust of him has been placed in the Hall. It was done by

Dunning, Mr.
Dysart, Lady

E.

Ellis, Mrs.
*Erskine, Lord

F.

Farr, Hon. Edward
Finch, Mr. Thomas
*Fitzpatrick, General
Fitzwilliam, Lord
Foley, Mr.
Folkes, Lady
Fox, Hon. Charles James[1]
Fraine, Mr.
Fraser, Simon

G.

*George III. King of England
*Gainsborough, Lord
Garrick, Mr. David
Gower, Lord
Gower, Lord G. L.
*Gower, Lady
Gordon, Duke of[2]
Goldsmith, Oliver
Grafton, Duke of
*Granby, Marquis
*Grenville, Lord
*Greville, Hon. Thomas
Grey, Lord
Gregory, Mr.
*Gwydir, Lord

H.

Hamilton, Mr.
Harringdon, Mr.
Hawkesbury, Lady
Heartley, Lady Louisa
*Helen's, Lord St.
Hillesbury, Lord
Holford, Mr. Robert
*Holland, Lord
Howard, the Hon. Mrs.
Howard, Mrs.

J.

Johnson, Bishop

Nollekens, and bears the highly complimentary inscription, of "George Drummond, to whom his country is indebted for all the benefits which it derives from the Royal Infirmary" (*History of Edinburgh.*) (S.)

[1] It is said that the Empress Catherine of Russia placed Fox's bust by Nollekens between those of Cicero and Demosthenes. She had no fewer than *twelve* busts of Mr. Fox in marble, all executed by Nollekens, to give as presents.

"To the memory of Charles James Fox," written by Mr. Roscoe, under a bust of him by Nollekens, in a Temple erected to his memory, upon the banks of the Clyde, by Mr. Todd, of Glasgow.

"Champion of Freedom! whose exalted mind
Grasp'd at the general good of human kind!
Patriot! whose view could stretch from pole to pole,
And, whilst he bless'd his country, loved the whole!" (S.)

[2] This bust of the Duke of Gordon is considered one of Nollekens's finest works. (S.)

*Johnson, Doctor[1]
Jersey, Lord

K.

Keate, George
Keith, Lord
Key, Rev. Mr.
Keebel, Mr.
King, Admiral
Kirby, Mrs.

L.

Lake, Lord
Lauderdale, Lord
Levi, Moses
Lee, Mr.
Liverpool, Lord
Liverpool, Lady
Lucan, the Daughter of Lord

M.

Madox, Mr.
Malone, Anthony
Manners, Lady
*Mansfield, Lord
Mansolini, Anna, at Bologna
Meath, Bishop
*Milton, Lord
Mitford, Master
Moira, Lord
Monck, Lady Elizabeth
Montagu, Mr.
*Mulgrave, Lord
Mathias, Mr.
Marchant, Master
Maud, Mr.
Maud, Mrs.

N.

Neal, General
*Newcastle, Duke of
Newborough, Lord
Newborough, Lady
North, Hon. Dudley

O.

Orme, Robert

P.

Paoli, General
Parr, Count
Peranesi, J. B.
Pelham, Hon. Mr.
Pelham, Hon. Mrs.
*Perceval, Hon. Spencer[2]
Percy, Lord

[1] At Nollekens's sale, Mr. Chantrey requested me to bid for the first cast of this head of Dr. Johnson. Upon my asking him how far he would go for it, he observed, "You buy it, for I shall think it cheap at any price; as it is, in my opinion, by far the finest head our friend ever produced"; and, indeed, it seemed to be considered so by another bidder, who made me pay ten guineas for it, almost four times the money Nollekens charged for the common casts. (S.)

[2] In a letter by Nollekens, dated November 27th, 1812, with which I have lately been favoured by the Rev. Henry Crowe, of Bath, to whom it is addressed, it is stated that his price for a bust in marble was then one hundred and fifty

Petre, Lord
*Pitt, Hon. William[1]
Popham, Mr.
Pringle, Sir John

R.

Richards, Mr.
Richards, Mr. John
Roberts, Doctor
Robinson, Sir William
Robinson, Sir Sept.
Rockingham, Marquis of
Roos, Lord
Rutland, Duke of
Rutland, Duchess of
Rutland, Duchess of, Isabella
Russia, Empress of

S.

Salesbury, Lady
Saville, Sir George
Simmonds, Daughter of Mr.
Somerset, Duke of
Spencer, Lord
Spencer, Lord Robert
Stanhope, Sir William
Stafford, Marquis of
*Sterne, Rev. Laurence
Stonor, Mr.
Stroonlof, General
Stuart, Lord Henry
Stuart, Sir John
Sykes, Sir Christopher

T.

*Taylor, Mr.
Townley, Mr. Charles
Townley, Mr. John
Trevor, Bishop
Tulmarsh, Mr.

W.

*Wales, His Royal Highness Prince of
*Wales, Her Royal Highness Princess of
Waddell, Mr. William
*Warwick, Lord
Welch, Mr. Saunders
Welch, Mrs., wife to the above
Wellesley, Marquis
*Wellesley, Hon. Pole
*Wellesley, Hon. William
*Wellington, Duke of
West, B., P.R.A.
*Whitbread, Samuel
Woodburne, Colonel
Woodhouse, Mr.
*Wyndham, Hon. William
*Wynne, Sir W. W.
William III. King of England

Y.

*York, His Royal Highness Duke of
York, Her Royal Highness Duchess of

guineas; to which he adds that he had at that time orders for fifteen busts of Mr. Perceval at that price. (S.)

[1] The busts of Pitt and Fox, according to the theatrical phrase, were called "Nollekens's *stock* pieces," for they were always in requisition. (S.)

MONUMENTS EXECUTED BY MR. NOLLEKENS.

A.

Ashburton, Lord

B.

Bathurst, Lord
Barwell, Henry
Bateman, Lord
Baring, John
Besborough, Lord
Boston, Lord
Boscawen, Mr.
Birch, Taylor
Bodwell, Mr.
Booth, Sir Charles
Boyn, Lady
Boyde, Lady
Buckworth, Mr.

C.

Coke, Mrs.[1]
Champion, Major
Chase, Mr.
Cunliffe, Sir Foster

D.

Darby, Mrs.
Dashwood, Sir John
Davenport,
Dorset, Duke of
Dysart, Lord

E.

Earl, Mrs.
Elwes, Mr.

F.

Finch, Rev. Dr.
Fuller, John

G.

Goldsmith, Oliver

H.

Howard, Mrs.[2]
Hill, Joseph

I.

Irwin, Lady
Irby, Mrs.

J.

Jervoise, Mrs.

K.

Keate, George
Kent, H.R.H. Duke of

[1] This monument cost about 2000*l*. The whole of the figures were carved by Goblet. (S.)

[2] It has been roundly asserted, that Nollekens took the composition of this monument from that erected to the Cardinal Richelieu. Be this as it may, the figure of the child alone is equal to any thing ancient or modern, and the praise bestowed on that, Nollekens is unequivocally entitled to. The figure of Religion, in this monument, was carved by Goblet. (S.)

L.

Leigh, Lord
Long, Charles[1]
Lovaine, Lord

M.

Mackenzie, Stewart
Manners, Lord Robert
Mitford, Mrs.
Mordant, Sir J.
Mortman, Mr.
Mynell,

N.

Noel, General

P.

Pinfold, Sir Thomas
Pringle, Sir John

R.

Robinson, Sir Sept.

S.

Salesbury, Sir Thomas
Sand, Lord
Standish, Mr.
Sayer, Admiral
Southell, Edward
Seymour, Lady Anne
Spencer, Earl
Shipley, Mrs.[2]
Stuart, Sir Charles

T.

Talbot, Lady
Trevers, Lord
Tyrell, Sir J.

W.

Willis, Dr. Robert
Wyndham, William
Wyndham, Family
Worcester, Bishop
Wynn, Lady

STATUES EXECUTED BY MR. NOLLEKENS IN MARBLE.

Denison, Robert ..... } Denison, William ..... }	For a Mausoleum.
Diana	Marquis of Rockingham.
Juno	Ditto.
Mercury	Lord Yarborough.

[1] This monument, consisting of a boy with an inverted torch, was erected at Saxmundham: for a notice and drawing of which I have been obliged to the Rev. John Mitford, Editor of an edition of Gray's Works, published in 1814. (S.)

[2] The wife of the late Bishop of St. Asaph, who was a brother of Shipley, the drawing-master, of the Strand, where Nollekens went to draw of an evening when a boy. (S.)

Pitt, Hon. William	Senate-house, Cambridge.
Rockingham, Marquis of ..	Earl Fitzwilliam.
Venus[1]	Marquis of Rockingham.
Venus chiding Cupid[2]	Lord Yarborough.
Venus	Mr. Chamberlayne, Hampshire.
Venus anointing her hair ..	Bought at Mr. Nollekens's auction by Mrs. Palmer.

Among the few chimney-pieces executed by Mr. Nollekens, one of a superior kind was sent to Edinburgh for Mr. Scott.

Mr. Nollekens also executed five masks upon keystones for Somerset House, after drawings made purposely by Mr. Cipriani. He likewise executed orders of a very inferior kind, by putting them out to be done by the masons of the New-road ;[3] the profits of which were not inconsiderable, as he never gave them more than a quarter of what he charged himself.

As the manner in which every man of talent advances in his art is interesting to the enquiring mind, I have extracted, from a set of the Royal Academy Exhibition Catalogues, the subjects produced by Mr. Nollekens as they stand chronologically.

[1] A noble Lord when viewing Mr. Nollekens's statue of Venus perfuming her hair, asked the artist from whence he took the idea of thus employing her. Surely it must have been from Homer? Nollekens made no reply; in fact, he knew very little of Homer. (S.)

[2] Nollekens was so provoked by an accident which happened to one of his figures during the exhibition at Somerset House, that he threatened F. M. Newton, the Secretary, who made light of the affair, should this Venus be in any way injured, to break every bone in his skin. (S.)

[3] The New (Euston) Road statuary yards survive to this day, though their number has declined. There were more than a dozen in and about the New-road when Smith wrote.

No.

1771.

139 A bust of a nobleman, in marble.
140 A model of Bacchus.
141 A ditto, Pætus and Arria, a group.

1772.

168 A bust of a gentleman, in marble.
169 A statue of Bacchus, ditto.[1]

1773.

211 A statue in marble, representing Venus taking off her sandal.
212 Cupid and Psyche, in basso-relievo.
213 Hope leaning on an urn.
214 Portrait of a young lady.

1774.

190 A bust of his Majesty, in marble.

1775.

208 A bust of a nobleman, in marble.
209 Venus chiding Cupid, a model.
210 A bust, ditto.

1776.

199 A statue of Juno, in marble.
200 A bust, ditto.
201 A bust, in marble.
202 A ditto.

1777.

249 A bust of a nobleman, in marble.
250 Ditto of a gentleman, ditto.
251 Ditto ditto ditto.
252 A bust of a gentleman, in marble.
253 Ditto of a lady, a model.
254 Ditto of a gentleman, ditto.

[1] The original beautiful little model from which this statue was carved, is in the possession of my friend John Gawler Bridge, Esq. (S.)

No.

1778.

216 A marble group of Venus chiding Cupid.
217 A statue of Diana.
218 A model of two children, designed for a monument.
219 A bust of a gentleman.

1779.

217 A bust of a nobleman, in marble.
218 Ditto of a general.
219 A model of a monumental figure.

1782.

529 A monumental bas-relievo.
535 A figure of Adonis.
556 A Cupid sharpening his arrow.

1783.

464 Figure of Mercury, in marble.

1784.

497 Bust of a lady.
498 Bust of a nobleman.
520 Bust of a lady.

1785.

635 Busto of a gentleman.

1788.

597 A monumental figure.
605 A monumental figure.
647 Figure of Britannia.

1789.

605 Bust of a gentleman.

1790.

660 Lord Robert Manners expiring in the arms of Victory, intended by the late Duke of Rutland for a monument to be placed in the chapel at Belvoir Castle.

1791.

632 Bust of a gentleman.
633 Bust of a lady.

No.

1792.

498 A bust of a lady.

1793.

585 Bust of a lady.
652 Bust of a gentleman.

1799.

622 Bust of a lady of quality.
933 Bust of a nobleman.
940 Bust of a lady.
951 Bust of a nobleman.
961 Bust of a nobleman.
972 A Venus.

1800.

988 Bust of a gentleman.
989 Bust of a nobleman.
1031 Venus anointing her hair.
1082 A monumental group, to the memory of a lady who died in child-bed, supported by Religion.

1801.

999 Portrait of Mr. John Townley, in the form of a Terminus.
1001 Bust of his Grace the Duke of Bedford.
1002 Bust of a young gentleman.
1007 A bust of Lady Hawkesbury.
1008 Bust of a young gentleman.
1009 Bust of Lord Petre.
1024 A sepulchral bas-relief to the memory of the late Duke of Dorset.

1802.

1059 Bust of Dr. Burney.
1063 A design for a monument to the memory of a late celebrated general, supported by Wisdom and Justice.
1064 A sketch: the Graces.
1065 Bust of the late Duke of Bedford.
1066 A sketch: Adam and Eve.
1067 A sketch of a monument for a naval officer expiring in the arms of Victory.
1073 Bust of the Hon. C. J. Fox.
1074 A sketch: the Slaughter of the Innocents.

No. 1803.

924 Pudicity: a sketch.
925 Bust of Mr. Stonor.
930 Lot and his two Daughters: a sketch.
931 Dædalus and Icarus: a sketch.
932 The Judgment of Paris: a sketch.
1024 Bust of Lord Moira.

1804.

947 Portrait of the Hon. C. Grey.
948 Portrait of Miss C. Symmons.
949 Portrait of the Right Hon. General Fitzpatrick.
950 Portrait of the Earl of Lauderdale.
951 Portrait of Lord R. Spencer.

1805.

689 A sketch of an Hercules.
690 A sketch of a Faun playing.
693 A medallion of the late Miss Ackland, daughter of J. Ackland, Esq.
094 A sketch of Laocoon and his Sons.
695 A bust of the Marquis of Stafford.
711 A design of a monument, intended for Westminster Abbey, to the memory of two naval officers.
783 A bust of the late C. Townley, Esq.
789 A bust of T. W. Coke, Esq.

1808.

969 Bust of the Hon. Mr. Pelham.
970 Bust of the Earl of Darnley.
971 Bust of the Marquis Wellesley.
972 Bust of His Grace the Duke of Bedford.
978 Bust of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.
979 Bust of Sir W. W. Wynne, Bart.

1810.

753 His Grace the Duke of Rutland.
766 Bust of the Right Hon. Lord Brownlow.
874 Bust of the Hon. Mrs. Pelham.
875 Bust of the Right Hon. Lord Grenville.

No.

1810.

876 Bust of her Grace the Duchess of Rutland.
885 Bust of the Countess of Charlemont.
886 Bust of the Right Hon. Lord Mulgrave.

1811.

926 A model of a monument of the late Mrs. Coke of Holkham.
938 Bust of the Right Hon. Lord Castlereagh.
940 Bust of the Right Hon. Earl of Chatham.
941 Bust of the Right Hon. Lord Grenville Leveson Gower.
948 Bust of the Right Hon. W. Wellesley Pole.
949 Bust of the Right Hon. Lord Roos.
951 Bust of the Right Hon. George Canning.
952 Bust of Admiral Sir J. Colpoys, K.B.

1812.

933 Bust of the Countess of Charlemont.[1]
934 Bust of Benjamin West, Esq. President of the Royal Academy.
936 Bust of the Right Hon. Lord Brooke.
937 Bust of Lord Gwydir.

1813.

919 Bust of the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval.
925 Bust of the Right Hon. Lord G. Cavendish.
926 Bust of H.R.H. the Duke of York.
935 Bust of the Marquis of Wellington.

1814.

781 Bust of S. Whitbread, Esq. M.P.
789 Bust of the Earl of Charlemont.
792 Bust of his Grace the Duke of Grafton.
800 Bust of Earl Cowper.
801 Bust of the Earl of Aberdeen.

[1] In order to account for the recurrence of the same bust, it may be proper to remark that Mr. Nollekens in many instances exhibited the model one year, and a carving from it in marble in the next. (S.)

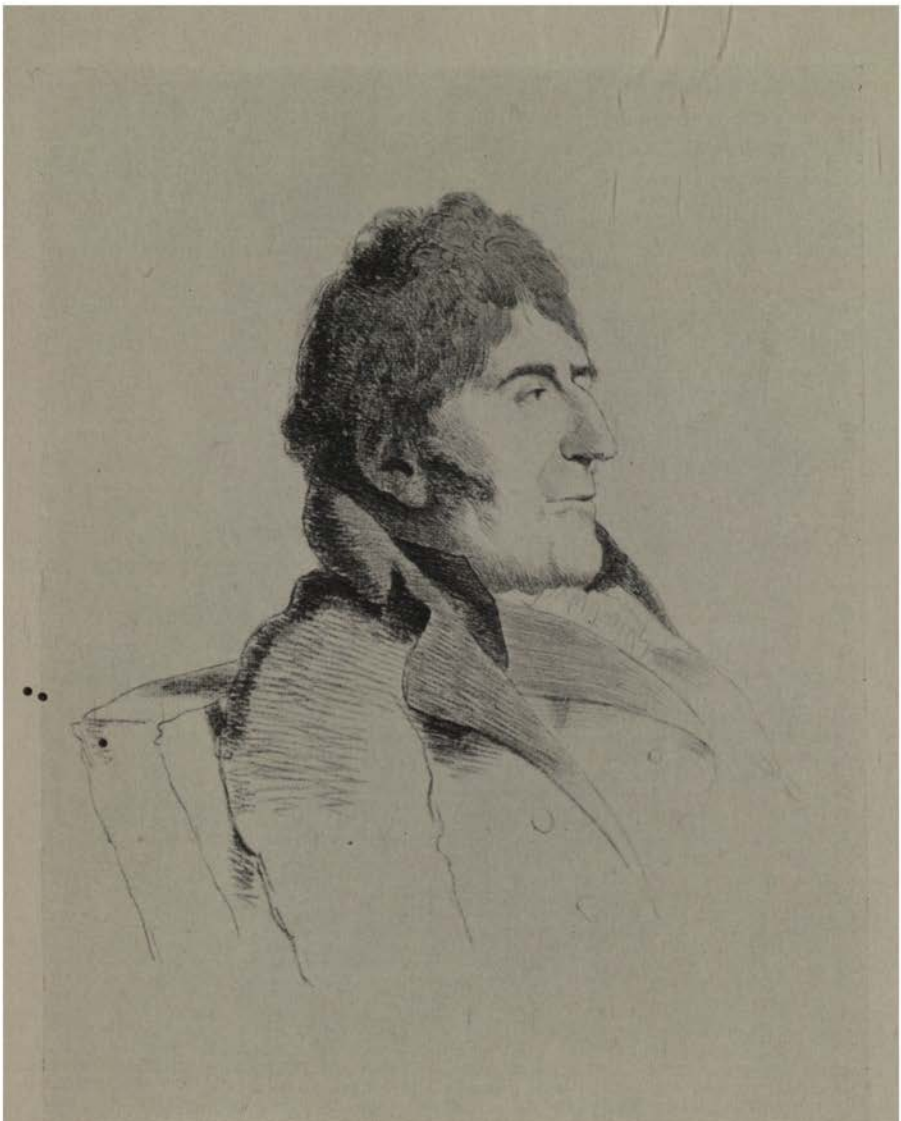
No. 1815.

888 Bust of Lord Erskine.
889 Bust of the Rev. C. Burney, D.D.
895 Bust of the Earl of Egremont.

1816.

932 Bust of Lord St. Helen's.
950 Bust of T. Coutts, Esq.
951 Bust of the Earl of Liverpool.
961 Bust of his Grace the Duke of Newcastle.

Such, and so numerous, are the works of Nollekens, who will long be remembered, not only as having held a conspicuous rank among contemporary Artists, in an era abounding in men of genius; but as having, by assiduity rarely surpassed, and parsimony seldom equalled, amassed a princely fortune; from which, however, his avaricious spirit forbade him to derive any comfort or dignity, excepting the poor consolation of being surrounded, in his dotage, by parasites who administered to his unintellectual enjoyments, and flattered even his infirmities, in the hope of sharing the vast property which Death would force him to resign.



JOSEPH NOLLEKENS, R.A.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
AND ANECDOTES
OF SEVERAL
ARTISTS AND OTHERS
CONTEMPORARY WITH NOLLEKENS

LOUIS FRANÇOIS ROUBILIAC

LET it be remembered, by those who visit the monuments in Westminster Abbey, that there are no less than six of them by the hand of Roubiliac; viz. those of Argyle, Hargrave, Fleming, Nightingale, Handel, and Warren. Roubiliac, whose fame needs no farther testimonial than that of his works, has sculptured in his figure of Eloquence, in the Duke of Argyle's monument, such a memorial of his powers, that even his friend Pope could not have equalled it by an epitaph.[1] Mr. Flaxman, however, has given a different opinion of this artist in the following words: "Roubiliac was an enthusiast in his art, possessed of considerable talents: he copied vulgar nature with zeal, and some of his figures seem alive; but their characters are mean, their expressions grimace, and their forms frequently bad: his draperies are worked with great diligence and labour, from the most disagreeable examples in nature, the folds being either heavy or meagre, frequently without a determined form, and hung on his figures with little meaning. He grouped two figures together (for he never attempted more) better than most of his contemporaries; but his thoughts are conceits, and his compositions epigrams."[2] Roubiliac studied nature carefully; but he was not very choice in his selection, nor did he in general evince much refinement or elevation of idea. The legs of the

[1] There are seven works by Roubiliac in the Abbey; Smith omits the elaborate monument to Marshal Wade over the door to the Cloister.—For Canova's praise of the figure of Eloquence, see under John Bacon, *post.*

[2] See the *Artist*, No. 12, Vol. I, p. 14. (S.)

figure of Hercules, supporting the bust of Sir Peter Warren, were copied from a chairman's, and the arms from those of a waterman; the muscles of every limb being forcibly strengthened by their respective employments. Roubiliac seldom modelled his drapery for his *monumental* figures, but carved it from the linen itself, which he dipped into warm starch-water, so that when he had pleased himself, he left it to cool and dry, and then proceeded with the marble; this, my father assured me, he did with all the drapery in Nightingale's monument. As a proof of Roubiliac's enthusiasm for his art, the late Mr. Gayfere, Abbey-Mason, related to me the following anecdote.

One day, during the time he was putting up Mrs. Nightingale's monument, Roubiliac's servant, who had a message to deliver, found his master with his arms folded and eyes riveted to the kneeling figure at the north-west corner of Lord Norris's monument. The man, after he had three times requested an answer, was seized by the arm by his master, who softly whispered, "Hush! hush! he vil speak presently!"[1]

This monument of Lord Norris, and also that truly exquisite one in the same chapel to the memory of Sir Francis Vere, are supposed to have been the production of an Englishman. They are of the time of James the First; and, in style of art, not unlike the monument of Camden in Poet's Corner, and that erected to the memory of Shakspeare in the church of Stratford-upon-Avon.[2]

[1] Allen Cunningham, perhaps misreading Smith's story, states that the sculpture that riveted Roubiliac's gaze was "one of the knightly figures which support the canopy over the statue of Sir Francis Vere." —The tomb described as "Lord Norris's" commemorates not only Henry, Lord Norris (died 1608), but "the noble acts, the valour, and high worth of that right valiant and warlike progeny of his—a band of martial spirited men as the Netherlands, Portugal, Little Bretagne, and Ireland can testify." Six sons are represented in the sculptures.

[2] The monument to Sir

About the year 1794, I had the pleasure of passing many happy hours at the table of John Horsley, Esq. late of Epping Forest, the brother of the Bishop of Rochester; and one day, when the conversation happened to fall upon the shapes of ears, I was agreeably interrupted in the following manner. After having stated that Roubiliac had declared, that as Handel,—whose monumental figure he was then modelling,—had so fine an ear for music, he would look for the best he could find for him; and that soon after this determination, when dining with his friend Rich, he exclaimed "Miss Rich, I vil have your ear"—when I had proceeded thus far with my story, "Bless me! he *did* mould my ear," cried Mrs. Horsley, to my great surprise; for, until that moment, I was ignorant that I had so often been in the company of Rich's daughter. This lady's first husband was Mr. Morris, a woollen-draper, who succeeded Mr. Rich, conjointly with Mr. Beard, in the management of Covent-garden Theatre.[1]

As to the Vauxhall statue of Handel, which has so often been moved from its original place, it stood, in 1744, on the south side of the Gardens, under an inclosed lofty arch, surmounted by a figure playing the violoncello, attended by two boys; and it was then screened from the weather by a curtain, which was drawn up when the visitors arrived. The ladies then mostly walked in these and Marylebone Gardens in their hoops, sacques, and caps, as they appeared in their own drawing-rooms; whilst the gentlemen were generally uncovered, with their hats under their arms, and swords and bags, as displayed in Canaletti's, Chatelain's,

Francis Vere was erected by his widow "in a direct imitation of the tomb of Englebert, Count of Nassau, in the church at Breda, where, as here, four kneeling knights support the arms of the dead man who lies underneath." (Stanley.)

[1] Morris, the woollen draper, who married one of the three daughters of John Rich, died April 25th, 1767. His widow married Captain Horsley, brother of Dr. Horsley, Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster.

and Wale's truly interesting drawings, published at the time, and which are now extremely rare. Impressions of these plates are, however, preserved in Mr. Crowle's *Illustrated Pennant*, in the British Museum.[1] The statue of Handel, of which there is a beautiful engraving by Bartolozzi, after being moved to various situations in the Gardens, was at length conveyed to the house of Mr. Barrett, at Stockwell; and then to the entrance-hall of the residence of his son, the Rev. Jonathan Tyers Barrett, D.D. of No. 14, Duke-street, Westminster. This statue, though the production of a foreigner, ought, as it pourtrays the figure of the immortal Handel, to be purchased for some public situation. It is now to be sold, and may be seen in the hall of Mr. Newton's private house, No. 69, Dean-street, Soho.[2] When Mr. Nollekens was asked by the late Mr. Tyers, what he considered that statue to be worth, he immediately answered, "A thousand guineas." The model was the property of Mr. Hudson, the Painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds's master, who had it conveyed with a large collection of models to his house at Twickenham, where they remained for several years after Hudson's decease.[3] This collection was sold by the elder Christie, in Pall-Mall, at which time my father purchased the above-mentioned model for five pounds; and at Mr. Nollekens's particular request allowed him to have it. It was re-sold by Christie at that Artist's auction in Pall-Mall, for the sum of 10*l.* 10*s.* to Mr. Hamlet, the Silversmith.[4] At Hudson's sale, Mr. Nollekens purchased two models, representing Painting and Sculpture, which Roubiliac had made

[1] John Charles Crowle, of Fryston Hall, Wakefield, was secretary of the Dilettanti Society, 1774–1778. He died in 1811 and left his splendid extra-illustrated copy of Pennant's *London*, valued at 5000*l.* to the British Museum.

[2] Francis Milner Newton, R.A., whose house and studio in Mortimer-street had been leased by Nollekens.

[3] This statue of Handel came into the possession of Mr. Alfred Littleton, of Sydenham.

[4] Thomas Hamlet, jeweller, 1 Princes-street, Leicester-square (*London Directory*, 1815).

for the corners of Hudson's parlour chimney-piece; when that artist resided in Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. These models were re-sold at Mr. Nollekens's sale, and bought by Mr. Rowe,[1] the inimitable modeller of portraits in wax, who is at present in possession of them.

I find from a manuscript in my father's handwriting, that Mr. Roubiliac owed his introduction to Mr. Jonathan Tyers to his friend Cheere,[2] with whom he worked before he ventured upon his own account. It happened in the following manner. At the time Mr. Tyers had engaged in the Vauxhall-gaden speculation, he requested the advice of Mr. Cheere as to the best mode of decoration. "I conclude you will have Music," observed Cheere, "therefore you cannot do better than to have a carving of an Apollo. What do you say to a figure of Handel?"—"Good," replied Jonathan, "but that will be too expensive, friend Cheere."—"No," answered the Sculptor; "I have an uncommonly clever fellow working for me now, and introduced to me by Sir Edward Walpole; employ him, and he will produce you a fine statue." This he did, and the following copy of a receipt will at once prove the kind way in which he assisted him.

June the 9th, 1750.

I promise to pay Jona. Tyers, or order twenty pounds on demand, value received.

L. F. ROUBILIAC.

£20 00s.

The original of this receipt is in the splendid collection of autographs possessed by my friend William Upcott, Esq. of the London Institution, by whose indefatigable researches and liberal expenditure, many literary treasures have been rescued from oblivion and destruction, to the great joy of the

[1] Evidently Peter Rouw, to whom Nollekens left 100*l.* by the last codicil of his will.

[2] Sir Henry Cheere, the sculptor. See Index.

biographer and historian. Indeed, but for his zeal in this pursuit, the public would probably have known nothing of that valuable work, *Evelyn's Diary and Correspondence*, which, after passing through two editions in quarto, is now reprinted in five volumes octavo. Mr. Upcott has also produced an excellent publication in three volumes, octavo, entitled, *A Bibliographical Account of the Principal Works relating to English Topography*. Lond. 1818.[1]

My father related the following anecdote of Mr. Roubiliac, who generally was so studiously wrapt up and absorbed in his art, as to lose all individual recollection whatever of person and place unconnected with the subject immediately on his mind.

One day, at dinner, during the time he was so intently engaged in modelling the figure of Mr. Nightingale warding off the dart of Death from his wife, he suddenly dropped his knife and fork on his plate, fell back in his chair and then in an instant darted forward and threw his features into the strongest possible expression of fear; at the same moment fixing his piercing eyes so expressively on the country lad who waited at table, that the fellow was as much astonished as the boy listening to the Cock-lane Ghost story, so exquisitely painted by Zoffany, in his picture of the Farmer's Return from London, which is so admirably engraven by J. G. Haid.[2]

A gentleman who had stayed one night at Slaughters'

[1] Upcott, who was a natural son of Ozias Humphry, has been described as the father of autograph collecting. His house at 102 Upper-street, Islington, was known as Autograph Cottage. He was engaged for twenty-eight years at the London Institution. In association with William Bray he edited the first printed edition of *Evelyn's Diary*, the original of which had been shown to him at Wotton. This was published in 1818, and in the same year appeared Upcott's topographical work. He died unmarried at Islington, September 23rd, 1845.

[2] Johann Gottfried Haid. See Index.

Coffee-house until past twelve o'clock, discovered that he had forgotten the street-door key of the house where he lodged; and as he had agreed with his landlady not to disturb her other inmates beyond that hour, was prevailed on by Roubiliac to take the other rubber, and sleep in a spare bed much at his service. The gentleman accepted his invitation, and upon Roubiliac showing him the room, wished him a good night; but just as he was nearly undressed, he was horror-stricken at the sight of the corpse of a black woman laid out upon the bed. He immediately vociferated the name of Roubiliac, who upon coming into the room, exclaimed, "Oh dear! my good fren, I beg your pardon! I did not remember poor Mary vas dare: poor Mary! she die yesterday vid de small-poc! Come, come, and you must take part vid my bed—come—poor Mary vas my hos-maid for five six year—more."

The statue of Shakspeare, now in the Hall of the British Museum, was executed by Roubiliac for Mr. Garrick, who placed it in a temple erected for that purpose in his garden at Hampton, where it was to remain during the life of his widow, and at her death was to become the property of the British Museum, as may be seen by his Will, dated the 24th of September, 1778, printed at the end of the second volume of *Davies's Life of Garrick*. Mr. Garrick agreed to give Mr. Roubiliac three hundred guineas for it, and the artist was to make use of the best marble he could afford for the money; unfortunately, however, the block turned out full of veins, which rendered the face so hideous to Mr. Garrick, that he declared he could not put it up, as persons might ask, "What! was Shakspeare marked with mulberries?" Roubiliac assured Mr. Garrick that it was the best marble he could use for the price of the figure; but that, in order to make it agreeable to him, he would cut off the head, and replace it with another, carved from a fine clear piece of marble, which he did, to the great pleasure of his employer. On the upper part of the pedestal upon which this figure of Shakspeare

rests, the following inscription is cut in the marble :—L. F. ROUBILIAC INV^{t}. ET SCU^{t}. 1758.[1]

It is truly remarkable, that the first figure carved by this Sculptor in England, was that of Handel, and that the *last* work on which he was engaged was a monument to the memory of the same Composer.

Roubiliac, who was a perfectly honest and generous man, once found a pocket-book containing immense property, which he continued constantly to advertise for a considerable time before it was owned ; and then the only thing he would receive beyond the advertising expenses was a buck, which the gentleman supplied him with annually.

During the time that Garrick was Manager of Drury-lane Theatre, he carried a two-foot rule, like a carpenter, in a small pocket made purposely for it. Once in crossing Roubiliac's stone-yard, he pinched him by the elbow, and bade him mind how he would frighten that red-headed countryman who was sawing stone. Upon creeping towards the fellow, he kept lowering himself, at the same time putting on one of his tragedy looks, and partly drawing out his two-foot rule, as he would a pistol to shoot him. In that attitude he remained for some time, disappointed and motionless, until the Yorkshireman stopped his sawing, and after squirting out his tobacco-water, coolly said, " What trick do you intend to be at next ? "

Upon Mr. Roubiliac's death, his premises were taken by Read, the most deficient in talent of all his pupils,[2] but who,

[1] This famous statue of Shakespeare is now in the entrance hall of the present British Museum. At the time of its removal from Hampton, two casts of it were taken by George Garrard, A.R.A. One of these was for Drury Lane Theatre, where it may now be seen ; the other was presented by the sculptor to Garrick's widow and it occupied the place of the original at Hampton until 1902, when it was presented by Mrs. Grove, the owner of the villa, to Sir Charles Wyndham.

[2] Nicholas Read occupied Roubiliac's studio, at 66 St. Martin's-lane, after his master's

like a trunk-maker or plumber and glazier, regularly advertised himself as the successor of Mr. Roubiliac; modestly concluding, that by occupying *his studio*, the public would come to the *old shop for jobs in the stone-carving line*, fully satisfied that the business must necessarily be as well executed by his being one of the late *man's* apprentices! This, I am shocked to declare, was in many instances really the case, since he was employed to execute many large and most expensive monuments; as, for instance, Admiral Tyrrell's, and one to the Duchess of Northumberland, in Westminster Abbey, were from his chisel and *workshop*. Indeed, Read made so much money by pretending to that which he understood not, that he was enabled to increase his establishment tenfold in what he certainly was excellently well acquainted with; namely, the trade of purchasing old houses, fitting them up, and then letting them at an immense increase of rent.

The following anecdote affords a curious prediction of Roubiliac's as to Read's efforts in the art of Sculpture. Read, one day at dinner, had the audacity to declare, that when he was out of his time, *he* would show the world what a monument ought to be. Upon this remark, Roubiliac looked at him scornfully and said, "Ven you do de monument, den de varld vill see vot von d—d ting you vill make." This was correctly the case in that of Admiral Tyrrell in Westminster Abbey; for of all the loads of marble spoiled in such effigies, of which there are more in Westminster Abbey, powerfully rich as it is in classic art, than in all the other cathedrals of England, perhaps Tyrrell's monument is the vilest instance. Nollekens, who was not much addicted to exercise his sarcasm upon works of art, particularly when speaking of contemporary artists, could not

death. He is said to have cut the skeleton figure of Death in the Nightingale monument in Westminster Abbey. His mind gave way, and he died in St. Martin's-lane July 11th, 1787.

resist vociferating, whenever Read's name was mentioned, "That figure of his, of Admiral Tyrrell going to Heaven out of the sea, looks for all the world as if he was hanging from a gallows with a rope round his neck." In which criticism I consider him perfectly correct, as the figure would, I am certain, impress nine children out of ten with the same idea, were they left to their own conclusions.[1]

I shall now close the present sketch of this very eminent Sculptor, with the following information, which I received from my father.

Lewis Francis Roubiliac, born at Lyons, was a pupil of Balthazar, of Dresden, Sculptor to the Elector of Saxony; and he died on the 11th of January, 1762, and was buried on the 15th, in St. Martin's Church-yard, under the window of the Bell Bagnio.[2] His funeral was attended by the leading members of the Academy in Peter's-court, St. Martin's-lane; and it is rather remarkable, that the very apartment occupied by that Society was the first workshop of Roubiliac, after he had left Mr. Cheere, when he sought the public patronage on his own account. The room has since

[1] This extraordinary monument to Admiral Tyrrell is in the nave. Malcolm says the spectator must suppose himself in a diving-bell at the bottom of the sea, and after describing the *Buckingham* jammed on a bed of coral, a figure almost as tall as the mast pointing to the words "The sea shall give up her dead," lumps of marble representing clouds, etc., he adds: "Stupid and disproportioned as this monument is, two of the figures and the admiral have great animation, expression, and grace. One would imagine Read, the sculptor, had the drawing forced on him." The taste of the period found this a fine monument, and it was greatly admired by John Wesley. In *An Historical Description of Westminster Abbey, its Monuments and Curiosities* (1806), the reader is told that "this is a very magnificent monument"

[2] The Bell Bagnio was at the foot of St. Martin's-lane near the church. Mr. Holden Macmichael quotes an advertisement, dated November 7th, 1741, of its "Bathing, Sweating, and Cupping at the lowest prices, also good Attendance and neat Wines, etc."

been taken down, rebuilt, and is now occupied as a meeting-house for the Society of Friends.[1] The following is a list of those artists who attended the funeral of the Sculptor :— Mr. Reynolds, (afterwards Sir Joshua,) Moser, Hogarth, Tyler, Sandby, Hayman, Wilton, Bartolozzi, Cipriani, Payne, Chambers, (afterwards Sir William,) Serres, Ravenet, the elder Grignon, Meyer, and Hudson ; and also his three pupils, John Adkins, Nicholas Read, and my father, Nathaniel Smith.

Roubiliac's sale took place on June 11th, 1762, in which were sold his own portrait, painted by himself, which brought three shillings and sixpence ; and a copy of the Chandos picture of Shakspeare, by Reynolds, which, with seven other pictures, brought only ten shillings ! This last lot of eight pictures was bought by my godfather, Old Flaxman, a most worthy man,[2] and father of the late John Flaxman, Esq. P. S. R. A. Mr. Flaxman sold the portrait of Shakspeare immediately, in the sale-room, to an unknown gentleman for three guineas. Mr. Edmund Malone afterwards became possessed of this picture, when he showed it to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who acknowledged that he had painted it for his friend Mr. Roubiliac. Poor Roubiliac died so seriously in debt, that his effects, after all expenses were defrayed, paid only one shilling and sixpence in the pound !

[1] St. Peter's-court, with its two arms at right-angles, one opening from St. Martin's-lane, and the other from Hemming's-row, practically enclosed the spot on which the St. Martin's-in-the-fields public buildings now stand. The Quaker Meeting House was erected here in 1799, supplanting Roubiliac's studio, and was itself demolished about thirty years ago when the present Friends' Meeting House on the east side of St. Martin's-lane was erected. Failure to note this fact has misled some writers in identifying sites in St. Martin's-lane.

[2] For note on Flaxman's father see supplementary biography of John Flaxman *post*.

PETER SCHEEMAKERS

SCHEEMAKERS was a native of Antwerp, a disciple of old Delvaux,[1] and I have frequently heard his pupil Mr. Nollekens relate the following recollections of his life. Scheemakers, when a young man, had so ardent a love for the art of Sculpture, that, notwithstanding his slender means, he was determined to quit Antwerp, and walk to Rome. He commenced his journey in the year 1728, but, before he had accomplished the task, his purse was so considerably reduced, that absolute necessity frequently obliged him to sell a shirt from his knapsack. It has also been related of Francis Perrier, who, in 1638, produced a book of Antique Statues, in folio, that his poverty was so great, that he accompanied a blind beggar, as his guide, from France to Rome, purposely to study in that splendid school of ancient and modern Sculpture.[2] During his stay in Italy Scheemakers was much noticed and encouraged, exercising his talent with great avidity, in

[1] Scheemakers was rather a comrade than a disciple of Laurent Delvaux. They came to England at about the same time and worked together for Pierre Denis Plumiere, and for Bird. Later they collaborated on various monuments, notably on that of the Duke of Buckingham in Westminster Abbey, in which the figure of Time is by Delvaux. The sculptor modelled the famous lion on Northumberland House, now surmounting Sion House at Isleworth. He is mentioned later as the master of Joseph Wilton.

[2] Smith confuses two visits to Rome, the first made in 1700 and the second in 1728, but in his succeeding paragraph, he re-states the case correctly on the authority of Nollekens.

making numerous small models from most of the celebrated statues and groups in and about that city, which he brought to England.

It has usually been a practice with me, to ask questions of aged persons, or those who have travelled, and to put down their answers as nearly as possible in the words in which they were delivered; and I have invariably found, that the best mode of gaining information from those who are advanced in years, is by having a series of questions ready prepared, so that a long story might not deprive me of the points I might be anxious to obtain. This method I now and then observed with Mr. Nollekens, from whom I received the following answers, as to his master Scheemakers. At the time I was thus questioning Mr. Nollekens, I was engaged in collecting materials for a work now greatly advanced, and which I hope hereafter to publish, under the title "J. T. Smith's Walks in London;" so that, unfortunately for the present publication, my inquiries were confined to Scheemakers's productions in the metropolis.[1]

"Was Mr. Scheemakers a native of Antwerp?"—"Yes."

"Is it true that he walked to Rome?"—"He went from Antwerp to Denmark, where he worked as a journeyman, and where he fell ill, and was so reduced, that he was obliged to sell his shirts; when he recovered, he walked to Rome, selling more of his things."

"About what time did he go to Rome?"—"About the year 1700, when he remained but a very short time; he then walked to England, where he found work, and then he went to Rome again, where he stayed longer, about two years;[2] and then he came back to England."

[1] Smith did not live to write this book, but his materials were worked up, with many additions, by Dr. Charles Mackay in his *Antiquarian Rambles in the Streets of London* (1846).

[2] Scheemakers travelled to Rome on this occasion with Laurent Delvaux and Peter Angelis, and did not return to England for seven years.

" What works did he execute for London ? "—" He did Dr. Chamberlen's monument in Westminster Abbey ; the statue of Sir John Barnard in the Royal Exchange ; the statue in the India House, of Admiral Pocock, Major-General Lawrence, and Lord Clive (upon this figure Mr. Nollekens said he himself worked, just before he went to Rome) ; the statue of Guy, a bronze, in Guy's Hospital ; and the statue of Edward the Sixth, a bronze, in one of the open courts of St. Thomas's Hospital."[1]

" Did he die in England ? "—" No, he went to Antwerp, about a year after I returned to England, from Rome (1769), and there he died ; he had grown so fat, that when he was kneeling down to say his prayers, he placed his legs under him with his hands."

Scheemakers, on his way to England, visited his birth-place, bringing with him several roots of brocoli, a dish till then little known in perfection at our tables.

He resided in Westminster, in those premises which stood to the north of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, and south-east of St. Margaret's Church, which premises were subsequently

[1] Dr. Hugh Chamberlen, royal physician and accoucheur, died 1728. The monument by Scheemakers and Delvaux bears an epitaph by Bishop Atterbury, and is in the north aisle of the choir.

Barnard was Lord Mayor in 1737, and represented the City in the House of Commons for nearly forty years.

Inasmuch as Scheemakers died in 1770, and Admiral Sir George Pocock lived until 1792, some may question whether this statue was not the work of Scheemakers's son, Thomas, who succeeded to his father's practice, and died in 1808. But it was the practice of the East India Company to honour its servants early with statues.

Major-General Stringer Lawrence's services were thus recognized in 1760, and Clive's before his second return from India in that year. All were represented in Roman habits. It would be interesting to know what became of these statues.

Scheemakers's bronze statue of Thomas Guy stands in the first court of his hospital and portrays him in his livery gown.

The Edward VI statue is mentioned separately a few pages later.

occupied by his pupil Henry Cheere, who was afterwards knighted. From this house, Scheemakers moved to Vine-street, as appears by an advertisement in *The London Daily Post and General Advertiser*, of Tuesday, December 22nd, 1741, stating, that "Mr. Scheemakers, the Statuary, is removed from Old Palace-yard to Vine-street, Piccadilly."

In 1756, Mr. Langford had two days' sale of Mr. Scheemakers's pictures, models, and marbles, at his rooms under the Piazza, Covent-garden,[1] in which Lot 15, of the first day, consisted of "two landscapes, with figures and cattle, by Old Nollekens."[2] Mr. Langford followed this sale with another, which he advertised thus:

To be sold by Auction, by Mr. Langford, at his house in the Great Piazza, Covent-garden, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 18th and 19th inst. the remainder of the genuine

[1] See note on Abraham Langford, the auctioneer, Chapter II.

[2] Cornelius Franciscus Nollekens, the father of the sculptor. Smith appends the following note: "Till lately, several pictures painted by Old Nollekens for the first Earl of Tilney, were preserved at Wanstead-house. They were sold by auction in 1822, and are thus described in the Catalogue of the magnificent furniture, etc., of that princely mansion. I have added the prices they produced —Lot 10. 'A pair—the Juvenile Artists and Companion, a Boy spinning his Top,' 25*l.* Lot 16. 'A pair—the Juvenile Parties; Card-builders and Players at Tetotum,' 17*l.* Lot 138. 'Dancing Figures, a sketch, in a French carved frame,' 1*l.* 2*s.* Lot 225. 'Rural Recreations, painted with all the taste and elegance of Watteau,' 6*l.* 6*s.* Lot 307. 'A Boy beating a Drum, and a small Landscape, and two curious models of the Stag and Fox in wax,' 8*l.* 15*s.* Lot 308. 'The Wine-Traders, painted with the tasteful elegance of Watteau,' 31*l.* 10*s.* Lot 311. 'Females Bathing, in a Landscape, with a distant view of Wanstead-house,' 8*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* Lot 314. 'Landscape, Buildings,' etc., 7*l.* Lot 316. 'Landscape and Figures, with a youth playing the guitar; painted in the tasteful style of Watteau,' 15*l.* Lot 317. 'A Fête Champêtre and Companion; painted with a free pencil and very gracefully drawn,' 26*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* Lot 318. 'Interior of the Saloon at Wanstead-house, with an assemblage of Ladies and Gentlemen. A Conversazione,'

and curious collection of marbles, models, and casts, in groups, figures, and busts, of Mr. Peter Scheemakers, statuary.

The said collection will be exhibited to public view, on Monday, the 16th inst., and every day after, till the time of Sale, which will begin each day punctually at twelve o'clock. Catalogues of which will be delivered gratis, on Saturday, the 14th, at Mr. Langford's aforesaid.—*Daily Advertiser*, May 6th, 1757.

Of Scheemakers's models I have frequently heard my father speak with considerable pleasure, when he used to state, that they were placed upon tables, stands, and shelves, covered with green baize, round the auction-room, and made a most beautiful appearance. One of them was a small copy of the Laocoon in marble, which was bought by the Earl of Lincoln. After the sale, some of the purchasers gave the moulders leave to make casts of what they had bought, so that the students could procure them at a reasonable rate, and study from them in their own apartments.

Vevini, a Figure-maker, then living in St. James's-street, made a fine mould of the Laocoon, the very first cast of which is at present in the possession of Mr. John Taylor, of No. 12, Cirencester-place, who has been already frequently mentioned in this work: he is now in his 89th year, and is styled the "Father of the Painters;" having been a Pupil of Francis Hayman. Scheemakers, for some time, shared

127*l.* 1*s.* Lot 320. 'A Masquerade, painted with great freedom and natural expression,' 21*l.* 10*s.* Lot 321. 'The Game of Blindman's Buff, in a Landscape,' 17*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.* The above paintings were sold by Mr. Robins. There were also some specimens at Stowe, executed for Lord Temple, Richard Lord Cobham, and the Earl of Egremont, who is in possession of one which his Lordship purchased at the late Mr. Nollekens's sale at Mr. Christie's. The Marquess of Stafford has several pictures by Old Nollekens, at Trentham. They were painted for his Lordship's father."

the patronage of the great with Roubiliac and Rysbrack; and not many require to be informed that the statue of Shakspeare in Westminster Abbey was carved by Scheemakers from the design of Kent the Architect; [1] but very few persons appear to be aware, that the beautiful little bronze statue of King Edward VI. in the court-yard of St. Thomas's Hospital, is also by the hand of the same Sculptor. For my own part, I never go into the Borough without indulging myself with a sight of that truly elegant production of Art.[2] Some other specimens of this Artist were in the collection at Wanstead House, and were sold on Friday, 21st June, 1822, in the tenth day's sale of that mansion,[3] and were as follows: Lot 369, "a very splendid Medicean-

[1] Although primarily an architect, William Kent (1684–1748), the architect of the Horse Guards building and many London and country mansions, had a passion for design. Walpole says that "he was not only consulted for furniture, or frames of pictures, glasses, tables, chairs, etc., but for plate, for a barge, for a cradle," and even, he adds, for ladies' gowns. Mr. Reginald Blomfield writes: "Kent was one of those generally accomplished persons who can do everything up to a point, and nothing well" (*Renaissance Architecture in England*). His statue of Shakespeare in the Abbey was erected in 1740 at the instance of Pope, Lord Burlington, Dr. Mead, and others.

[2] This statue was set up in 1737 at old St. Thomas's Hospital in the High-street, Southwark. It is now in one of the courts of the great Lambeth building.

[3] This was one of the greatest and most dramatic sales ever conducted by George Robins. Wanstead House had been built for the first Earl of Tilney, then Sir Richard Child, in 1715–16, and it was considered one of the noblest places in Europe. It became the residence of the Prince de Condé and of Louis XVIII during the minority of the heiress, Miss Tylney Long. This lady's marriage to the Hon. W. Pole Tylney-Long Wellesley proved disastrous. Her husband dissipated her fortune at such a rate that ruin fell on Wanstead House, the contents of which were disposed by Robins in a sale which lasted thirty-two days. The sale catalogue filled 400 quarto pages, and was published in three parts at five shillings each, yet some 20,000 copies were sold.

shaped vase, four feet six inches high, of statuary marble, finely sculptured in high relief, representing a Sacrifice to Apollo, upon a stone pedestal, with carved heads and festoons." Lot 370, "A ditto, with the subject of the Sacrifice of Iphigenia, upon a stone pedestal, same as the last."

In the Temple Church, there is a monument by Scheemakers to the memory of Doctor Mead, with his bust.[1]

My amiable and highly-respected friend, Henry Smedley, Esq.[2] the correctness of whose communications is always implicitly to be depended upon, has favoured me with the following information concerning some other works of this Sculptor.

Sanctuary, October 13, 1827.

MY DEAR SIR,

The six busts by Scheemakers, of which I promised you an account, are in the library at Staunton Harold, the seat of Earl Ferrers, and are noticed in Nichols's *Leicestershire*. They represent, 1. Hon. Lawrence Shirley, tenth son of first Earl Ferrers. 2. Anne his wife, daughter of Sir Walter Clayes, Bart., and four of their children, viz.: 3. Lawrence, afterwards fourth Earl Ferrers. 4. Washington (the Admiral), afterwards fifth Earl Ferrers. 5. Elizabeth Shirley, died unmarried. 6. Anne Shirley.

You are, of course, aware that Scheemakers was also the artist who did the monument of Sir Henry Belasye, in St. Paul's Chapel, Westminster Abbey.

I am, my dear Sir,
Very sincerely yours,
HENRY SMEDLEY.

[1] Dr. Richard Mead, the cultured physician who attended Queen Anne's death-bed. Pope was his patient ("I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise"), and Dr. Johnson said of him that he "lived more in the broad sunshine of life than almost any man." He died in February, 1754, and was buried in the Temple Church.

[2] Henry Smedley, a lawyer by profession, collected pictures at his house in Broad Sanctuary, where he died March 14th, 1832. A slight account of him will be found in Smith's *Book for a Rainy Day* under the year 1829.

Scheemakers and Delvaux, jun. were also both considerably employed in decorating the gardens belonging to the sumptuous palace at Stowe ; and the following is a particular description of their works there, with which I have been favoured by my worthy friend, William James Smith, Esq., librarian at Stowe, who has kindly written it from the sculptures themselves.

There are two groups in white marble, now in the Flower-garden, said to have been executed as a trial of mastery between them ; and according to the tradition, the palm was given to Delvaux: the subjects are "Veriumnus and Pomona," and "Venus and Adonis," the figures rather less than half the size of life. In the Temple of Antient Virtue, are statues, life-size, of Lycurgus, Socrates, Homer, and Epaminondas, all by Scheemakers. Under all, are inscriptions in Latin : I will transcribe them in English.

Under LYCURGUS,—"Who having planned, with consummate wisdom, a system of laws firmly secured against every encroachment of corruption ; and having by the expulsion of riches, banished luxury, avarice and intemperance ; established in the state for many ages, perfect liberty and inviolable purity of manners.—The father of his country."

Under SOCRATES,—"Who, innocent in the midst of a most corrupted people ; the encourager of the good ; a worshipper of the one God ; from useless speculations, and vain disputes, restored philosophy to the duties of life, and the benefit of society.—The wisest of men."

Under HOMER,—"The first and greatest of poets ; the herald of virtue, the giver of immortality ; who, by his divine genius, known to all nations, incites all nobly to dare, and firmly to suffer."

Under EPAMINONDAS,—"By whose valour, prudence, and modesty, the Theban commonwealth gained liberty and empire, military discipline, civil and domestic policy ; all which, by losing him, she lost."

In the front of the pediment of the Temple of Concord and Victory, is a piece of alto-relievo by Scheemakers, representing the four quarters of the world, bringing their various products to Britannia.

In the Temple of British Worthies are fourteen busts with English inscriptions under them. I cannot find the name of Scheemakers upon any of them, nor can I ascertain whether they are really by him, or not; though, judging from the style of them, I think it most probable. I will add the inscriptions, some of which are interesting.

ALEXANDER POPE,—"Who, uniting the correctness of judgment to the fire of genius, by the melody and power of his numbers, gave sweetness to sense, and grace to philosophy: he employed the pointed brilliancy of wit to chasten the vices, and the eloquence of poetry to exalt the virtues, of human nature, and, being without a rival in his own age, imitated, and translated, with a spirit equal to the originals, the best poets of antiquity."

SIR THOMAS GRESHAM,—"Who, by the honourable profession of a merchant, having enriched himself, and his country; for carrying on the commerce of the world, built the Royal Exchange."

IGNATIUS JONES,—"Who, to adorn his country, introduced, and rivalled the Greek and Roman architecture."

JOHN MILTON,—"Whose sublime and unbounded genius equalled a subject that carried him beyond the limits of the world."

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,—"Whose excellent genius opened to him the whole heart of man, all the mines of fancy, all the stores of nature; and gave him power beyond all other writers to move, astonish, and delight mankind."

JOHN LOCKE,—"Who, best of all philosophers, understood the powers of the human mind; the nature, end, and bounds of civil government; and with equal sagacity, refuted the slavish system of usurped authority over the rights, the consciences, or the reason of mankind."

SIR ISAAC NEWTON,—"Whom the God of nature made to comprehend his works."

SIR FRANCIS BACON, LORD VERULAM,—"Who, by the strength and light of superior genius, rejecting vain speculation, and fallacious theory, taught to pursue truth, and improve philosophy by the certain method of experiment."

KING ALFRED,—"The mildest, justest, most benevolent of Kings; who drove out the Danes, secured the seas, protected learning, established juries, crushed corruption, guarded liberty, and was the founder of the English constitution."

EDWARD PRINCE OF WALES,—"The terror of Europe, the delight of England; who preserved unaltered, in the height of glory and fortune, his natural gentleness and modesty."

QUEEN ELIZABETH,—"Who confounded the projects, and destroyed the power that threatened to oppress the liberties of Europe; shook off the yoke of ecclesiastical tyranny; restored religion from the corruptions of popery; and by a wise, a moderate, and a popular government, gave wealth, security, and respect to England."

KING WILLIAM THE THIRD,—"Who, by his virtue and constancy, having saved his country from a foreign master, by a bold and generous enterprise, preserved the liberty and religion of Great Britain."

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,—"A valiant soldier and an able statesman, who endeavouring to rouse the spirit of his master for the honour of his country, against the ambition of Spain, fell a sacrifice to the influence of that Court, whose arms he had vanquished, and whose designs he opposed."

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE,—"Who, through many perils, was the first of Britons that ventured to sail round the globe, and carried into unknown seas and nations the knowledge and glory of the English name."

JOHN HAMPDEN,—"Who, with great spirit and consummate abilities, began a noble opposition to an arbitrary court, in the defence of the liberties of his country, supported them in Parliament, and died for them in the field."

SIR JOHN BARNARD,—"Who distinguished himself in Parliament by an active and firm opposition to the pernicious and iniquitous practice of stockjobbing: at the same time exerting his utmost abilities to increase the strength of his country, by reducing the interest of the National Debt, which he proposed to the House of Commons in the year 1737; and, with the assistance of Government, carried into effect in the year 1750, on terms of equal justice to particulars and to the state, notwithstanding all the impediments which private interest could oppose to public spirit."

Here endeth the list of British Worthies. In the Mason's-yard, there is a statue, larger than life, of George II. crowned, in his robes, by Scheemakers: it formerly stood in the gardens on a handsome Corinthian column, which was taken down to prevent its falling from decay. To my mind, there is much merit in this statue. Queen Caroline yet stands in a retired part of the gardens—aloft, supported by four Corinthian columns, she is surrounded by trees, and too high to be examined—but the similarity of style is in favour of Scheemakers as the sculptor.

In the Temple of Friendship are several busts in white marble. I can discover names, however, upon two only—Richard Grenville, late Earl Temple, by Scheemakers, and the Earl of Westmoreland, by one "*Thomas Ady*, 1742." Very probably some of the others are by Scheemakers; they possess considerable merit, and are as follows:—Frederick Prince of Wales, the Earls of Chesterfield and Marchmont, the Lords Cobham, Gower, and Bathurst, William Pitt, late Earl of Chatham, and George Lyttelton, late Lord Lyttelton.

I believe I have now enumerated all that are, or are suspected to be, the work of Scheemakers.

This Sculptor's statue of Shakspeare, similar in composition to that erected in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey,

which has been recently set up over the principal entrance of Drury-lane Theatre, is of *lead*, and was executed by Cheere, "the leaden-figure man," formerly so highly celebrated at Hyde Park Corner, mentioned in the first volume of this work. This figure has been on the premises ever since the time of Mr. Whitbread, who gave it to the Theatre. For this information, I am indebted to my friend, Mr. Winston.[1]

[1] James Winston, secretary of the Garrick Club.

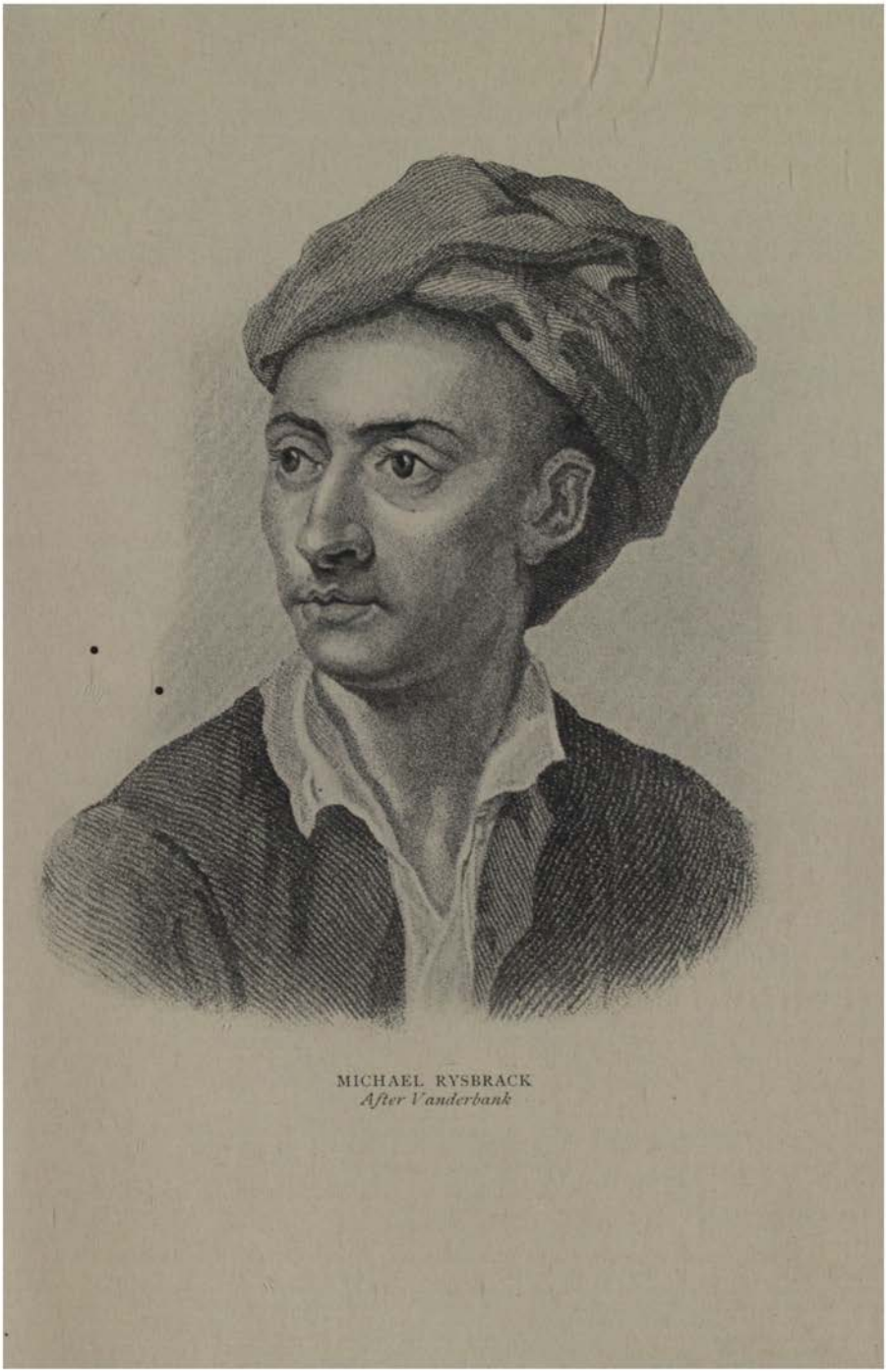
JOHN MICHAEL RYSBRACK

ROUBILIAC and Scheemakers's contemporary, John Michael Rysbrack, was born at Brussels, and was the son of a Landscape-painter, by whom there are several truly spirited etchings. He studied under Theodore Balant, a famous Sculptor; came to England in 1720, and resided in Vere-street, Oxford-street, where he had extensive workshops, which his great run of business required. On these premises he died, and was buried in Marylebone church-yard, near the church, January 11th, 1770.[1] After his decease, there were sales by auction held at his house, in one of which was an immense number of his own drawings mounted with uniform borders executed in bistre; and some of the most excellent of them are still to be found in the portfolios of collectors. I shall now insert a few contemporary notices respecting some of his works in Sculpture, which have not hitherto been brought together in print, viz.:—

Mr. Rysbrack carved the monument erected to the memory of Mrs. Oldfield, in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.—*Daily Advertiser*, March 4th, 1730.

Sir Isaac Newton's monument (in Westminster Abbey) was designed by Kent and executed by Rysbrack; the scaffolding was taken from before it, on Saturday, April 24th, 1731.—From the same paper.

[1] Other authorities give Antwerp as the place of Rysbrack's birth on June 24th, 1693. He studied there under Theodore Balant. The date of his death was January 8th, not 11th, 1770.



MICHAEL RYSBRACK
After Vanderbank

John Holles, Duke of Newcastle, Westminster Abbey.

Matthew Prior, ditto.

Admiral Vernon, ditto.

Earl Stanhope, ditto.

Sir Godfrey Kneller's monument was designed and executed in Westminster Abbey by Michael Rysbrack and Lord Bingley.—*Morning Advertiser*, March, 1757.

Cambridge, July 14th, 1756. A very fine marble statue, done by Rysbrack, of the late Duke of Somerset, presented by the Duke's illustrious daughters, the Marchioness of Granby and Lady Guernsey.—*Public Advertiser*, July 20th, 1756.

The noble statue of an Hercules, executed by the ingenious Mr. Rysbrack, is sent down to Sturton (Stourhead), in Wiltshire, the seat of Mr. Hoare, who has built a magnificent temple to receive it.—*Public Advertiser*, Jan. 12, 1757.

There is also a statue of Flora, by Rysbrack, at Stourhead.

Rysbrack executed an elegant statue of that universally-beloved Governor of the Island of Barbadoes, the Hon. Henry Grenville, which was put up in the Town-Hall, anno 1756.

A fine statue of that great and learned man, Mr. Locke, who was educated in Christ Church College, Oxon, is finished by Mr. Rysbrack, to be sent to that University.—*Public Advertiser*, Jan. 20, 1757.

Sir Hans Sloane, Physic-garden, Chelsea.

Ditto, a bust in the British Museum.

Charles, Duke of Somerset, and his Duchess, Salisbury Cathedral.

Lady Folkstone, Coleshill, Berks.

Lady Besborough, Derby.

Henry second Duke of Beaufort, Badminton, Gloucestershire.

Henry third Duke, and Charles the fourth Duke, ditto.

John Duke of Marlborough, and his Duchess, Blenheim.

Doctor Radcliffe, Library, Oxford.

King Charles I. for George Selwyn.

Martin Folkes, a bust in the British Museum.

King George II. Greenwich Hospital.

Palladio, Inigo Jones, and Fiamingo, at the Duke of Devonshire's, Chiswick.

Statue of John Willett, Esq. uncle to Ralph Willett, Esq. whole-length, size of life, in the entrance-hall at Merly-House, in Dorsetshire: stands in niche at the south end.[1]

The first sale of this artist's effects took place on April 18th, 1767,[2] at his house in Vere-street, Oxford-street; the second on March 12th, 1770; and the third on the 28th of the same month, in which there were not fewer than three hundred drawings by him, chiefly washed in bistre. Mr.

[1] Smith does not seem to have arranged this material. He mixes up the "contemporary notices" of Rysbrack's work with a scrappy and incomplete list of the works themselves. No sculptor ought to be better known to Londoners than Rysbrack, for none is more notably represented in Westminster Abbey. His two great monuments to Sir Isaac Newton and Earl Stanhope, on the left and right of the choir screen, dominate the nave. These were designed by Kent. The monument to John Holles, Duke of Newcastle (carved by Rysbrack from Gibbs's design), is in the north transept. In Poet's Corner we find his monuments to Ben Jonson, Nicholas Rowe, John Matthew Prior, Gay and Milton; the last named is inscribed: "Rysbrack was the statuary who cut it." In other parts of the Abbey are his monuments to Dr. Freind, Richard Kane, Mrs. Oldfield (after Kent), Admiral Vernon, and Sir Godfrey Kneller (designed by Kneller himself). Kneller's is the only monument to a painter in the Abbey. Among Smith's many omissions is Rysbrack's fine bust of the Duke of Marlborough, now at the foot of the British Museum staircase. For a full account of this sculptor's work, see Mr. E. Beresford Chancellor's *Lives of the British Sculptors* (1911).

[2] The first of Rysbrack's sales took place in 1765, or early in 1766, on his retirement from business.

Characters sketched by P Sandby at Ryebracks Sale 1764

From an engraving by H. Adland. From "The Magazine of Fine Arts." Vol. II. P. 432

Rysbrack presented Mr. Garrick with one of his drawings, the subject being the Three Witches in Macbeth. This drawing is touched with great freedom, and is now in the possession of Mr. Dunn, Treasurer to Drury Lane Theatre.[1]

[1] Two drawings of this subject by Rysbrack are in the Print Department of the British Museum, as also designs for the Abbey monuments to Sir Isaac Newton and Earl Stanhope.

MATTHEW LIART

BRYAN, in his *Dictionary of Painters and Engravers*, speaking of Matthew Liart, the Engraver, erroneously states that "*This artist was born at Paris in 1736, but came to England when very young*, where he was employed in engraving some plates for Mr. Boydell's collection." Matthew Liart was born in London, in a house built by his grandfather, a respectable periwig-maker and barber, *on the south-west corner of Compton-street and Crown-street* (which was, until 1762, called Hog-lane)[1]—near an old house with pillars before it, then standing on the site of the entrance to the present chapel in Moor-street: it was called "the French Change," being a place much frequented, and indeed surrounded by natives of France, who came to England after the Edict of Nantz. Here they met, and communicated with each other upon their several concerns; and hence arose the establishment of the numerous à-la-mode beef shops for the convenience of the neighbourhood.

Liart's family, as well as many other natives of France, settled upon this spot after the Edict of Nantz. The barber's son, Liart's father, who was a maker of survelois, a relishing kind of sausage, placed him with the celebrated Monsieur Ravenet, the Engraver,[2] with whom he remained seven

[1] Hog-lane, afterwards Crown-street, is now lost in the Charing Cross-road, whose upper length is virtually Crown-street widened. Hogarth's "Noon" is laid in Hog-lane, and includes a view of St. Giles's church tower.

[2] Francis Simon Ravenet, a pupil of Jacques Philippe Le Bas, came to London in 1750, and was employed by Alder-

years. Liart then occupied his father's second-floor front room, in which he engraved *all his plates.*

He drew at the Royal Academy, where he gained the silver medal for a drawing of a figure from the life ; and he also obtained a prize from the Society of Arts. Mr. West has declared that Liart drew the human figure well, and he has frequently been heard to observe, that had he studied the historical and highest class of the art, he was quite certain he would have succeeded. He died about the year 1782, in Compton-street, in the house in which he was born, and in the room in which he engraved, and was buried at Paddington. Mr. Audinet, the Engraver,[1] from whom I received some of the above particulars, and who has a spirited portrait of him painted by Laurenson, *is perfectly satisfied that Liart never even saw the sea.*

Of the various plates engraven by Liart, the two from Mr. West's pictures of Venus and Adonis, and Cephalus and Procris, are unquestionably his best.

man Boydell and the booksellers ; he also made many designs for the Chelsea china factory.

[1] For a note on Audinet, see Smith's biographical sketch of John Hall, *post.*

GIUSEPPE CERACCHI

DURING the time I was under the tuition of Mr. Nollekens, Signor Giuseppe Ceracchi, a Roman, often visited the studio. He came to England in 1773, with letters of recommendation from Nulty, a Sculptor at Rome; was employed by Carlini; and, when he first exhibited at the Royal Academy, his residence was stated to be at that artist's house, in King-square Court, now Carlisle-street, Soho-square.

Soho-square was at one time called King's-square;[1] and it is a curious fact, that King's-square-court, now Carlisle-street, was once called "Merry Andrew Street," as appears in a rare little view of Soho-square, in the possession of William Packer, Esq. of Great Baddow, Essex,—in which Monmouth House is to be seen.

Mr. R. Adam, the architect, employed Ceracchi to model a basso-relievo, fourteen feet in length by six feet in height, of the Sacrifice of Bacchus, consisting of twenty figures, in Adams's composition,—a mixture of cement with oil, which is now called mastic, and similar to that used on the columns of the Theatre in the Hay-market,—for the back front of the house of Mr. Desenfans, in Portland-road[2]; at whose decease it was sold by auction to the proprietors of Coade's Artificial Stone Manufactory[3] in that part of the New

[1] Not in honour of a reigning sovereign, but of Gregory King (1648–1712), the herald and genealogist, who laid out Soho.

[2] For a note on Noel Joseph Desenfans, see Chapter XIII.

[3] These proprietors were Messrs. Croggan & Co. of the New (Euston) Road, who had succeeded to the business of the Coade family of Lambeth. For a full note on this artificial stone manufactory, see Smith's biographical sketch of John Bacon, R.A., *post*.

Road called "Tottenham Court;" and it is very tastefully modelled. The bust of Sir Joshua Reynolds, sold by the figure-casters, Mr. Northcote informs me, was also modelled by Ceracchi.

Baretti, in his *Guide through the Royal Academy*, when describing the Strand front of Somerset House, thus speaks of him: "The two figures nearest the centre were made by Signor Carlini; the two at the extremities, by Signor Ceracchi, an Italian Sculptor,[1] who resided some time in London, whose abilities the architect (Sir William Chambers) wished to encourage and keep among us; but the little employment found in England for Sculptors, however excellent, frustrated his intentions." Ceracchi had, when I was taken to see him, very extensive premises at No. 76, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square; he was a short thin man, with a piercing black eye, and a very blue beard. He was the Honourable Mrs. Damer's master in Sculpture, as that lady declared to me herself. He modelled a statue of his pupil, which, since the decease of Lord Frederick Campbell, has been carved in marble, and placed in the Hall of the British Museum.

Ceracchi, highly gifted as he certainly was, met with so little encouragement in this country, that after disposing of his property in Margaret-street, he quitted England for Rome, where he continued to practise as a Sculptor until the breaking out of the French Revolution, when he became so violent a partizan and so desperate, that he was condemned to death as the leader of the conspirators connected with the infernal machine contrivance, and was guillotined at Paris in 1801. Ceracchi continued so frantic to the last, that he actually built himself a car, in which he was drawn to the place of execution in the habit of a Roman Emperor. David, the French Painter, with whom Ceracchi had lived in intimacy, was called to speak to his character; but he declared he knew nothing of him beyond his fame as a Sculptor.

[1] These four figures are those on the attic storey.

JOHN BAPTIST LOCATELLI

JOHN BAPTIST LOCATELLI was a native of Verona, and when he came to England first lodged at No. 9, in the Hay-market, with the father of Charles Rossi, Esq. now an Academician. His next residence was in Bentinck-street, Berwick-street; and his last in England was in Union-street, at the back of Middlesex Hospital, which had been, before the year 1776, the time he entered the premises, occupied by another Italian Sculptor of the name of Angelini [1]; and there it was that the friendly Rossi was placed under Locatelli's roof, as his pupil; but from whom, I can safely say, Rossi acquired no part of his present excellence as a Sculptor. Angelini was an artist of superior talent. He carved a group of the Virgin and Child, in marble, as large as life, and of which he unfortunately could find no better mode of disposing than by lottery. He also carved for Nollekens, and was often, to the no little mortification of his employer, mistaken by strangers as the master of the studio, not only from his superior manners, but by his dashing mode of dressing in a fashionable coat and red morocco slippers.

Locatelli became an object of some notoriety, by a dispute which arose between him and his kind patron, the Earl of Orford, against whom the Sculptor was so highly enraged, that he extensively distributed an octavo pamphlet consisting of one hundred and twenty-five pages, in Italian and English, entitled, *A Dissertation of a Colossal group of*

[1] Perhaps Joseph Angelini (1735–1811), who flourished in Naples, Rome, Paris, and London.

John Baptist Locatelli. By this little work, which is written in some parts with the spleen and acrimony of a disappointed man, and which was printed without date, it appears that in the year 1782, the Earl of Orford bespoke a colossal group of this Sculptor, without asking what it was to come to. When the subject was named, his Lordship approved of it; but when the model was produced, he refused to take it, although he had advanced the artist 350*l.* on account. The design was Theseus offering assistance to Hercules.

It also appears by this narrative, that a committee of about fifteen gentlemen, among whom were Sir James Wright, Mr. Locke, Mr. Sheldon the Anatomist, (as some of the limbs were stated to have been broken, and others out of joints,) Mr. West, Mr. Cipriani, Mr. Fuseli, and Mr. Proctor the Sculptor, had agreed to give their opinions upon it. Fuseli and Proctor were rather severe with the Artist, particularly the latter, who certainly had produced some models of Ixion, &c. which were highly spoken of. Locatelli declared in his pamphlet, by way of setting himself off, that he had been much noticed by the English when at Verona and Venice, and that, during his residence at Milan, he was employed by Count Firmian, Mr. Tilot, and Cardinal Crescenzi, and that he had executed upwards of *seventy statues and groups* for the brothers Battoni, &c.

So much may be gathered from this pamphlet; but as there are always two stories, at least, to be told in every dispute, the reader is requested to put that of Lord Orford into the other scale of evidence.

His lordship, who had been extremely kind to Locatelli when abroad, by purchasing several of his models from the antique, the size of life, at one hundred guineas each, a much better price than he had before been accustomed to receive,—particularly noticed the Artist when he arrived in England. Finding that he was unemployed, he ordered him to model the above subject, as suggested by Locatelli, never asking the price; but concluding in his own mind that

the sum would be proportionately more from being modelled in England, being a much dearer country to live in than Italy. Locatelli had, by degrees, obtained money from his patron, amounting altogether to the sum of 350*l.*, when his Lordship visited his artist's studio to see what he was about, and to his great surprise, he found the group was *colossal*, and, in his opinion, very bad. A dispute then arose, and his Lordship, notwithstanding the majority of the committee had given it against Locatelli, generously paid him a farther sum, and sent the model to Houghton; where it was destroyed, when that mansion unfortunately suffered by fire.

Nollekens's remarks upon this group of Theseus and Hercules, were sometimes laughable enough: he said, "The figures look like the dry skins of two brick-makers stuffed with clotted flocks from an old mattress;" and at other times he observed, "I think Locatelli must have studied Goltzius's Hercules;" a figure well known to the collectors of engravings under the appellation of the potato-man, in consequence of his muscles appearing more like that root, than any thing produced either above or below the earth.[1] Mr. Smith, the Sculptor, who designed and executed the cenotaph, erected by the munificent citizens of London, to the memory of Lord Nelson, in their Guildhall, was the pupil of this artist[2]; and his son, Charles, a highly-talented Sculptor, has, in his studio in the New Road, some fragment,

[1] Henry Goltz, or Goltzius, born 1558. His skill as an engraver of classical subjects ran sometimes into eccentricity. The "Hercules" print here referred to is evidently the one described by Graves as follows: "Hercules holding his Club: in the background are represented his Labours, 1589. In this plate Goltzius has overcharged the outline of the figure in the most barbarous manner, the parts are scattered and the whole is without effect."

[2] James Smith executed his Guildhall statue of Nelson in 1808. He was employed by Flaxman, and assisted Mrs. Damer. He died in Upper Norton (now Bolsover) street, Portland-road, April 28th, 1815.

of Locatelli's models, which exhibit very little merit, particularly the portions of a small one of Lord Orford's groups above mentioned.

Robert Adam, the Architect, who occasionally gave Locatelli commissions, among other things employed him to execute a chimney-piece for Harewood House in Yorkshire.

In August 1780, Mr. Nollekens was advised to go to Harrowgate for the benefit of his health; in consequence of which, Mr. Rossi informs me, he carved, under the direction of his master, Locatelli, the basso-relievos, put up by Nollekens, on the outside of the Sessions-house on Clerkenwell Green.[1]

Locatelli, in 1796, left England for Milan, where Buonaparte not only patronized him, but granted him a pension for life. Of his death, Mr. Rossi, my principal informant, is at present ignorant.

[1] The Middlesex Sessions House was erected in 1779–80 to supersede Hicks's Hall in St. John-street. The sculptures mentioned consist of the county arms in the tympanum and two panels and two medallions on the front. The building, which was reconstructed internally in 1860, is not likely to serve its present purpose much longer.

THOMAS PROCTOR

THOMAS PROCTOR was born at Settle, in the West-Riding of Yorkshire, April 22nd, 1753. His father, being in humble circumstances, apprenticed him to a tobacconist at Manchester, of whose occupation he soon became tired, and ventured to London, where he procured an engagement in the counting-house of Messrs. Harrison and Ansley, merchants.

After remaining in this house for some time, he quitted it to study the arts of Painting and Sculpture; and, after his departure, the partners of the firm, in consequence of his having conducted himself so well, continued their kindness towards him, by giving him money, and receiving him as one of the family, whenever he pleased, at their houses at Tottenham and Clapham.

On the 30th of September, 1777, he was admitted a student at the Royal Academy. He was induced, from seeing Barry's picture of Venus rising from the Sea, to paint a large subject of Adam and Eve, from Milton's *Paradise Lost.* In 1782, he obtained a premium from the Society of Arts; in 1783, he gained a silver medal at the Royal Academy; and, in 1784, the gold medal was voted him for an Historical picture.[1] He also painted a picture of the Approach of Venus to the Island of Cyprus. At the time Proctor was a candidate for the Royal Academy gold medal, it was much doubted whether he or another brother-student would be successful. When the students

[1] Redgrave says that Proctor received the gold medal for a subject taken from *The Tempest.*

on Proctor's side found that the prize was awarded to him, they agreed to seize and carry him down-stairs in triumph; which they not only accomplished, but proceeded with him publicly on their shoulders all about the quadrangle of Somerset-place, at the same time vociferating, "Proctor! Proctor!" Upon this, Barry, who heartily enjoyed the sight, exclaimed, with the usual oath of a blunt Irishman, "The lads have caught the true spirit of the ancient Greeks."

Proctor likewise produced a very extraordinary model of Ixion on the wheel, which was thought so well of by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. West, and Sir Abraham Hume, that the worthy baronet purchased it.[1] He also executed a fine model of Diomedes thrown to his horses, but unfortunately of so large a size, that no one was tempted to buy it; and, as he could not afford to pay for a place to keep it in, he actually knocked it to pieces.

In 1794, when the period arrived at which the Royal Academy was to send a student to Rome, they fixed upon Proctor, but no one knew where to find, or hear any thing of him. However, Mr. West, with his usual zeal, after much inquiry, discovered him in an obscure lodging in a deplorably reduced state.[2] Upon this, he instantly relieved him, invited him to dinner, and promised him letters of introduction to his Roman friends: but alas! during the short preparation for his departure, Mr. West received the sad intelligence of his being found dead in his bed, at his humble lodgings, opposite the Cider-cellar, in Maiden-lane, Covent-garden. He died in his forty-first year, and was buried in Hampstead church-yard.[3]

[1] Sir Abraham Hume (1749–1838) was a collector of pictures, minerals, etc., at Wormley, Hertfordshire. Reynolds painted his portrait three times.

[2] In a miserable attic in Clare Market, where he had subsisted for days on a penny roll, with water from a neighbouring pump (Redgrave).

[3] On July 13th, 1794 (*Dict. Nat. Biography*).

Mr. Middiman, the celebrated Landscape-engraver, who is now in his seventy-seventh year,[1] related to me the following anecdote of poor Proctor. Mr. Rising, a painter and picture-cleaner,[2] one of Proctor's most intimate friends, witnessing his disturbed state of mind, arising from pecuniary embarrassment, and a most honourable and anxious wish to leave England for Rome free of every debt, went privately to a gentleman, who held a note for money lent, to whom he represented Proctor's distress. The gentleman, whose heart, like those of many other Englishmen, was in its right place, begged of him to desire Proctor to make himself perfectly easy on his account; and to convince him of his safety, immediately threw the note into the fire. Early the next morning, the friendly Rising hastened to communicate the liberality of the gentleman; when, alas! he found that Proctor had died in the preceding night.

Proctor was short in stature, remarkably well-proportioned, and firmly built. His hair and whiskers were of a jet black, the latter of which he suffered to grow with a preposterous projection from his cheeks. His skin was swarthy, but his black eyes were piercingly energetic, particularly when a grand idea had struck his mind, which was well stored with classic reading. He then instantly grappled with his clay; upon which he was sure to leave vigorous marks of superior genius. Mr. West classed him with the first-rate modellers; and indeed he thought so well of him, that when the Royal Academicians agreed to send him to Rome, Mr. West made up his mind to send his son Raphael with him, concluding that by their high talents they would

[1] Samuel Middiman (1750–1831), an etcher and engraver for topographical works, and for Boydell's *Shakespeare*. He died in Cirencester-place, aged eighty-one.

[2] Possibly J. Rising, portrait painter, 85 Great Portland-street (*Holden's Triennial Directory*, 1805–1807).

enjoy a most interesting intercourse. I received the following anecdote of him from the venerable Northcote, who is in his eighty-second year. Mr. Northcote was born in Market-street, Plymouth, October 22nd, old style, 1746. Proctor sent an immense picture to the Royal Academy to be exhibited; the subject of which, to the best of his recollection, was Druidical. This performance, however, was so indifferent, that the Academicians on the Council advised him to improve it; and, as it was so large a work, accommodation was given him somewhere on the premises. After he had been at work upon it for several days, some of the Council, who were not at all pleased with what he had done, begged of Mr. Northcote to go and look at it; but it was so very deficient in the requisite of painting, that they could not admit it into any of their show-rooms. However, as they thought that it would hurt his feelings to reject it for its want of a painter's expression, they very kindly allowed him to think, that as it was so large, there was no room for it.

As a painter, Mr. Northcote assured me that he could not praise Proctor, and yet he said there was mind in most of the things he produced; but as a modeller, he spoke in the highest terms of his talents. During the time Proctor was engaged upon this figure of Ixion, Nollekens, who was not then far advanced in life, made the following remark. "I don't see why Proctor should make Ixion going round on the wheel, with his eyes almost closed: I am sure I could not sleep under such torture."

I heard Nollekens once ask a painter, who was modelling a figure of Time on the ground struggling with a female, why he made Time sprawling on the ground with her, "You should not do that. Time is always on the wing: no, no, you should make Time pursuing the girl." Mr. Nollekens used to say, that Proctor had less merit as a modeller than a painter; though this was not the opinion of Professor Westmacott, who applied to Sir Abraham Hume for the

loan of the group of Pirithous[1] and the figure of Ixion on the Wheel, two of Proctor's highly-esteemed and best models. These he generously and openly exhibited during his last Lecture delivered at the Royal Academy, expatiated upon them as works of true genius, and declared them to be in many respects highly worthy the attention of the students in Sculpture.

[1] Peirithous, the son of Ixion, destroyed by Cerberus. This group was exhibited by Proctor at the Royal Academy in 1792.

JOHN ZOFFANY, R.A.

THE history of Zoffany, the painter of that inimitable picture of the Members of the Royal Academy in the King's most splendid collection, being but little known;[1] I shall introduce the following account of him, received partly from the lips of my friend, Philip Audinet, a pupil of John Hall, the Engraver, whose son, the Rev. Doctor Hall, is now Master of Pembroke College, Oxford; and partly from other sources of equal veracity.

Mr. Audinet's father served his time with Rimbault, a celebrated Musical Clock-maker, who lived in Great St. Andrew's-street, near the Seven Dials.[2] He principally traded to Holland, and made, what were at that time called,

[1] Zoffany's well-known picture, now at Buckingham Palace, divided with West's "Death of Wolfe" the honours of the Academy Exhibition of 1772. The most prominent figures are those of Moser, Zuccarelli, Yeo, Dr. William Hunter, Nathaniel Hone, Cosway, West, Cipriani, Gwynné, Reynolds, Hayman, Wilton, Chambers, and Zoffany himself. The figure of Gainsborough, who rarely attended the Academy meetings, is absent. On the wall hang the portraits of Mary Moser and Angelica Kauffmann.—For a note on Audinet, see under John Hall, *post*. Hall's son, George William (1770–1844), was Master of Pembroke College from 1809.

[2] The Rimbault family was prominent in this neighbourhood, and the musical-clock-maker was the uncle of Stephen Francis Rimbault, music-teacher and organist of St. Giles-in-the-fields, the father of the learned Dr. Edward F. Rimbault, whose *Soho and Its Associations* was edited from the MSS. by Mr. George Clinch in 1895.

"Twelve-tuned Dutchmen;" viz. clocks which played twelve tunes, with moving figures, variously occupied, having scenery painted behind them. As these machines were very complicated, and therefore required a combination of talents, the pricking of the barrels was executed by a famous hand of the name of Bellodi, an Italian, who at that period lived in Short's-gardens, Drury-lane: his son, an excellent maker of barrel-organs, died lately at Pentonville. This person solicited Rimbault in favour of a poor man, an artist, who was almost starving in a garret, and an inmate of his house. "Let him come to me," said Rimbault; he accordingly went to him, and produced such extraordinary specimens of his talent, that he received immediate employment in painting the fronts of musical clocks.

In the course of time, when the employer and employed became better acquainted with each other, this *clock-face painter* proposed to paint his patron's *face;* which he did so admirably, that it raised him considerably in the opinion of Rimbault, who exerted himself to the fullest extent of his ability to serve him. This truly animated portrait of Rimbault, by Zoffany, is carefully preserved over the chimney-piece of his nephew's front parlour, at No. 9, Denmark-street, Soho. Mr. Rimbault is the Organist to St. Giles's in the Fields, and one of the most extensive collectors of Rowlandson's drawings.

Benjamin Wilson,[1] who, at this period, resided in Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, No. 56, in the house in which Mr. Philip Audinet now lives, being anxious to procure an assistant who could draw the figure well, a branch of his art in which Wilson was extremely deficient, having confined his talent to the head only,—it so happened that he encoun-

[1] For a note on Benjamin Wilson, the versatile Sergeant Painter to George III, see a note to Smith's chapter, "Recollections of Public Characters of St. Martin's Lane," *post.*

THE MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, 1772
From the mezzotint by Richard Earlom after John Zoffany, R.A.

tered the above painter of clock-faces, and, finding his qualifications exactly to his purpose, engaged him at a salary of about forty pounds a-year, but enjoined him to profound secrecy. Now it happened that Garrick was so convinced that a picture which was exhibiting of himself and Miss Bellamy, in Romeo and Juliet, was not the production of Benjamin Wilson, whose name was to it, that he was determined to find out the painter, and by his perseverance discovered his name to be Zoffany.

Mr. Garrick, then, with that kindness which he always exercised towards artists of talent, gave him immediate employment, and introduced him to his friends, particularly to Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose liberal conduct in his favour, mentioned in Miss Moser's letter, in Chapter III of this work, was so highly honourable to that immortal painter.[1]

Mr. Zoffany was as fortunate in having Garrick for his study, as the public are in the possession of that painter's delineations of so wonderful an actor; and I believe most persons will agree with me, that, with all the powerful display of the pictorial talent of Reynolds, Dance, Gainsborough, Loutherbourg, and Clint, the pencil of Zoffany, in theatrical representations, has been unrivalled. Nor, indeed, do I believe that at any period the painter could have had superior assistance in handing his fame to posterity, than from those artists who have engraved his pictures; for the accuracy of which assertion, I shall appeal to the recollection of my reader, by presenting him with a list of the engravings which have been executed from Zoffany's works, which I have arranged according to their date of publication.

ZOFFANY, pinxt. JAS. M'ARDELL, fecit.

Mr. GARRICK and Mrs. CIBBER, in the characters of *Jaffier* and *Belvidera*.—*Venice Preserved*, Act 4, Scene 2.

[1] Redgrave and Bryan give other and less sensational accounts of Zoffany's rise into fame.

Published March 25, 1764, according to Act of Parliament, sold by J. M'Ardell, at the corner of Henrietta-street, in Covent-garden.

ZOFFANY, pinxt. J. BOYDELL, excudt. J. G. HAID, fecit.

Mr. FOOTE, in the character of *Major Sturgeon*, in the *Mayor of Garret.*

Published according to Act of Parliament, August 14th, 1765, by John Boydell, Engraver, in Cheapside, London.

ZOFFANY, pinxt. J. BOYDELL, excudt. J. G. HAID, fecit.

Mr. GARRICK, in the *Farmer's Return.*

Published according to Act of Parliament, March 1st, 1766, by J. Boydell, Engraver, in Cheapside, London.

J. ZOFFANY, pinxt. Published Nov. 1st, 1768. J. FINLAYSON, fecit.

Mr. GARRICK, in the character of *Sir John Brute.*

Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Hullet, Mr. Cough, Mr. Parsons, Mr. Watkens, and Mr. Phillips, *as Watchmen.*

J. ZOFFANY, pinxt. Published March 1st, 1768. J. FINLAYSON, fecit.

Mr. SHUTER, Mr. BEARD, and Mr. DUNSTALL, in the characters of *Justice Woodcock, Hawthorn,* and *Hodge.—Love in a Village,* Act 1, Scene 6.

Sold by Mr. Zoffany, in Lincoln's-inn-fields, Mr. Finlayson, in Berwick-street, Soho, and Mr. Parker, at No. 82, in Cornhill.

J. ZOFFANY, pinxt. J. FINLAYSON, fecit.

Mr. FOOTE and Mr. WESTON, in the characters of *the President* and *Dr. Last.*

J. ZOFFANY, pinxt.

Mr. GARRICK, in the character of *Abel Drugger,* Mr. BARTON, and Mr. PALMER, in the characters of *Subtle* and *Face.—Alchymist,* Act 2, Scene 6.

To Frederick Howard, Earl of Carlisle, this plate is humbly inscribed, by his Lordship's obedient servant.

Published according to Act of Parliament, January the 12th, 1771, by John Dixon, in Kemp's Row, opposite Ranelagh, Chelsea; and sold by A. Davy, in Duke's-court, St. Martin's-lane, C. Bowles, in St. Paul's Church-yard, and J. Boydell, Cheapside.

J. ZOFFANY, pinxt. R. EARLOM, sculpt.

Mr. KING and Mrs. BADDELEY, in the characters of *Lord Ogleby* and *Miss Fanny Sterling.—Clandestine Marriage*, Act 4.

"*O, thou amiable creature! command my heart, for it is vanquished.*"

Published as the Act directs, Nov. 1, 1772, by Robert Sayer, No. 53, in Fleet-street, London.

Published March 30th, 1776, by J. Boydell, Engraver, in Cheapside, London.

J. ZOFFANY, pinxt. V. GREEN, Engraver to his Majesty, fecit.

Mr. GARRICK and Mrs. PRITCHARD, in the tragedy of *Macbeth*, Act 2, Scene 3.

From the original picture painted by Zoffany, in the possession of George Keate, Esq. to whom this plate is dedicated by his most humble servant, John Boydell.

Sold by J. Watson, in Litchfield-street, Soho.

ZOFFANY, pinxt. MARCHIE, fecit.

Mr. MOODY, in the character of *Foigard*.

ZOFFANY, pinxt. T. SIMSON, excudit. J. YOUNG, sculpt.

Mr. BRANSBY, Mr. PARSONS, Mr. WATKINS, in the characters of *Æsop*, *Old Man*, and *Servant.—Lethe.*

Published April 9th, 1788, by T. Simpson, St. Paul's Church-yard.

J. ZOFFANY, pinxt. J. DIXON, fecit.

Mr. GARRICK, in the character of *Abel Drugger*, in the *Alchymist.*

Published 1 Jan. 1791, by R. Sayer and Co. Fleet-street,

Painted by J. ZOFFANY. Engraved by JOHN YOUNG, Engraver in Mezzotinto to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.
The character of *Puff*, in the *Critic*, as represented by
THOMAS KING,
Who, with most profound respect, and the utmost gratitude, dedicates this print to those illustrious encouragers of the liberal arts,
Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York.
London, Nov. 1803, published by Thomas King, No. 9, New Store-street, Bedford-square.[1]

[1] Smith's sketch of Zoffany is more than usually incomplete. In 1783 the painter went to India, where he obtained large commissions. Returning to England in 1790, he settled at Strand-on-the-Green, near Kew, wealthy but worn out. Here he painted a Last Supper as altar-piece for old Brentford church, introducing himself as St. Peter and various local fishermen as other apostles, these likenesses being so close that the men were afterwards known by apostolic sobriquets. Here Zoffany died November 11, 1810. He was buried in Kew churchyard, near to Gainsborough's grave.

DAVID GARRICK AS ABEL DRUGGER, WITH BURTON AND PALMER AS SUBTLE AND FACE
Painted by John Zoffany, R.A. Engraved by John Dixon

JOHN KEYSE SHERWIN

AFTER I had studied about three years under Mr. Nollekens, I became so delighted with the art of engraving, that I endeavoured to imitate several of the etchings of celebrated painters, particularly those of Rembrandt and Ostade; some of which I copied so closely, that my father's old patron, Dr. Hinchcliffe, then Bishop of Peterborough,[1] kindly showed them to Sherwin, who was so pleased with them, that he offered to take me at half the usual premium, and I became his domestic pupil. In consequence of Sherwin being frequently from home, it fell to my lot, alternately with my two fellow-pupils, Newnham and M'Kenzie, to attend the visitors to the painting-room,[2] and to answer their questions. Being considered a good-tempered lad, the ladies noticed me; and young as I was, in consequence of my studying the human figure, I became tolerably familiar with beautiful forms, which knowledge often induced me to contemplate the graceful figures and fascinating features of the fashionable women, who daily thronged to see a drawing which Sherwin was then engaged upon, the subject being the Finding of Moses.

The ideas of this extraordinary artist were generally

[1] John Hinchcliffe, Bishop of Peterborough, was the son of a livery stable keeper in Swallow-street. He died at Peterborough, after a distinguished career, January 11, 1794.

[2] Sherwin's studio was in Fox-court, St. James's-street, on the east side, above Ryder-street. This court no longer exists.

elegant, and always pleasing; which led him to introduce in this picture the portrait of the Princess Royal of England, as Pharaoh's daughter, and those of the ladies of our Court most distinguished for their beauty as her attendants. Lady Duncannon, and her sister, the Duchess of Devonshire, were in the centre of the composition, surrounded by the rest who composed the group. In this drawing, were exhibited Ladies Jersey, &c.; but the most conspicuous figure was that of her Grace the Duchess of Rutland, the present Dowager.[1]

Being frequently in the room when these elegant fashionables came to sit, I had most enviable opportunities of seeing them near; and lovely as most of them unquestionably were, none, in my opinion, eclipsed her Grace of Rutland. I remember placing an engraving of the three Ladies Waldegrave on the carpet before her Grace,[2] by the desire of Sherwin, who was then at his easel, and I must declare that I never beheld a more dignified and beautiful woman: and, indeed, when I last had the honour of seeing her Grace, only a very few years since, I still remained of the same opinion.

Sherwin's drawing, however, fascinating as it certainly was, though it procured him many friends, by the preference which he had given to the ladies selected, made those who were unsolicited his enemies; and he found to his cost, that paying a woman of high title a compliment at the expense of a greater beauty of inferior rank, was one of the great errors of his life. Indeed, on the other hand, he gave

[1] Sherwin's print was published in 1798 and, says Bryan, might have made his fortune but for his unfortunate habits. A year later this brilliant artist died in debt and misery under circumstances discussed by Smith in Chapter VIII.

[2] This engraving was from Reynolds's picture of the three beautiful daughters of the second Earl Waldegrave, grandnieces of Horace Walpole, who had commissioned the group. The three ladies, Horatia, Laura, and Maria, are seated round a work table. The picture was exhibited in 1781.

much offence even to some of those ladies whose portraits he *had* introduced, by placing that of Mrs. Townley Ward, whose features were certainly of the grand cast, near to a Duchess, whose beauty could not stand the comparison.[1]

The attraction of this drawing became so great, that footmen were continually thundering at Sherwin's door; and, during the Spring months, the succession of carriages was so incessant, that the passers-by would often return to see a celebrated beauty alight or depart. I was much pleased, one morning, by the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens, who named most of the portraits; and was highly delighted when Mr. Sherwin desired me to look out a fine proof of his engraving of the Bishop of Peterborough's picture of the Holy Family, painted by N. Poussin, and give it to my old master: with which attention he was so much pleased, that he invited Sherwin to his studio, and offered him the loan of any of his busts to engrave from.

Sherwin had gained the gold medal for an historical picture at the Royal Academy; and Nollekens used to observe, that it was by painting a picture that Bartolozzi became a Royal Academician, and not as an Engraver.[2]

[1] The lady was the wife of Townley Ward, a well-known and wealthy solicitor, of Henrietta-street, Covent Garden. As Miss Eleanora Hucks she married him in 1772.

[2] Engravers were not originally eligible for membership of the Royal Academy, and their exclusion led to a series of protests and concessions which ended, in 1855, in the election of Samuel Cousins as the first engraver among Royal Academicians. Nollekens's statement that it was by painting a picture—and not as an engraver—that Bartolozzi became a Royal Academician is not strictly correct. Sandby (*History of the R.A.*) says that he was elected as a designer, and he contradicts the statement of Sir Robert Strange that he was persuaded to exhibit a single drawing in order to qualify for membership. Bartolozzi, in fact, exhibited drawings from time to time. But it seems doubtful whether he would not have shared, at a later and less indulgent period, the old disability of engravers.

However, my old master, upon this occasion, said little, being in the presence of Mrs. Nollekens, to whose advice he now and then paid attention.

Sherwin had a most wonderful faculty in delineating the human form; for I have often seen him begin a figure at the toe, draw upwards, and complete it at the top of the head in a most correct and masterly manner. He had also an extraordinary command over the use of both his hands; and whenever he has been engaged on a very large plate that was difficult to turn, he would let the plate remain before him, throw the graver over from his right hand into his left, and accurately meet the sweeping line he had commenced with the former. His application to his art was by no means regular; he would draw for several days, then walk about and visit his friends, or at other times paint: and one of his best pictures of a female was a whole-length of the beautiful Miss Collins, a daughter of Dr. Collins of Winchester, afterwards Lady St. John, which is admirably painted.[1] His most spirited one of a gentleman was that of Kinnaird, the Magistrate, father of my friend the Architect, who has lately edited Stuart's *Athens*. His mode of engraving was rapid in the extreme; for I have often seen him begin a little plate for a ticket, sit up all night, and finish it the next day by breakfast-time. Tom Davies, the Bookseller,[2] applied to him, one Saturday, to engrave a head of Garrick, for that actor's life, at the price of fifteen guineas, and it was to be done immediately. Sherwin, who was, I am sorry to say, too much like many other

[1] For a typically effusive eighteenth-century tribute to Miss Collins's charms, see the verses "On seeing the beautiful Miss Charlotte Collins, of Winchester, copy a Drawing of the Judgment of Paris," dated December, 1778, in the *New Foundling Hospital for Wit* (ed. 1786), Vol. VI, p. 116.

[2] Tom Davies was, of course, the bookseller of No. 8 Russell-street, Covent Garden, in whose shop Boswell was introduced to Dr. Johnson. He wrote the first biography of Garrick, and died in 1785.

artists, fond of working upon Sundays, sent this plate of Garrick home on the Monday morning, completely finished, to the great astonishment of Davies, and every one else who knew the fact. Perhaps, however, the plate which he executed in the shortest time, considering its quantity of work, is the portrait of the late Earl of Carlisle, painted by Romney: this engraving Sherwin produced in four days, though he had promised it for more than three months before. It is a beautiful piece of art, and the plate being a private one, the property of the family, and given only to particular friends, it is considered as a great rarity among portrait-collectors. There is a pretty tolerable copy of it in the *European Magazine* for November 1785, vol. viii. page 327.

Sherwin drew tastefully in red and black chalks, in the style which was afterwards considerably improved and practised by Cosway, who derived from it larger emoluments than Sherwin and all the other artists of his day put together.

In Sherwin's studio, I have frequently seen Mrs. Robinson, when in her full bloom ;[1] and he actually engraved her portrait at once upon the copper, without any previous drawing. Here I also saw Mrs. Siddons sit, in an attitude of the highest dignity, in the character of the Grecian

[1] In his *Book for a Rainy Day* Smith tells how he received a kiss from the beautiful "Perdita" in Sherwin's studio. "It fell to my turn that morning, as a pupil, to attend the visitors, and Mrs. Robinson came into the room singing. She asked to see a drawing which Mr. Sherwin had made of her, which he had placed in an upper room. When I assured her Mr. Sherwin was not at home, 'Do try to find the drawing of me, and I will reward you, my little fellow,' said she. I, who had seen Rosetta in *Love in a Village* the preceding evening, hummed to myself, as I went upstairs, 'With a kiss, a kiss, and I'll reward you with a kiss.' I had no sooner entered the room with the drawing in my hand, than she imprinted a kiss on my cheek, and said, 'There, you little rogue.'"

Daughter;[1] which portrait he also engraved in a similar way.

John Keyse Sherwin was born at Eastdean, in Sussex, and was noticed, early in life, by William Mitford, Esq. of the Treasury,[2] who was his best friend; and this gentleman is in possession of the historical picture which Sherwin painted, when he obtained the gold medal in the Royal Academy; the subject being Venus soliciting Vulcan to make armour for her son. Perhaps no artist was more noticed by the first families of his time than Sherwin; nor was any man more blessed with sincere friends, among whom was the gentleman above-mentioned, and Doctors Bever, Collins, Chelsum, Wynne, Vyse, Stevens, &c.

Various and often singularly interesting were the scenes which I witnessed during my short stay with Sherwin; and a recollection of some of them, even now, affords me no small degree of pleasure in my evening walks. I well remember one in particular, which always occurs to me whenever I hear the late Lord Fitzwilliam mentioned.[3] One afternoon, his Lordship was shown into our studio, with full expectation of finding Sherwin, according to the declaration of the lad who had opened the door; but, upon his Lordship's being assured that he was not in the house, a huge elephant of a man arose from his seat, and addressed the nobleman nearly in the following manner: "Sare, he *is* at home; my name is Elbell; I am un taileur un habit-maker; I live at No. 65, Vells-street, Oxford-market; he ordere me to come here for amount of my bill; an' I have been vaiting here no less dan dese five hour; an' until I

[1] Upon her reappearance at Drury-lane Theatre, where she had not acted since the days of Garrick; with whom she had played many parts during the last year of his performance. (S.)

[2] William Mitford, the historian of Greece (1744–1827).

[3] Richard Fitzwilliam (1745–1816), seventh Viscount, founder of the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge.

THE FINDING OF MOSES. A GROUP OF LONDON SOCIETY LADIES, 1789
Painted and engraved by John Keyse Sherwin

am distinctly satisfy, I vill not go avay vidout my money. I make for Colonel Topham, Sare, an Major Hanger; an dey never vill serve me in such a vay." Lord Fitzwilliam, after requesting to know the amount of his bill, desired him to write a receipt, and paid him.

As soon as Elbell left the room, his Lordship rang the bell, and ordered the lad to tell his master that the tailor was gone, and that Lord Fitzwilliam wished to see him. In a few minutes, Sherwin, who had been dressing for Sir Brook Boothby's,[1] entered the room in a scarlet-lapelled coat, with large gilt buttons the size of a half-crown, a white satin waistcoat embroidered with sprigs of jasmine, a pair of black satin small-clothes with Bristol-stone knee-buckles, a pair of Scott's liquid-dye blue silk stockings with Devonshire clocks, long-quartered shoes with large square buckles, which covered the whole of the lower front of his instep down to his toes; a shirt with a frill and ruffles of lace, his hair pomatumed and powdered with an immense toupee, three curls on a side, and tied up with a tremendous club behind. Lord Fitzwilliam exclaimed, "Well, Sherwin, you certainly are a handsome fellow; but most extravagantly dressed. Pray, whose levee are you for now? There, I will for once make you a present of Orator Elbell's receipt for making a fine gentleman."

Of all the men I ever knew, Sherwin was the most difficult to get money from, as he generally lost it in gambling as soon as he got it. His manœuvres to rid himself of a dun were sometimes whimsically ingenious. I recollect a purblind engraver, of the name of Roberts, the artist who etched the fifty small views round London, from drawings made by Chatelain,[2] and who had frequently importuned

[1] Sir Brooke Boothby (1743–1824) was described by a contemporary as "one of those who think themselves pretty gentlemen *de premier ordre*." At Lichfield he saw much of Miss Seward and her friends. He published volumes of verse, and died at Boulogne.

[2] Roberts is probably James Roberts, born in Devonshire in 1725. For Chatelain, see Index.

him for cash, being prevailed upon to partake of a bottle of wine, in order to drink success to the Arts, before he paid him. Sherwin, after the second glass, wishing to leave him, and knowing that Roberts could not see correctly beyond the bottle, moved his lay-figure, upon which he had put an old coat, from the corner of the room, and placed it as Roberts's companion; but before he stole out of the studio, he requested Mr. Roberts to keep the bottle by him, and to finish it whilst he wrote answers to some letters for the post. Roberts, who had no idea of his having quitted the table, now and then, as he took an occasional glass, silently bowed, respectfully acknowledging the presence of his host. At last, after some time had elapsed, he ventured to observe that he had a great way to go; but receiving no remark, he got up, walked round the table, and modestly requested payment. Upon no answer being returned, he went close enough to whisper the real state of his situation, when, discovering the trick, he left the house indignantly. However, Sherwin, who had been that evening lucky at play, upon our informing him of poor Roberts's distressed situation, sent him the money early the next morning, with an additional guinea for the time he had lost, with which he was desired to drink the King's health.

I must here declare, that though Sherwin was so imprudent in his way of living, he was a generous man, and that I have known him to give liberally in charitable contributions, particularly to distressed widows of clergymen, whose melancholy situations I have often heard him deplore; observing that the children of a poor country curate were more to be pitied than those of a London artist; since the latter generally had some qualification by which they could get a living.

Happily for the honour of our country, our societies have augmented, and funds are fast increasing for the better provision of the helpless widows and offspring of debilitated

artists, as well as for those who are left destitute by the less fortunate in the Church. It gives me great pleasure to state, that the Artists' Fund dinners[1] are attended by persons of the highest rank and fortune in the kingdom, who most condescendingly undertake the office of stewards; and I fully trust, that in a few years a foundation upon a plan similar to that for the sons and daughters of the Clergy, in St. John's Wood, will be established for the orphans of artists.[2]

[1] The Artists' Fund was founded in 1810 and was granted a royal charter in 1827.

[2] This school, for daughters only, is in the St. John's Wood-road, and dates from 1749.

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A.

THE grandfather of Thomas Gainsborough was a schoolmaster; and the young artist, who was the most unpromising pupil he had, was never better pleased than when he could prevail upon his father to request a holiday for him; for which he wrote in the following manner, "Give Tom a holiday." Tom, not wishing to apply to his father so often as he desired a day's sketching, hit upon the expedient of forgery, and copied this order to the extent of about fifty; but not having any place to put them in, thought of secreting them in the warming-pan, concluding that, as it was the summer season, that utensil would not be in requisition, and, as it hung up in the kitchen, he could watch an opportunity of taking out an order as he wanted it. In this supposition, however, he was disappointed, as one of the family being taken ill during his absence, the warming-pan was to be made use of; and no sooner was it taken down, than the remaining stock of these forged papers was scattered over the place, to the no small surprise of those present; and, upon their being shown to his father, he observed, from their nicety of imitation, that Tom would certainly come to an untimely end.[1]

[1] These particulars of Gainsborough's boyhood require some correction. Gainsborough's grandfather, Robert Gainsborough, was not a schoolmaster, but was Chief Constable of Sudbury. The schoolmaster of the family was his maternal uncle, the Rev. Humphrey Burroughs, head-master of the grammar school. The warming-pan and its contents are an addition to the usual story of the juvenile forgery

In consequence of this discovery, the next time he was absent from school, his father, who knew nothing of his sketching-days, watched him, suspecting that he kept idle company, but in this he was agreeably astonished, when he saw him seat himself upon the side of a bank, and begin to make a drawing of a cluster of dock-leaves; and, upon his return home, he found a quantity of his son's sketches of stumps of trees, styles, sheep, and shepherd boys, which had been secreted in various holes and corners. For this anecdote, as well as several others, I am obliged to my friend John Jackson, Esq. R.A. who is in possession of several beautiful portraits by Gainsborough.

Mr. Gainsborough was a lively writer, as we may see in the two following letters addressed to his friend Henderson, the Actor, inserted in "Letters and Poems, by the late Mr. John Henderson, by John Ireland," printed for Johnson, St. Paul's Church-yard, in 1786.

Bath, 27th June, 1773.

DEAR HENDERSON,

IF you had not wrote to me as you did, I should have concluded you had been laid down; pray, my boy, take care of yourself this hot weather, and don't run about London streets, fancying you are catching strokes of *Nature*, at the hazard of your constitution. It was my first school, and deeply read in petticoats I am, therefore you may allow me to caution you.

Stick to Garrick as close as you can, for your life; you should follow his heels like his shadow in sunshine.

No one can be so near him as yourself, when you please; and I'm sure, when he sees it strongly as other people do, he must be fond of such an *ape*. You have nothing to do now but to stick to the few great ones of the earth, who seem to have offered you their assistance in bringing you to light, and to brush off all the low ones as fast as they light upon

which made his father exclaim, "Tom will one day be hanged." On discovering the truant's drawings he exclaimed more hopefully, "Tom will be a genius."

you. You see I hazard the appearing a puppy in your eyes, by pretending to advise you, from the real regard and sincere desire I have of seeing you a great and happy man. Garrick is the greatest creature living, in every respect: he is worth studying in every action. Every view, and every idea of him is worthy of being stored up for imitation; and I have ever found him a generous and sincere friend. Look upon him, Henderson, with your imitative eyes, for, when he drops, you'll have nothing but poor old Nature's book to look in. You'll be left in the dark, or by a farthing candle. Now is your time, my lively fellow! And, do ye hear, don't eat so devilishly; you'll get too fat when you rest from playing, or get a sudden jigg by illness to bring you down again.

Adieu, my dear H.

Believe me your's, &c.

T. G.

Bath, July 18, 1773.

DEAR HENDERSON,

If I may judge by your last spirited epistle, you are in good keeping; no one eats with a more grateful countenance, or swallows with more good-nature than yourself.

If this does not seem sense, do but recollect how many hard-featured fellows there are in the world that frown in the midst of enjoyment, chew with unthankfulness, and seem to swallow with pain instead of pleasure; now any one who sees you eat pig and plum sauce, immediately *feels that pleasure* which a plump morsel, smoothly gliding through a narrow glib passage into the regions of bliss, and moistened with the dews of imagination, naturally creates.

Some iron-faced dogs, you know, seem to chew dry ingratitude, and swallow discontent. Let such be kept to *under parts*, and never trusted to support a character. In all but eating stick to Garrick; in *that* let him stick to you, for I'll be curst if you are not his master! Never mind the fools who talk of imitation and copying; all is imitation, and if you quit that natural likeness to Garrick, which your mother bestowed upon you, you'll be flung—— Ask Garrick else.

Why, Sir, what makes the difference between man and man, is the real performance, and not genius or conception. There are a thousand Garricks, a thousand Giardinis, and Fishers, and Abels. Why only one Garrick with Garrick's eyes, voice, &c.? One Giardini with Giardini's fingers, &c.? But one Fisher with Fisher's dexterity, quickness, &c.? Or more than one Abel with Abel's feeling upon the instrument? All the rest of the world are mere *hearers* and *see'ers*.[1]

Now, as I said in my last, as Nature seems to have intended the same thing in you as in Garrick, no matter how short or how long, her kind intention must not be crossed. If it is, she will tip the wink to Madam Fortune, and you'll be kicked down-stairs.

Think on that, Master Ford,
God bless you,
T. G.

Gainsborough, when advising Henderson to copy Garrick, forgot that Nature had been his own idol; and also the remark so often attributed to Michel Angelo, that "The man who walks after another, must always be behind him."

Did Shakspeare serve an apprenticeship to any one? Who taught Hogarth to paint the pictures of the *Marriage A-la-mode?* Did Garrick follow the manner of any actor? Was not Wilson, the Landscape-painter, Nature's child? Did Kemble act in the style of others? Did not Sir Joshua, who held the palette as the first of painters, after all his attention to the works of the old masters, both in design and colouring, acknowledge Nature to be his loveliest mistress? The pulses of my young countrymen must ever

[1] Felix Giardini came to London from Piedmont in 1750. Gainsborough, who had a half-talent for music, bought his viol-di-gamba at Bath, only to find that its qualities perished in his hands.—Johann Christian Fischer, the oboeist, married Gainsborough's daughter, Mary, not very happily.—Karl F. Abel is referred to in Chapter VII. See Index.

beat high, when they recollect that *all* the persons above-mentioned were *Englishmen born and bred*, and may correctly, I believe, be considered *six of the greatest men the world has produced.* Sir Joshua has observed, that "too much attention to other men's thought, by filling the mind, extinguishes the natural power, like too much fuel on fire." The reader will recollect, too, in a letter from Sir Joshua to N. Pocock,[1] given by Northcote in his second edition of Sir Joshua's Works, at page 90 of the second volume, that he says, "I would recommend to you, above all things, to *paint* from nature instead of *drawing*; to carry your palette and pencils to the water-side. This was the practice of Vernet, whom I knew at Rome; he then showed me his studies in colours, which struck me very much, for that truth which those works only have, which are produced while the impression is warm from nature."

Mr. Gainsborough, after seeing some of my pen-imitations of Rembrandt's and Ostade's etchings, which I made for my honoured patron Dr. Hinchcliffe, then Bishop of Peterborough, gave me permission to copy some of his small pictures, and allowed me frequently to stand behind him to see him paint, even when he had sitters before him. I was much surprised to see him sometimes paint portraits with pencils on sticks full six feet in length, and his method of using them was this: he placed himself and his canvass at a right angle with the sitter, so that he stood still, and touched the features of his picture exactly at the same distance at which he viewed his sitter. I have heard him say, that the sight of a letter written by an elegant penman, pleased him beyond expression; and I recollect being with him one day, when the servant brought him one from his schoolmaster in Suffolk, which, after reading, he held at

[1] Nicholas Pocock, the marine painter, to whom Reynolds wrote this friendly letter after Pocock had exhibited his first oil-painting at the Royal Academy of 1780.

THE WOODMAN

Painted by Thomas Gainsborough, R.A. Engraved by Peter Simon

a distance, as John Bridge, the Jeweller,[1] would a necklace, first inclining his head upon one shoulder and then on the other; after which he put it upon the lower part of his easel, and frequently glanced at it during the time he was scraping the colours together upon his palette. I recollect seeing his excellent picture of the Woodman stand for years against the wall unsold; and though the sum he asked for it was only one hundred guineas, it remained in his room until some time after his death, when Lord Gainsborough purchased it for the price of five hundred guineas, the sum the artist's widow thought proper then to put upon it.[2] There is a fine print of it by Peter Simon,[3] which was engraven for Alderman Boydell. Mrs. Gainsborough gave me a small model of the Woodman's head, which her husband made from the man who had stood for the picture, and who lately died in the Borough at a venerable age; this model I still possess, and it exhibits all the vigour of Vandyke.

Gainsborough was interred at Kew, on the 9th of August, 1788.

[1] John Gawler Bridge, of Rundell and Bridge, the Ludgate-hill jewellers and plate designers. See Index.

[2] The sum was 500*l.* Lord Gainsborough bought the picture at the sale at Schomberg House. It was destroyed in a fire at Exton Park.

[3] Peter Simon, the younger, born in London about 1750, engraved plates for Worlidge's *Antique Gems* and the Boydell *Shakespeare*. He died about 1810.

JOHN BACON, R.A.

BEFORE I commence a biographical sketch of this celebrated Artist, who was one of the earliest exhibitors in the Royal Academy, and the first individual who received the gold medal as a Modeller in that institution, I think my readers will be interested by the following song, relative to the formation of the Academy itself. It was written by the Rev. Dr. Franklin, who was chosen the first Chaplain to the Establishment,[1] and was sung by Mr. Beard at its institutory dinner. As it was never printed accurately, I here introduce a copy from the original manuscript, with which I was favoured by the author's daughter, Maria Franklin.

THE PATRONS.

A SONG.

HERE'S a health to the Great, who are *Patrons of Arts*,
Who for good British hands have true British hearts;
Abroad who disdain for their pleasures to roam,
But encourage true merit and genius at *Home*.

If I *was* not mistaken, I heard some folks say,
That our guests seem'd to relish the feast of to-day;
That with candour they own, we at least have aim'd well,
And those deserve praise who but strive to excel.

[1] Dr. Thomas Franklin, Professor of Greek at Cambridge, is mentioned by Sandby as Professor of Ancient History to the Royal Academy (1774–1784) in succession to Oliver Goldsmith, but is not included in his list of the Chaplains. Leslie and Taylor (*Life of Reynolds*) state, however, that he was appointed Chaplain soon after the foundation of the Academy.

But our artists,—the fact to our shame is well-known,—
Like our wives, are neglected, because they're our own:
Whilst Italia's fair harlots with rapture we view,
And embrace the dear strangers—to show our *Virtù*.

When good Master Christie tricks out his fine show,
All is not pure gold which there glitters, we know;
But with pompous fine titles he humbugs the town,
If the *names* are but foreign, the trash will go down:

For this purpose, some shrewd picture-merchants, they say,
Keep many a good Raphael and Rubens in pay;
And half the Poussins and Correggios you meet
Were daub'd in a garret in Aldersgate-street:

There with pencils and brushes they drive a snug trade:
There Ancients are form'd and Originals made;
New trifles are shelter'd beneath an old name,
And pictures, like bacon, are *smoked* into fame.

Such arts we disclaim, and such tricks we despise,
On their own little pinions our eaglets shall rise;
And upheld by your praises, perchance they may soar
To the summit of Fame, which they ne'er reach'd before.

When strong prepossession no longer shall blind,
Nor the shackles of Prejudice fetter the mind;
The beauties of Truth then old Time shall unveil,
And merit o'er folly and fashion prevail.

Then let's drink to the Great, who are Patrons of Arts,
Who for good British hands have good British hearts;
Abroad who disdain for their pleasures to roam,
But encourage true merit and genius at *Home*.

The meetings of the Royal Academy, at its commencement, were at seven o'clock in the evening, as will appear from the following invitation, which was sent to Benjamin West, Esq.

SIR, Royal Academy, 30th day of Oct. 1769.

You are desired to meet the President, and the rest of the Visitors, at the Royal Academy, in Pall-Mall, on Friday next, the 3d day of November, at seven o'clock in the evening, to examine the layman.

I am, Sir,
Your most humble servant,
F. M. NEWTON, SEC. R.A.

John Bacon, whose father Thomas was a Cloth-worker, was born in London on the 24th of November, 1740, and was employed, when a boy, in a Pottery at Lambeth, and afterwards by Mrs. Coade, in her Artificial Stone Manufactory, during which time he obtained no fewer than nine prizes in the Society of Arts. Mrs. Coade's Artificial Stone Manufactory was erected in the year 1769, at the King's Arms Stairs, Narrow Wall, Lambeth. In a descriptive catalogue of the contents of this manufactory, published in 1784, what were at that time deemed the advantages of Artificial Stone, are minutely set forth. At page 82, of Nichols's *History and Antiquities of the Parish of Lambeth*, speaking of this establishment, the author says, "Here are many statues, which are allowed by the best judges to be master-pieces of Art, from the models of that celebrated artist, John Bacon, Esq."[1]

Mr. Bacon commenced carving in marble in 1763. He then resided in George-yard, near Soho-square, in Oxford-

[1] This remarkable factory for the production of sculpture in artificial stone stood at the corner of Pedlar's Acre, now Belvidere-road, on the south side of Westminster Bridge. Hughson gives 1768 as the date of its establishment. It was claimed that fire, frost, and damp had no effect on Lithodepyra, as the composition was called. The process seems to have originated in a patent granted in 1722 to Thomas Ripley and Richard Holt for a "compound liquid metall, by which artificiall stone and marble is made by casting the same into moulds of any form, as statues, columns, capitalls." The Lambeth business comes into clearer view in 1768, when a Mrs. Coade apparently acquired the patent and established her premises in Pedlar's Acre. Mrs. Coade, or her daughters, took into partnership a cousin, Mr. Sealy, and the firm became Coade and Sealy. It is evident that John Bacon's abilities as a designer were of the first importance to the business in its early years; the moulds from his designs became valuable stock-in-trade. Later a show gallery was added to the premises; its imposing entrance was ornamented by Bacon with a design representing "The Attempts of Time to destroy Sculpture and Archi-

JOHN BACON, R.A.
From an engraving by T. Blood for the "European Magazine" after John Russell, R.A.

road,[1] and exhibited at the Royal Academy a medallion of King George the Third, and a group of Bacchanalians. In the succeeding year, he produced a model in bas-relief, the subject the Good Samaritan.

In 1771, he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy; and exhibited a cast from his model of Mars, a very beautiful performance, of which he carved in marble a statue as large as life, for the Hon. Mr. Pelham, afterwards Lord Yar-

tecture by vitrifying Aid of Fire." The following lines were moulded in the design :

"In vain thy threats, O Time, these arts assail,
The power of Fire shall o'er thy strength prevail,
Till Thou and Fire, with this great Globe, shall fail."

An engraving of the entrance is given in the *European Magazine* of 1802. The sculptures produced at this factory seem to have had all the durability claimed for them, and their artistic merit was such as could be secured by the employment of Bacon, Flaxman, Banks, Rossi, and other sculptors of repute. Royal and Government commissions were given freely to Coade and Sealy, who executed the Gothic screen in St. George's Chapel, the ornamental entrance of many barracks, various adornments of Carlton House, the statue of Nelson on the Yarmouth column, &c. A good example of their work may be seen in the emblematical group above the Pelican Office in Lombard-street, modelled after some of Lady Diana Beauclerk's designs for an illustrated edition of Dryden's Fables and carried out in the artificial stone by M. De Vaare. In many London churchyards, such as Old Paddington, tombs executed in Coade's artificial stone may be seen. For a good description of the business and extracts from its prospectus and catalogue, see David Hughson's *London*, Vol. IV, pp. 538–545. Also a detailed account by Mr. W. P. Courtney in *Notes and Queries*, May 21st, 1910, and further information in the number of June 4th. Jewitt states that Messrs. Croggan sold the business to Messrs. Routledge, Greenwood, and Keene, who were succeeded by Messrs. Routledge and Lucas. The firm was finally dissolved and the stock sold about 1840. The last traces of the factory in Pedlar's Acre disappeared about five years ago, but Coade's-place, in Fitzalan-street, Lambeth, perpetuates the name.

[1] Probably the George-yard, now named Dansey-yard, in Wardour-street.

borough, now in the hall of the present Lord's town-residence in Arlington-street ;[1] where there are also numerous busts in marble by Nollekens. The following year, Bacon exhibited a model of a Child ; and in 1773, a bust in marble, and a design for his own door-plate in artificial stone.

Johnson, the builder of Berners-street,[2] who had been extremely kind to Bacon in the early part of his life, made a purchase of very extensive premises in Newman-street purposely for him, but entirely without his knowledge. As soon as he communicated to him what he had done, Bacon exclaimed, " How could you do so ? I am not able to enter upon any thing of the kind."—" Yes, you are," replied Johnson. " Go into them, and I shall never expect the money, unless you are quite capable of reimbursing me." In what way this act of kindness ended, I am ignorant; but I have been also credibly informed, that after Johnson became a banker in Bond-street, and when he feared a serious run upon his house, Bacon stepped nobly forward, and lent his kind benefactor forty thousand pounds ! ! ! From this circumstance, whether the loan amounted to such a sum or not, we are to conclude, that a man of Bacon's integrity must have repaid his truly kind friend, Johnson, in the sum he had advanced for the purchase of his premises, before he offered to *lend* him money.[3] In 1774, Mr. Bacon took possession of these premises, No. 17, Newman-street, and exhibited a bust of King George III. in marble. In 1775, he produced a model for a marble statue of Minerva in artificial stone ; and in 1778, he was

[1] Lord Yarborough lived at No. 17 Arlington-street, built by Kent, on the site of Sir Robert Walpole's house. The house is now the residence of Mr. Henry Gordon Selfridge.

[2] J. Johnson, of Berners-street. He built in 1793-4 the Smallpox Hospital, on the site which the Great Northern Railway Station, at King's Cross, now occupies.

[3] Allan Cunningham throws reasonable doubt on this story, which is not in Robert Cecil's biography of Bacon.

chosen an Academician, and presented to the Royal Academy a bust representing Sickness as his reception-piece.

The principal of his other public works are, a bronze statue of King George III. in the court-yard of Somerset-place,[1] and also the attic decorations on the street, and back fronts of the same edifice;[2] the cenotaph in Guildhall; and the monument in Westminster Abbey, erected to the memory of the Earl of Chatham;[3] the figure of King

[1] This statue faces the Strand entrance. The King in Roman dress stands above a couchant lion, resting his hand on a rudder. Below is the figure of Father Thames which Queen Charlotte disliked so much that she asked Bacon, "Why did you make so frightful a figure?" To which the sculptor replied, "Art, madam, cannot always effect what is ever within the reach of nature—the union of beauty and majesty."—The "cenotaph" in the Guildhall is the monument to the Earl of Chatham.

[2] So states the late Joseph Baretti, when Secretary for Foreign Correspondence to the Royal Academy, in his work, entitled, *A Guide through the Royal Academy*. This curious and rare pamphlet is unfortunately printed without a date; but, from internal evidence, I conjecture it to have been published about the year 1780. The following extracts are from pages 6 and 8.—"The attic terminates with a group, consisting of the Arms of the British Empire, supported on one side by the Genius of England, on the other by Fame sounding her trumpet. The whole is a much approved performance of Mr. Bacon." Speaking of the south, or quadrangular front, the same Author observes, "The *Couronnement*, or attic finishing, by Mr. Bacon, like that of the Strand front, is composed of the British Arms, placed on a cartel, surrounded with sedges and sea-weeds. It is supported by Tritons armed with tridents, and holding a festoon of nets filled with fish and other marine productions." (S.)

[3] I have been informed by a gentleman, who declared he knew it to be a fact, that the engraved inscription of Chatham's monument, in Westminster Abbey, was partly written by Bacon; and he stated the circumstance to have taken place thus:—Bacon had waited a considerable time for the inscription, which had undergone so many alterations, that at last he was bold enough to venture on its completion himself, which, with his usual diffidence, he submitted to the consideration of

Henry VI. in the Ante-chapel of Eton College ; a monument to the memory of Guy, erected in the Chapel of his Hospital ; and also two figures at the front of that building.

In 1795, he executed a statue of the great and good Dr. Samuel Johnson, for St. Paul's Cathedral, which was the first monument permitted to be raised in that stupendous fabric.[1] He also executed a statue of Howard the Philanthropist, in the same Church ; a monument to the memory of Sterne's Eliza in Bristol Cathedral ; one in Salisbury Cathedral to the memory of James Harris, the author of *Hermes*, which consists of a figure of Moral Philosophy contemplating a medallion portrait ; a statue of Judge Blackstone, for All Souls College, Oxford ; a bust of Milton, erected against a column on the north side of St. Giles's, Cripplegate ;[2] a statue of Lord Rodney, erected at Kingston, Jamaica ; a statue of Lord Cornwallis for India, sent thither after the Sculptor's death ; a design for the monument of Captain Duff, to be erected in St. Paul's Cathedral ;[3] a memorial in honour of the late Marquis Cornwallis, by public subscription at Bombay ; a group in honour of the most noble Marquess Wellesley, to be erected at Calcutta, by order of the British inhabitants of that place ; a design for the statue, &c. in honour of the same nobleman, to be

his employers ; and his proposed completion meeting their entire approbation, it was accordingly ordered to be cut upon the tablet. (S.)

[1] It is usually stated that the first monument admitted to new St. Paul's Cathedral was Bacon's statue of John Howard. This was first seen by the public on February 23rd, 1796. Johnson's statue, however, was erected at about the same time. These were followed by the statues of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir William Jones. The four occupy corner positions under the Dome.

[2] This bust, originally placed as described, was long ago removed to the south aisle facing the north door of the church. It was the gift of Samuel Whitbread, whose great brewery was in the parish.

[3] Captain George Duff was killed at Trafalgar. His monument is in the crypt.

THE ARTIFICIAL STONE FACTORY, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE. SHOWING THE SCULPTURES BY JOHN BACON, R.A.

Drawn and engraved by S. Rawle for the "European Magazine"

erected at Bombay, by order of the British inhabitants; and a monument of Lord Lavington, (late) Governor of the Leeward Islands, voted by the Council and Assembly of Antigua.

As an invitation to the youth of talent to persevere assiduously in his studies, I shall now give a chronological list of the various prizes adjudged to Bacon during his unremitted application to his beloved art. To his eternal honour be it spoken, he received the whole of these encouragements between the age of nineteen and thirty-seven —a period of seventeen of his earliest years, which, in the life of man, I regret to say, have hitherto been seldom filled with so much credit.

	£	s.	d.
In 1759, For a model in clay	10	10	0
1760, For a model in clay	15	15	0
1761, For a model in clay	15	15	0
1763, For a basso-relievo in clay . . .	10	10	0
1764, A basso-relievo in clay . . .	15	15	0
1765, A basso-relievo in clay . . .	21	0	0
1771, For a human figure as large as life .	21	0	0
1774, For a human figure as large as life .	52	10	0
1776, For a human figure as large as life .	52	10	0
	£215	5	0

My reader will recollect, that Bacon was the first artist who had the honour of being presented, in 1769, with the gold medal from the Royal Academy, as a modeller. Such a distinguished mark of the estimation of his talents by so honourable a body, consisting of the most eminent artists of his day, together with the preceding sums, amounting to 215*l.* 5*s.*, voted to him by the Society of Arts, must excite a blush upon the cheek of those who have trifled away their time, whilst it also acts as a stimulus to others, who are only commencing their career.

Mr. Thornton, a gentleman already mentioned in this

work,[1] who married a daughter of Bacon, had frequent conversations with his father-in-law, respecting the works of Roubiliac; particularly upon two of the six monuments erected in Westminster Abbey, viz. Mrs. Nightingale's, and that of the Duke of Argyle. Of the former, Mr. Bacon said, that, fine as it was, he considered it to be far inferior to that of the latter. The figure of Eloquence he looked upon as the finest specimen of Sculpture, and acknowledged its merit to be such, that he was sure he could never equal it. In his opinion of this figure, Mr. Bacon is not singular, as every person of taste who stands before it for five minutes will be convinced. Canova spoke of Waterloo-bridge[2] in the highest terms of approbation; and whenever he had occasion to speak of Sculpture, he declared that the figure of Eloquence, in Roubiliac's monument in Westminster Abbey, was the finest work of modern art which he had seen in this country.

Mr. Bacon died on the seventh of August, 1799, and was buried in Whitefield's Chapel, Tottenham-court-road,[3] under the north gallery, where the following inscription has been cut to his memory:—

What I was as an Artist,
Seemed to me of some importance
While I lived;
But
What I really was as a Believer
In Christ Jesus,
Is the only thing of importance
To me now.

[1] Evidently the Mr. T. Thornton, of Kennington, hereafter mentioned in a paragraph in the biographical sketch of James Barry, to which, in his second edition, this paragraph was transferred by Smith from Vol. I, Chapter I.

[2] "Canova, when he was asked during his visit to England, what struck him most forcibly, is said to have replied—that the trumpery Chinese Bridge, then in St. James's Park, should be the production of the Government, whilst that of Waterloo was the work of a private company" (*Quarterly Review*, No. 112).

[3] This was the first of the

THE STATUE OF DR. JOHNSON IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.
BY JOHN BACON, R.A.
From an engraving by James Heath

There is an animated bust of Bacon, modelled by his son, a cast of which is preserved with the utmost veneration, by the Sculptor's old and worthy friend, John Simmons, Esq.

In a letter to Prince Hoare, Esq. dated from Newman-street, January 1, 1809, and printed in that gentleman's work entitled *Academic Annals*, Bacon's son, and successor, John,[1] gives the following notices of the works he had in hand at that time.

DEAR SIR,

The tedious continuance of our works under the brain and the chisel, often makes one year's description of the works in hand the description of a second, a third, and even a fourth year (I refer to our more extensive works).

Those which I shall presently describe are still unfinished. My equestrian statue in bronze of King William III. is completed, and placed in the situation designed for it, in the centre of St. James's-square.[2]

Believe me to remain,
Sir, &c. &c.
JOHN BACON.

three Tabernacles which have stood on the same site. Bacon's death is incorrectly dated Aug. 4 by some writers, and by the *Dict. Nat. Biography*.

[1] John Bacon (1777–1859), second son of John Bacon, R.A., executed monuments in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. His equestrian bronze statue of William III in St. James's-square was set up in 1808.

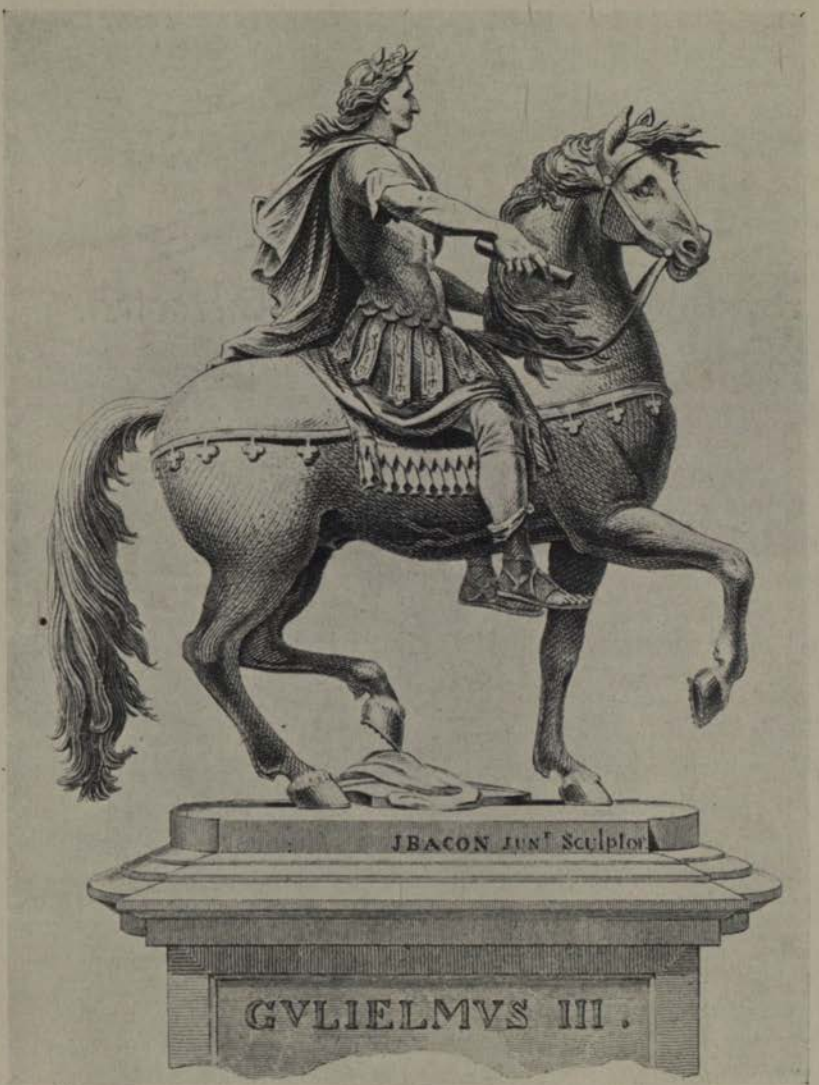
[2] The erection of this statue by the younger Bacon completed a scheme which had been in suspension for more than a century. In 1697 it had been proposed to place on this spot a brass statue of William III, but the matter dropped, and a quarter of a century later there was talk of erecting an equestrian statue of George I. This plan languishing, the original intention was revived by a legacy left, in 1724, by Samuel Travers to purchase and erect "an equestrian statue in brass to the memory of my master King William the Third." Eleven years later a pedestal made its appearance, and appears to have remained vacant for more than seventy years. In 1808 Travers's bequest was discovered among

P.S. I have just now in commencement a statue in marble of our beloved King, a little above the size of life, to be placed in the Bank of Ireland, by order of the Directors. This commission I glory in.[1]

To Prince Hoare, Esq. &c.

unclaimed dividends, and was used to commission John Bacon, junior, to execute in bronze the present statue of the King in the dress of a Roman emperor. For these and other details see Mr. Arthur Irwin Dasent's valuable *History of St. James's Square* (1895).

[1] The father of the benevolent Archdeacon Markham, the late Archbishop of York, was the elder Bacon's greatest patron; and that amiable divine prevailed upon King George III. to sit to the Sculptor for his bust. (S.)



THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE, IN BRONZE, OF KING WILLIAM THE THIRD,
BY JOHN BACON, JUN., IN ST. JAMES'S SQUARE
Drawn and engraved by S. Rawle

JOSEPH WILTON, R.A.

JOSEPH WILTON was born in London, July 16th, 1722. He was the son of a plasterer, who, by a vast increase of income, arising principally from a manufactory, in imitation of that in France, which he established for making the *papier-mâché* ornaments for chimney-pieces, and frames for looking-glasses, was enabled to rebuild his premises on the south-west corner of Hedge-lane, Charing-cross; at the same time enlarging his workshops on the west side of Edward-street, Cavendish-square,[1] where his ornamental works were carried on: in which hundreds of people, including children as well as grown persons, were for several years constantly employed.

Joseph, having a strong natural inclination to become a Sculptor, was carried by his father to Nivelle, in Brabant, to study under Laurent Delvaux, an artist who had for several years resided in London.[2] From Nivelle, in 1744, he went to Paris, where he assiduously studied in the Academy directed by the famous Sculptor Pigalle,[3] so warmly patronised by Voltaire, of whom Pigalle made a

[1] These premises, for many years after Wilton left them, were occupied by a glass-manufacturer of the name of Hancock, for whom Doctor Samuel Johnson wrote a shop-bill. (S.)—Hedge-lane is now Whitcomb-street. — Edward-street was absorbed by Langham-place, part of which has since been merged in Portland-place.—For a note on the introduction of *papier-mâché* to London, see the Covent Garden dialogue in Chapter VIII.

[2] For Delvaux, see Index.

[3] Jeanne Baptiste Pigalle, born in Paris, 1714, died 1785.

truly spirited bust, casts of which may be had at the plaster-figure shops.

In 1747, after gaining the silver medal, and having acquired the power of cutting marble, he, accompanied by Roubiliac, the Sculptor, went to Rome; where, in 1750, he not only had the honour of receiving the Jubilee gold medal, engraven by Hamerani, given by Pope Benedict XIV., but acquired the patronage of William Locke, Esq.

The Locke family was always pre-eminently conspicuous for superior talents, as well as elegance of manners. The above-mentioned gentleman, who was a descendant of the famous author of the *Essay on the Human Understanding*,[1] in addition to an amiable disposition, not only exercised his taste for the Fine Arts during his travels, by purchasing antiques, models in terracotta, and fine pictures, which he brought into England, but also by his patronage of modern artists. To Wilton he was generous; and when in Italy they were inseparable companions; Barrett, the Royal Academician, he employed in painting that beautiful room at his seat in Norbury Park;[2] and in him, Cipriani found so generous a friend, that for years he took most of the drawings which that artist made, for, whenever Cipriani had filled a book with sketches, he received a draft for twice the amount he asked for it. England is much indebted to Mr. Locke for many fine specimens of Sculpture; and among others,

[1] The connoisseur of Norbury Park, on whom a note has been given in Chapter I, could claim only a family connection with John Locke, who had no descendants.

[2] George Barrett, R.A. In his mural paintings around the great room at Norbury Park, near Leatherhead, the scenery was designed to appear as a continuation of the view, the ceiling being made to represent the sky and the carpet to resemble a mown lawn. The mansion has long disappeared, but when Smith wrote he was able to append this note: "It gives me great pleasure to state, that the present possessor of this classic spot, in his recent repairs, has left Barrett's room uncontaminated."

for the statue of the Discobolus, now the property of Mr. Duncombe, the possessor of the marble called Alcibiades' Dog, which was consigned to this country by Noel Constantine Jennings, Esq. a very singular character, but a gentleman of high taste, who expended a large fortune in works of *virtù*. Mr. Locke also brought to England that beautiful picture, by Claude, of Saint Ursula, now in the British Gallery; and possessed Zuccarelli's picture of Macbeth and the Witches, that painter's masterpiece, so admirably engraven by Woollett. This picture was afterwards the property of the late Mr. Purling, at whose sale it was purchased by Hanbury Tracey, Esq. Benjamin West, Esq. the second son of the late venerable President, showed me the original pen-and-ink study for the principal figures in this picture, which is a truly spirited drawing. I have now an opportunity of correcting a popular opinion as to Claude's incapacity of introducing the human figure into his landscapes. There are in the British Museum altogether nearly two hundred and fifty drawings by Claude, in about three-fourths of which there are figures evidently drawn with the same hand and pen as designed the landscapes, and in many instances most spiritedly executed. It is astonishing to me that persons should have fallen into this error, when so many of Claude's beautiful etchings, which have ever been before the eye of the public, contain figures most beautifully introduced, and by the same hand and needle which etched the trees.[1]

In 1751, Wilton travelled to Florence, where he executed numerous statues from the antique, as large as the originals, which he sold to foreigners, as well as to noblemen and gentlemen of high rank in England, by whom he was always

[1] For a consideration of Claude's indebtedness to other artists for his figures see "Claude," pp. 138–140 ("Little Books on Art," by Edward Dillon, M.A., who thinks that the assistance he received in this direction has been much exaggerated).

highly noticed and his works esteemed. In 1755, he returned to his native city, accompanied by Giovanni Baptista Cipriani, William Chambers, and Capitsoldi, a Sculptor, who modelled in a very superior style.

Mr. Chambers, (afterwards Sir William,) before he came to this country, was a supercargo of a Swedish East-Indiaman, and soon after his arrival commenced the trade of a carpenter. How he acquired the knowledge in architecture to qualify him for the situation of Surveyor-general, I have never been able to learn.[1]

Capitsoldi, upon his arrival, took the attic story of a house in Warwick-street, Golden-square, and being short of furniture, painted chairs, pictures, and window-curtains, upon the walls of his sitting-room, most admirably deceptive, so that with two chairs and a small table, he entertained a friend with a breakfast, or an oyster and a pot of porter, in a room completely furnished. At such repasts my father has frequently been his companion. Capitsoldi was a scholar of Algardi, a Roman Sculptor. He subsequently returned to Italy, where he died.

Upon Wilton's arrival in London, his family and friends received him with open arms; and he occupied his father's house at Charing-cross, where he remained carrying on his works, which at that time were in very high requisition.

In 1758, in conjunction with his amiable friend Cipriani, he was chosen, by his patron the Duke of Richmond, Director to his Grace's Statue-Gallery in Privy-Gardens.

This Gallery was most liberally erected for the use of students in the Arts. It consisted of about thirty casts from antique statues and basso-relievos; and premiums for merit were promised by the noble Duke; but in consequence of

[1] Smith misconceived Chambers's career. As supercargo he visited China and made those studies of pagoda architecture which he afterwards developed at Kew and elsewhere, and at eighteen he visited Italy to study architecture, and was afterwards a pupil of Clérisseau in Paris.

his Grace receiving orders to join his regiment immediately, there was no time for their distribution. Upon which, some of the students most shamefully posted up the following notice against the studio-door.

The Right Honourable the Duke of Richmond, being obliged to join his regiment abroad, will pay the premiums as soon as he comes home.

This paper was very properly taken down, but, upon the Duke's return from Germany, his Grace found one stuck up, apologizing for his poverty, and expressing his sorrow for having promised premiums. For this most malicious conduct of the students concerned, his Grace, for a time, shut up the Gallery, and some of the casts became the property of the Royal Academy, upon its establishment. The above account I received from my father, who was one of many other students who suffered by the misconduct of his disorderly companions.[1]

The Duke's liberality is thus extolled by Hayley, in his Epistle to his friend Romney, who was one of the most constant and well-behaved students in his Grace's gallery.

> The youthful noble, on a princely plan,
> Encouraged infant art, and first began
> Before the studious eye of youth to place
> The ancient models of ideal grace.

Doctor Smollett, who was his Grace's chaplain, states that premiums were given by the Duke, but in this the Doctor is certainly in error. The following letter from Woollett, the Engraver, which was inserted in *The Public Advertiser* of Tuesday, August 14th, 1770, will show how sensible the Society of Artists was of his Grace's liberality in re-opening his Gallery.

[1] Henry Angelo, in his *Reminiscences*, leans to the side of the rebellious students, and accepts the stories of an increasing parsimony on the Duke's part, adducing John Raphael Smith's testimony to this effect.

His Grace the Duke of Richmond, having been pleased to put his Statue-room under the direction of the Society of Artists of Great Britain, the Society, at their last general meeting, resolved on presenting the following letter to his Grace.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF RICHMOND.

MY LORD,

We, the President, Directors, and Fellows of the Incorporated Society of Artists of Great Britain, beg your Grace will be pleased to accept our best and sincerest acknowledgments for the many and efficacious instances of encouragement and attention to the Fine Arts in general, for which your Grace is so eminently distinguished, and for that very valuable degree of both now bestowed on our Body in particular.

The pleasing consideration, that so many of the most eminent and promising geniuses these kingdoms can boast of, have imbibed their excellences from those inestimable fountains of science afforded them by your Grace's munificence, encourages us to hope that the number may be happily and considerably increased by the advantage and assistance your Grace's admirable collection of statues must afford to the endeavours of this Society. Few of those illustrious personages who have introduced, or were the first encouragers of the Arts, have lived to see them brought to any degree of perfection. But it is your Grace's peculiar happiness to see those Arts, which you found in their infancy, carried, through your judicious assistance, to a degree of maturity, which posterity will hardly believe possible for them to have attained in so small a number of years. That your Grace may long enjoy the glorious satisfaction of supporting dawning genius, and protecting merit, is the earnest and unanimous wish of this grateful Society.

I have the honour of subscribing myself,
Your Grace's most devoted,
And obedient servant,
WM. WOOLLETT, SEC.
By order of the Society.

Academy, Maiden-lane,
August 9th, 1770.

Being appointed State-coach Carver to the King, Wilton erected suitable and extensive workshops opposite Marylebone-fields on the south side of what was afterwards named Queen Anne-street East, now called Foley-place,[1] and occupied the large house now remaining at the south-east corner of Portland-street adjoining. Here King George the Third's state-coach for his coronation was built, as it has been before stated; the small model of which, I, when a boy, was carried to see by Mr. Nollekens and my father, it then being preserved in a backshop where it remained for many years. Wilton copied the antique with correct measurement, and he also cut the stone with freedom and fleshiness; and his abilities as a designer, if we may judge from models which he brought with him to England from Rome and Florence, bade fair to have produced something highly superior in Sculpture to any thing by an Englishman of his own times.

Notwithstanding he had received some sittings from the King, who had farther honoured him by appointing him his Sculptor, the edge of his inclination for Art was considerably blunted by his father leaving him a great portion of his property; which induced him to comply with the fashionable habits of his friends, by living in rather a sumptuous manner. I recollect his having a house at Snaresbrook, and, in 1785, occupying one in the Mall at Hammersmith, as well as a town-residence;[2] a family-coach, a phaeton, and numerous saddle-horses, for himself and his sons, to whom he gave a University education. His daughter, Miss Wilton, was thus noticed by Dr. Johnson to Boswell, in a letter dated March 5th, 1774. "Chambers is either married, or almost married, to Miss Wilton, a girl of sixteen, exquisitely beautiful, whom he has, with his lawyer's tongue, persuaded to take her chance with him in the East." They were married; and Mr. Chambers, afterwards

[1] And now Langham-street.
[2] At No. 69 Dean-street, Soho.

Sir Robert, dying, Lady Chambers returned to England, and is now residing at Putney.[1]

Wilton produced a few busts; but Nollekens, soon after his arrival in England, deprived him of that part of the encouragement of the country. Amongst those of eminent men, modelled by Wilton, are the following: Sir Francis Bacon, Oliver Cromwell, from the famous mask at Florence, Lord Camden, Lord Dartrey, Thomas Hollis, Admiral Holmes, the Earl of Huntingdon, Doctor Hokey, Martinelli, Sir Isaac Newton, Swift, General Wolfe, Admiral West, and the Earl of Chatham.

Some of his busts have considerable merit as to character, particularly that of the famous Earl of Chesterfield, carved by my father, which now adorns the south-west chimney-piece of the Print-room in the British Museum, the invaluable treasures of which I have now had the honour and heartfelt pleasure of having had the care of for upwards of twelve years.

As for Wilton's statues, few of them afforded him a favourable opportunity of displaying his anatomical knowledge; that of our late King, in the dress of a Roman Emperor, lately taken down from its niche in the south-west corner of the Royal Exchange, was by no means a successful performance. The vacant niche lately occupied by the above-mentioned marble statue is the last on the eastern side towards the south. Why it was taken down I have not been able to learn; but I fully trust that the Mercers' Company will not suffer the "*Royal* Exchange" to remain long without a statue of our late beloved Monarch. Upon farther inquiry, I find the statue is in the possession of Mr. George Bubb, of Grafton-street, the artist employed by the Mercers' Company to execute the statues and other

[1] Lady Robert Chambers (*née* Fanny Wilton), who died at Brighton in 1839, wrote a memoir of her husband which was prefaced to a privately printed catalogue of the Sanskrit Manuscripts collected by him in India (1838).

ornaments lately put up on the front of the Royal Exchange.[1]

The monument erected in Ireland, to the memory of Lady Anne Dawson, the first wife of the late amiable Lord Dartrey, afterwards Earl of Cremorne, is, in many respects, admirable; but I believe, of all his productions, that of Wolfe's monument, in Westminster Abbey, may fairly be considered his masterpiece (though that of Admiral Holmes has also been well spoken of). Mr. Wilton has been frequently found fault with in respect to this monument, for having entirely stripped the figure of General Wolfe of his shirt and stockings, and, at the same moment, for suffering the soldier in the background to remain in his uniform, in the presence of a figure of Fame, who proclaims the victory, and is ready to crown the victor with a wreath of laurels.[2] My father, who was employed for the space of three years in carving this figure of General Wolfe, and the surrounding attendants, informed me, that Wilton's motive for exhibiting the figure without his clothes was purposely

[1] The Mercers' Company enjoys a very large control of the Royal Exchange under the terms of Sir Thomas Gresham's will. The building here mentioned is, of course, the second Royal Exchange, built by Jerman after the Great Fire. The taking down of Wilton's statue of George III was incidental to the renovation of the building carried out between 1820 and 1826 by George Smith, architect to the Mercers' Company, when much new work was added, including statues by J. G. Bubb, for the main front in Cornhill, representing the four quarters of the globe. A feature of the second Royal Exchange was the series of statues of English Kings from Edward I down. Caius Cibber carved all down to Charles I. The first two Georges had statues by Rysbrack, and Wilton's George III followed in 1764. Most of these statues were originally gilt.

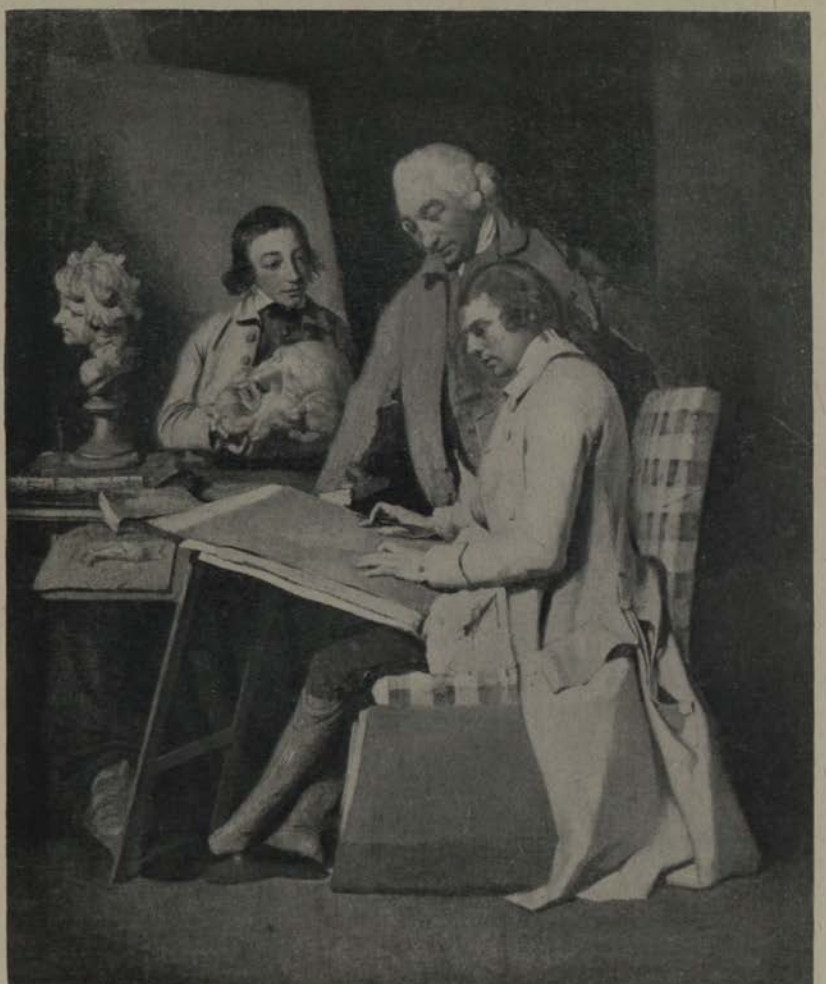
[2] Of this monument Dean Stanley says: "It marks the critical moment of the culmination and decline of the classical costume and undraped figures of the early part of the century. Already in West's picture of the 'Death of Wolfe,' we find the first example of the realities of modern dress in art."

to display his anatomical knowledge. The figures of the General and the Grenadier are carved out of one block. The spirited and interesting bronze basso-relievo, inlaid in the lower part of this monument, exhibiting the siege of Quebec, was designed and modelled by Capitsoldi.

Whilst Wilton was living in splendour, for I believe few artists, or even men of considerable fortune, supported a more liberal table, or could be happier in the company of his friends, his house was frequented by men of the first celebrity; such as the late Lord Charlemont, Doctor Johnson, the late Mr. Locke of Norbury Park, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir William Chambers, Bartolozzi, Cipriani, the immortal Landscape-painter Richard Wilson, to whom he was truly kind, and Joseph Baretti, who, at that time, lived at No. 10, Edward-street, Cavendish-square.[1] This last-mentioned visitor was not like the former characters, since he never waited for invitation, being what is generally called a "mutton-fixture;" for at Wilton's he always found a plate at the table,[2] and a chair by the fire, as well as at Mr. Thrale's and Sir Joshua Reynolds's. He was a fawning flatterer, and, upon some occasions, very awkwardly puffed off his host; as the reader will perceive by the way in which he attempted to flatter him, in the following passages, extracted from his pamphlet, entitled *A Guide through the Royal Academy*.

[1] Edward-street was taken down some time since, to make way for Langham-place; the site of Baretti's house is now occupied by Marks's Carriage Repository. (S.)

[2] At the end of Union-street, Middlesex Hospital, stood two magnificent rows of elms, one on each side of a ropewalk; and beneath their shade I have frequently seen Joseph Baretti and Richard Wilson perambulate, until Portland Chapel clock announced "five," the hour of Joseph Wilton's dinner. I have the figures of these men still in my mind's eye. Baretti was of a middling stature, squabby, round-shouldered, and near-sighted; and the Landscape-painter was rather tall, square-shouldered, and well-built, but with a nose, poor man, that had increased to an enormous size. They both wore cocked-hats, and walked with canes. (S.)



PORTRAITS OF JOHN HAMILTON MORTIMER, A.R.A. (*seated*), JOSEPH WILTON, R.A. AND OF A LAD NAMED THURY WHO USED TO SWEEP OUT THE ROOMS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY AT SOMERSET HOUSE

From the painting by John Hamilton Mortimer, A.R.A., in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House

At page 5, speaking of the colossal masks on the Strand-front of Somerset-place, representing Ocean and the eight great Rivers,[1] he says,

The last of these is the work of Signor Carlini; the other four of Mr. Wilton, all executed with a taste and skill that do great credit to these two able artists.

Here he boldly ranks the productions of Wilton with those of Carlini, a very superior artist in every point of view. Again, on the same page, after describing the mask of the Tweed, he observes,

And though it be the last, is certainly not the least able performance of Mr. Wilton.

Again, at page 8,

The statues of the attic represent the four parts of the globe; America, armed, and breathing defiance; the rest loaded with tributary fruits and treasures. They are all executed in a very masterly manner by Mr. Wilton.

It is very curious to see how far some people will venture out of their depth to pay a fulsome compliment. In the above instance, Baretti has fallen deeply into the pit; as

[1] The nine masks seen from the Strand and taken from east to west (or left to right) are as follows: Severn, Tyne, Tweed, Medway, OCEAN, Thames, Humber, Mersey, Dee. The attributions made by Messrs. Raymond Needham and Alexander Webster in their valuable work, *Somerset House Past and Present* (1905), are as follows: "Of the four figures fronting the attic towards the Strand, the two at the extremities are the work of Giuseppe Ceracchi, the two in the centre being due to Carlini. The corresponding figures on the courtyard side are by Wilton, who also executed the busts of Sir Isaac Newton and Michael Angelo which appear in the vestibule. The armorial decorations surmounting the attic on both the Strand and the interior fronts are by John Bacon." In addition, it is stated that Nollekens executed the three keystones in the arches on the courtyard side of the vestibule, and two others.

it is well known that the whole of the carvings on the various fronts of Somerset-place,—excepting Bacon's bronze statue of King George III. and the figure of Father Thames, below his Majesty's feet,—were carved from finished drawings made by Cipriani. What is still more, John Atkins, who, in 1761, gained the first premium of thirty guineas given by the Society of Arts for an historical basso-relievo in Sculpture, and Nathaniel Smith, my father, modelled and carved the whole of them for Wilton, immediately from the drawings, he never having put a tool to them: not that they are perhaps the better for this circumstance; but such is the fact.

Again, at page 15, speaking of a cast of Mr. Locke's beautiful Torso, which that gentleman gave to the Royal Academy, Baretti says,

Venus, that is, the *Torso*, or *Body* of a Virgin, the original of which is in Mr. Locke's collection, at his house in Portman-square, restored by *Mr. Wilton*, in his usual masterly manner, and made again into a whole statue. In *Cipriani's* opinion, and I heard him say it several times, this body is more beautiful than that of the Medicean Venus, of which we shall speak when in the next room. It is easily to be remarked, that the Medicean exhibits a young mother, but Mr. Locke's a virgin; and this, I suppose, contributes to give a superiority in point of beauty to this over that, which really appears somewhat heavy, or *goffa*, as the Italians term it, when examined by the side of Mr. Locke's. This *Torso* was found at *Nettuno*, a town in the Roman territory, near the spot where ancient *Antium* stood, and where *Nero* had a palace, containing a choice collection of antique statues. The *Apollo Pythias*, and the *Gladiator repellens*, to be mentioned anon, were also found at *Nettuno*. Hence the probable supposition, that, like this virgin-Venus, they belonged to that collection. This cast was a present of Mr. Locke's to the Royal Academy.

Restored, as Baretti boldly asserts this Torso to have been, by being *made again* into a whole statue by Wilton, in his

usual masterly manner. I can assure my reader, that soon after it was sent home to Mr. Locke, the parts added by Wilton were taken away, and the Torso was suffered to remain ever after uncontaminated by modern *limbing.* Of the latter history of this beautiful specimen of art, I beg leave to offer the following statement.

At the time that Mr. Locke was parting with his valuable collection of pictures and antiques, he sold the above Torso to his Grace the Duke of Richmond for a considerable sum of money, though certainly not more than it was worth. In consequence of a fall, during a fire which had taken place in a part of Richmond House,[1] this Torso had been broken into many pieces, which were, however, put together by Mr. Wilton, at the wish of his Grace; but, unfortunately, the mutilated joinings were so visible, that the Torso was no longer pleasing to the Duke, who ordered it to be put down in a lower apartment. Here it remained unnoticed for many years, until an auction which took place after the late Duke's death, in Richmond House, in Privy-Gardens, just before that stately mansion was taken down to make way for the present terrace. Mazzoni, the well-known Figure-moulder,[2] bought the Torso for one guinea; and, after he had taken it home, the late Mr. A. W. Devis, the artist who painted the picture of Nelson's death, now in the Hall of Greenwich Hospital,[3] purchased it of him for fifteen guineas. One day, shortly afterwards, when I was dining

[1] Richmond House, whose statue gallery has been described by Smith a few pages back, stood on the site of the present Richmond-terrace, Whitehall. The fire mentioned is clearly that which destroyed the house on December 21st, 1791, when its valuables were removed by soldiers. The rebuilt Richmond House was demolished in 1841.

[2] Matthew Mazzoni, 377 Strand.

[3] Arthur William Devis (1763–1822). To obtain the material for this picture Devis went out, after the battle of Trafalgar, to meet the *Victory*, on board which he made a series of accurate sketches. His painting, now at Greenwich, was engraved by Bromley.

with Devis, he said, "Smith, the Museum ought to have that Torso, and the Trustees may give me their own price." I consequently requested my colleague, the late Mr. Combe,[1] to propose it; but as no price was fixed, the Hon. Trustees declined the offer; upon which, Mr. Devis said they should have it at the price he gave for it; it was then accepted, I was commissioned by Mr. Combe to pay that sum to Mr. Devis, and it is now in the gallery of the British Museum.[2]

I am sorry to declare, that that miserable specimen of leaden-figure taste, the equestrian statue of King George III. lately standing in the centre of Berkeley-square, was executed under the direction of Mr. Wilton, on his premises, in Queen Anne-street, East. It was modelled by a French artist, of the name of Beauprè, recommended to Wilton by Pigalle, as an excellent carver of flowers.[3]

[1] Taylor Combe, Keeper of the Department of Antiquities from 1807 till his death in 1826.

[2] This torso, known as the Richmond Venus, was purchased in 1821. It is attributed to a Greek artist under Rome.

[3] Nothing seems to be known about the French carver of flowers who was quaintly chosen to model this equestrian statue of a British monarch in the character of Marcus Aurelius. His unfortunate work was placed in the square in 1766 at the instance of the Princess Amelia. It is referred to in a letter written by the Rev. William Mason to Horace Walpole, November 12th, 1779, in which he says: "I congratulate you on your removal to Berkeley-square. May you enjoy the comforts of your new situation as long as the Phidian work, which is placed in the centre of that square, continues to be its chief ornament." The statue is commonly said to have been removed in 1827, but as early as 1812 the following paragraph appeared in the *Northampton Mercury* (January 11th): "The equestrian statue of the King in Berkeley-square has within the last year been gradually giving way, till more lately it has been retained in its position by various Supports and Props; but it has been found impossible to sustain it any longer, and workmen have been employed to take down the statue. This circumstance, associating itself with the actual state of our beloved Sovereign, has become the topic of conversation in the Neighbourhood."

Mr. Wilton, who was for many years extensively employed in producing richly ornamented chimney-pieces, for most of the mansions which were then building by his intimate friend, Sir William Chambers, had considerable dealings with the Carrara Marble merchants, which enabled him frequently to accommodate his brother artists with marble.

Mr. Nollekens, who always avoided the possession of too great a stock, was now and then Mr. Wilton's customer. At one of their dealings, a dispute arising between them respecting the measurement of the last-delivered block, Mr. Wilton commissioned his agent to toss up with Mr. Nollekens, whether it should stand at the measurement delivered with it; and though it was doubtful whether the difference would amount to one shilling, Nollekens accepted the proposed mode of decision which, unfortunately for him, was declared in favour of Mr. Wilton.

Charlemont-house, Dublin, was built by Sir William Chambers.[1] It has a most magnificent library, the ceiling of which was painted by Cipriani; at one end, stands Wilton's copy of the Venus de' Medici, carved in marble, the size of the original, the bust of the Marquess of Rockingham, and many others by the same artist. The copy of Venus, beautiful as it is, I have been informed, loses much of the effect of the original by being highly polished. In this splendid mansion there is also one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's finest pictures; a portrait of Lord Aylesbury holding a letter addressed to his friend Lord Charlemont. It will be recollected by lovers of painting, who have visited the mansion, that in a bedchamber of this house hangs that most beautiful of all Hogarth's pictures, called "The Lady's last Stake." My friend Colonel Phillips was in-

[1] In 1770. Here James Caulfeild, first Earl of Charlemont, who was a member of Dr. Johnson's Literary Club, made his home the centre of Irish culture. Grattan said: "The very rabble grew civilized as it approached his person."

formed by the late Lord Charlemont, with whom he had been extremely intimate, that Hogarth had promised his Lordship to write a description of his plates, which he said the public had most ignorantly misconceived; and it was his intention, at one time, to have given a *breakfast lecture* upon them in the presence of his Lordship, Horace Walpole, Topham, Beauclerk, and others; but time passed on, and the promise, like many others made by great geniuses, was never put into execution.[1] I most sincerely wish that this notice may invite H. P. Standly, Esq.[2] who is in possession of such rich materials, both in prints and manuscripts, to favour the admirers of Hogarth with an explanation of his subjects as far as he can go. I am sure that that gentleman's remarks alone could throw much valuable light upon his works, which if not drawn out within fifty years, perhaps that grim-visaged visitor, the Grand Master of all the Lodges, may shut it up for ever.

After the close of the American war, fewer monuments were wanted; and Mr. Wilton, finding his extensive premises by much too great a concern, without an increase of orders, particularly so for a man declining in years, sold his property by auction, which principally consisted of

[1] This picture, also known as "Picquet" and "Virtue in Danger," was purchased from Hogarth by Lord Charlemont for £100. Hogarth explains it thus: "The story I pitched upon was a young and virtuous married lady who, by playing at cards with an officer, loses her money, watch, and jewels; the moment when he offers them back in return for her honour, and she is wavering at his suit, was my point of time." Mrs. Piozzi claimed that she sat for the portrait of the lady. The picture has been engraved by Cheesman. The original painting, says Mr. Austin Dobson, was sold at Christie's in 1874 for 1585*l.* 10*s.* and came into the possession of Mr. Louis Huth.

[2] Henry Peter Standly, a magistrate of Paxton-place, St. Neots, was an indefatigable and learned collector of Hogarth's prints and drawings, and his name is frequent in the literature of the subject. See Index.

THE LADY'S LAST STAKE
Painted and engraved by William Hogarth

blocks of marble, models, and busts, and several elegantly-ornamented chimney-pieces, which had been executed upon speculation. Mr. Wilton, not liking the idea of retiring from society, accepted the Keeper's chair, in the Royal Academy, vacated by the demise of Signor Carlini. This seat he filled till his death, which took place on the 25th of November, 1803, in his apartments in Somerset-place. His funeral was most respectfully attended by many old friends, who saw him interred at Wanstead, in Essex, on the 2d of December, 1803.

Mr. Wilton was in height about five feet ten inches, portly and well-looking: he always dressed in the height of fashion, and for many years wore a bag-wig, which, in his latter days, he changed for one with a long tail, and walked, as Gay might have said, with dignity and a gold-headed cane—"wrapt in my virtue and a good surtout."[1] As to his manners, they were perfectly gentlemanlike, which rendered him an agreeable companion. He was one of the Founders of the Royal Academy, and continued to exhibit with that honourable body of artists until he was appointed Keeper. Roubiliac modelled a bust of Wilton, in which he introduced his right arm, with a sculptor's hammer in his hand. It was sent by Mr. Wilton's daughter, Lady Chambers, to Mr. Nollekens's to be repaired, previous to that Lady's presenting it to the Royal Academy; on the front of the pedestal is the following inscription, dictated by Lady Chambers.

JOSEPH WILTON,
Died Nov. 25, 1803.
This bust, by Roubiliac,
Is presented to the Royal Academy
By his daughter, Lady Chambers.

[1] A good portrait of Wilton is that in John Francis Rigaud's group of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir William Chambers and Wilton, now in the National Portrait Gallery; there is also a crayon portrait of Wilton by Dance, and the interesting one by Mortimer, here reproduced.

Mr. Wilton's models and casts were sold June the 8th and 9th, 1786; Lot 40 consisted of masks of Garrick, Roubiliac, and Hogarth, which sold for two pounds seven shillings. I have endeavoured to ascertain the purchaser, but have been unsuccessful.

THOMAS BANKS, R.A.

BEFORE I commence giving some account of this gentleman, I beg leave to introduce a few remarks upon the early state of Sculpture in England; which may not, perhaps, be considered irrelevant to our subject, as they will tend to prove, that, however respectable were the talents of the two artists whose works I have just mentioned, England had no great Sculptor of mind until the appearance of Thomas Banks.

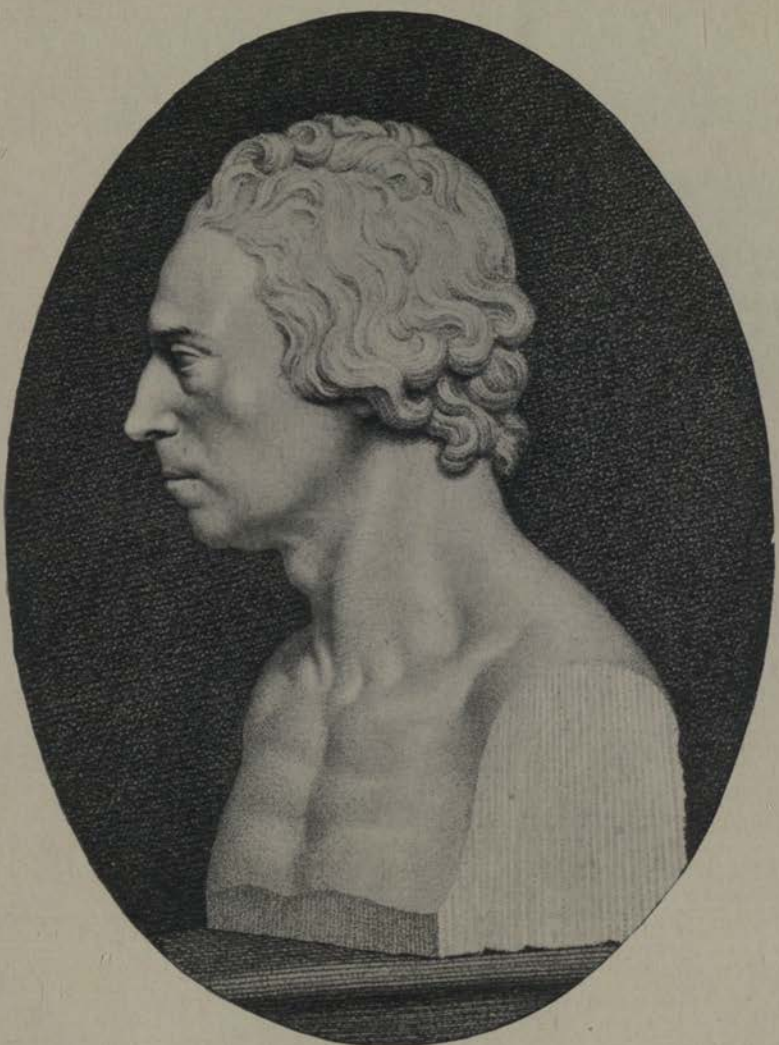
Perhaps there are few classes of biography for which it is more difficult to obtain materials than that of the early English Sculptors; particularly those who flourished under the first Henrys and Edwards, prior to whose reigns England can boast of little sculptural skill. In the time of the above splendid monarchs, numerous sacred images and monumental effigies were executed; and nearly all our cathedrals and churches, even to the remotest parts of our land, were adorned and enriched by the sculptor's as well as by the painter's art. I am willing to agree with many of my friends, in believing that the greater number of works of that description, produced in the reign of Henry the Third, were the productions of foreigners; we must, in those early days, have derived our knowledge from them; but, at the same time, I cannot help stating, that many of our exquisite works were from the hands of Englishmen, particularly in the reigns of Edward III., Henry IV., and Richard II. Indeed I was enabled to prove that to be the case, during my inquiries for the materials for the Antiquities of Westminster, as I met with an astonishing series

of particulars, not only as to the stone and the various articles used in painting and glass-staining in those days, but also with the names of the master-mason and others engaged, as well as the subjects of their proposed designs; and the true Englishman will feel pleasure, when he is assured that every artist employed upon the decorations of the Palace of Westminster was a native of this country.

For instance, in the reign of Edward III. Master Thomas, of Canterbury, was Master-mason in the rebuilding of St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster; and John, of Coventry, and Henry, of St. Alban's, were his assistants: Master Richard, of Reading, made two images of Saint Edward and Saint John, for which he received the sum of three pounds six shillings and eight-pence: Hugh de St. Alban's was master of the painters, and John de Chester was master of the glaziers.[1] These names, however, are not mentioned by Lord Orford, nor his labouring-oar Vertue; and perhaps they neither knew where to look, nor had the power of obtaining such valuable information; but it is much to be regretted that our early historians, Camden, Stow, Speed, &c. have not, like Vasari, handed down to us the names of the artists their contemporaries. The biographer of such persons finds, in that valuable and most interesting of all books upon the arts, not only the names of hundreds of artists, but in some instances an accurate description of their works. We certainly read of our Odos, as the proposed constructors of sacred images and decorators of tombs, but we have no proof of their being actually the artists; and my opinion is, that as they are named as the King's Goldsmiths, they were similar to our present goldsmiths, Messrs. Rundell and Bridge,[2] and, like them, employed their

[1] These names occur in certain account rolls, bearing the date of the fourth year of Edward III, which are quoted in full by Smith in his *Antiquities of Westminster*.

[2] Messrs. Rundell and Bridge were the commercial autocrats of Old Ludgate Hill, at No. 32, three doors below Ave Maria-lane. Here Flaxman's shield of Achilles was executed in



THOMAS BANKS, R.A.
Drawn and engraved by J. Condé

Flaxmans and their Stothards in the production of works in art. We ought not to suppose that our Odos were positively carvers in stone and ivory; nor indeed that they were the actual lapidaries or inlayers of the precious stones, or even setters of their splendid works of jewellery: but how delighted should we be, if the Keepers of our Public Records were to give us an account of our ancient English Cavallinis, our Torregianos, and our Benvenuti Cellinis! They know well where to search for treasures; and if they are allowed to derive profit by the publication of certain documents, I do most earnestly entreat of them, for the honour of our country, to produce and publish such accounts as they may discover of the early English artists. I am quite certain, that such materials of rare and valuable information, which wait only to be drawn from their concealment, would, in a great measure, set aside the wretched repetitions of the miserably poor mass of materials which our presses at present are so often employed to produce.

So shamefully negligent, however, were the older English writers as to inquiries after the history, or even the names of the greater part of the Sculptors whose works they had seen, and possibly admired, that they have handed very little or nothing to us concerning them. As to the names of Cavallini and Torregiano,[1] which are the first mentioned

silver gilt, and also the crown worn by George IV at his Coronation. The magnificent scale on which Rundell and Bridge traded may be gauged by the fact that Philip Rundell, dying in 1827, left a million sterling.

[1] The sculptor whom Smith names as Cavallini is more often, and more safely, known as Peter the Roman Citizen, who executed the shrine of Edward the Confessor in the Abbey for Henry III, and also many of the Eleanor Crosses. Whether he is to be identified with Pietro Cavallini, the disciple of Giotto, is very doubtful.—To the Florentine sculptor Pietro Torrigiano (1472–1522) we owe the matchless tombs of Henry VII and his mother, Margaret Countess of Richmond, in Henry VII's Chapel. This sculptor also lives in history as the youth who broke Michel Angelo's

without the appellation of Goldsmith, I firmly believe more works are attributed to those great men, than they could have executed had they lived to the present time; but they were foreigners, and though they practised in this country, are distant from my present purpose.

Nicholas Stone, born at Woodbury, near Exeter, in 1586, is, I believe, according to printed authority, the first to be mentioned with any certainty; and he has, among numerous truly praiseworthy productions[1] distributed in various places, enabled us to judge of his abilities, or of those he employed, more particularly by the best of his monuments, which he erected in November, 1615, in the Chapel of the Charter House, to perpetuate the memory of its benevolent founder, "Good Old Thomas Sutton."[2] If we could discover the names of the Sculptors who executed the monument to the memory of Shakspeare, at Stratford-upon-Avon, and

nose. He retained his pugilistic proclivities, and boasted in Florence of his prowess among "those beasts, the English."—Smith's very sketchy account of the work of the early sculptors in England may be supplemented by reference to Mr. E. Beresford Chancellor's *Lives of the British Sculptors* (1911). See also a short series of papers in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, beginning April, 1818.

[1] Nicholas Stone (1586–1647), master mason to James I and architect at Windsor to Charles, was employed by Inigo Jones on the Banqueting House, Whitehall, the York House, Water Gate, and the portice to old St. Paul's Cathedral. The first tomb and monument maker of his time, he executed the figure, in St. Paul's Cathedral, of John Donne in a winding-sheet which survived the great Fire; also some important monuments in the Abbey. Stone's account-book, a valuable document, is now in the Soane Museum. He lived in Long Acre and was buried at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

[2] Walpole quoted in his *Anecdotes* from Stone's Diary: "In November, 1615, Mr. Jansen in Southwark and I did sett up a tomb for Mr. Sutton at Charter-house, for the which we had 400*l.* well payed, but the little monument of Mr. Lawes was included, the which I made and all the carven work of Mr. Sutton's tomb." Sutton's monument may be seen in the Chapel.

of that put up to Camden, in Westminster Abbey,[1] as well as many others which I could name, probably they might take precedence of Stone in talent, as well as in date, as I strongly conjecture them to have been Englishmen also.

Francis Bird, born in Piccadilly in 1667, was second; but though tolerable in some respects, especially in the monument to the memory of the noted Dr. Busby, erected in Westminster Abbey, yet he ought not in any way to be compared with his predecessor, or the artists employed by him. His Conversion of Saint Paul, and the style of the other figures, particularly that of the statue of Queen Anne, (lately repaired by John Henning, Jun.)[2] raised as ornaments to our Metropolitan church, are so despicable, that I am inclined to believe, that the praise due to Busby's figure, for surely no other part of the monument merits notice, should be attributed to the skill of some one employed by him, who, like many a flower, was "born to blush unseen." The miserable effigy of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, by Bird, the statues of Cutler, in the College of Physicians and Grocers' Hall, together with a host of such trash, sufficiently testify the deplorable state in which Sculpture was in his time:[3] and I sincerely believe, anxious as I am to ascertain the names of ancient Sculptors, that it will not be in my power to give an instance of very superior strength of mind,

[1] William Camden, the antiquary. See the account of the mutilation of this monument in Chapter VII.

[2] Son of John Henning mentioned in Chapters XI and XVI.

[3] Francis Bird (1667–1731), the leading sculptor of his day, was employed by Wren to decorate St. Paul's. Smith's suggestion that another hand executed the fine Busby statue has not been seriously entertained. Bird's art was unequal: his derided monument to Sir Cloudesley Shovel was called "the bathos of sculpture" by Pope. His Queen Anne statue, in front of St. Paul's, is now replaced by Belt's replica. Time and weather have long justified Walpole's remark on his sculptures around the roof of St. Paul's: "Any statuary was good enough for an ornament at that height."

till the starting of that most worthy man, the late Thomas Banks; who was noticed by Sir Joshua Reynolds as the first of our country who had produced any thing like classic Sculpture in England,—farther observing, that his mind was employed upon subjects worthy of an ancient Greek!

Banks was born in Lambeth, on the 22d of December, 1735, and served his apprenticeship to a Wood-carver, during which time he obtained several premiums in the Society of Arts. In 1770, he received the gold medal from the hand of his warm friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds; and exhibited with the Royal Academicians in Pall-Mall, two very superior models in clay of Æneas and Anchises escaping from Troy, at different points of time. He produced, in the following year, a Cherub decorating an urn, and also an excellent likeness of an old man, who stood as a model in the Academy, whose wife was the first housekeeper of that honourable establishment.

In 1772, he sent for exhibition his group of Mercury, Argus, and Io, which was highly spoken of by the public at large, but more particularly by those Academicians who could so well feel its merits, and who had voted so liberally for his going to Rome at the expense of the Royal Academy. Among many other friends, my father gave him a letter of introduction to his old fellow-student Capitsoldi, an artist whose discernment could fairly appreciate Banks's merit. In the same year, he and his wife left their modest mansion in Bird-street, Oxford-street, for the splendid Vatican, where they arrived in the month of August.

The following extracts from a letter addressed to my father, dated Rome, July 31st, 1773, may probably be considered as interesting.

Among the students in Painting, Fuseli cuts the greatest figure; last season he had pictures bespoke to the amount of 1300*l.*, good encouragement for a student, yet nothing more than, from his great abilities, he is justly entitled to. Little Wickstead has had most of the portraits to paint last

season, owing to the endeavours of Messrs. Norton and Byres to carry every gentleman they could get hold of to see him; but Barron arriving here the beginning of the season, and having great merit in the portrait way, and a good correspondence with the gentlemen, got so many portraits to paint, as proved no small mortification to the aforesaid gentleman, as well as his helpers.[1]

Barron is a young man of very conspicuous merit, has the most of Sir Joshua's fine manner of any of his pupils, and it is beyond a doubt, that when he returns to England, he will cut a great figure in his way.[2] Since I have been in

[1] Philip Wickstead received instructions from Zoffany; he painted small whole-length portraits with great taste, but his large pictures wanted that force which few persons accustomed to paint in miniature can acquire. Cosway's large pictures, for instance, were too feebly painted for their size, and betrayed the hand of one who had been more familiar with small things, in which he shone so conspicuously beyond most artists of his time. The same objections may be made to the large works of Cipriani; but Angelica Kauffmann, when she was employed upon pictures beyond her usual size, gave more force than either, particularly in colour, as may be seen in those she painted on the ceiling of the Council-room in the Royal Academy; of which Baretti, in his Guide through that edifice, thus speaks: "The four large oval pictures which adorn the two extremities of the ceiling, are works of the celebrated *Angelica Kauffmann*, whose various accomplishments, as well as her great skill in the art she professes, have long been the subject of admiration. They represent *Invention, Composition, Design*, and *Colouring*, and are executed with all that grace, elegance, and accuracy, which distinguish the best productions of this extraordinary lady." (S.)

[2] Hugh Barron played beautifully on the violin; and he was, as Mr. Banks has stated, a good portrait-painter, and a truly amiable man; being well known to my father. He was unfortunate in having exercised his mimic powers upon Edward Edwards, so as to draw down that little man's ill opinion of his works; and my father related the following anecdote of his imitative skill, as delivered in two voices by Barron. First, however, I must premise, that Mortimer, the Painter, was remarkably tall, and Edwards a very short man, and, unfortunately, de-

Rome, there has arrived here the above-mentioned Mr. Barron, Mr. Marchant, and Mr. Townley; Mr. Whalley, Mr. Damer, and Mr. Keene, and lastly, Messrs. Humphrey and Romney: I had forgot one Mr. Foy though—a Sculptor, a very ingenious, worthy young man; he is doing a copy of the Apollo Belvidere in marble, about five feet and a half high.

In another letter to my father, dated February 4th, in the following year, he says, "Your good friend Capitsoldi has been truly kind to me; he has improved me much by the instructions he has given me in cutting the marble, in which the Italians beat us hollow."

In 1779, Banks returned to England, and ventured to take the house, No. 5, Newman-street;[1] soon after which he went to St. Petersburg, where he was received by the Empress Catherine with high marks of favour; and he had the honour of leaving, among other specimens of his art, a beautiful model of Cupid pursuing a Butterfly. On his return to England, he exhibited, in 1782, a portrait of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, in terracotta; and the next year a head of a majestic beauty, composed

formed; though he always stood erect, to make the most of himself.

These artists painted each a picture of the same subject, the Cavern of Despair, from Spenser, which they sent to the Society of Arts for a prize: and during the time their works were hanging up, it happened that Mortimer and Edwards were standing by the side of each other, looking at Edwards's picture. Edwards, quite erect, with his usual importance, striking his cane perpendicularly on the floor, at arm's-length, thus addressed his antagonist: "Well, Mr. Mortimer, how do you like my picture?"—"Sir, there are some good parts in it; but why did you make your reptiles so small?" Edwards, putting his left hand upon his hip, or, what may be better conceived, his arm *a-kimbo*, looking up to Mortimer, observed, "*The smaller the more venomous.*" (S.)

[1] Upon the death of Mr. Banks, my worthy friend Mr. Howard, the Historical-painter, and Secretary to the Royal Academy, took the house, and has continued to reside in it to the present day. (S.)

on Mr. Cozens's principles.[1] In 1784, he produced a figure of Achilles enraged for the loss of Briseis;[2] and, in 1785, he was chosen an Academician, to the Council-room of which establishment he sent his Falling Giant; a work far superior to any before produced in England, and which, perhaps, never will be surpassed.

His principal works are a colossal figure of Achilles, a model; a basso-relievo of Shakspeare, on the front of the Shakspeare Gallery, executed for Alderman Boydell; a statue of Sir Eyre Coote, in the India House; the Dipping of Achilles, for Col. Johnes, of Cardiganshire; a monument of Bishop Newton, in Bow Church; a monument of Mr. Hand, in Cripplegate Church; the monument of Woollett, in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey; the monument of Baretti, erected under the South Gallery of Saint Mary-le-bone Old Church; the monument of Sir Eyre Coote, in Westminster Abbey; and the monument of Captain Westcott, in St. Paul's.[3]

[1] "Composed on Mr. Cozens's principles" refers to Alexander Cozens's *Principles of Beauty Relative to the Human Head*, a work which the *Dictionary of National Biography* describes as more ingenious than valuable.

[2] This basso-relievo, commonly called "The Frantic Achilles," is to be found in the halls of Jackson, Baily, and other persons of eminence in the Arts. (S.)—The original was presented by Banks's widow to the British Institution; it was formerly in the entrance hall at Burlington House.

[3] Alderman Boydell's Shakespeare Gallery, afterwards the British Institution, stood on the north side of Pall Mall, a little east of St. James's-street. A view of its front, showing Banks's alto-relievo, is in Watford's *Old and New London*, Vol. IV, p. 138; but the immediate entrance and relievo are better illustrated in the *European Magazine* of July, 1804. The sculpture represented Shakespeare seated on a rock between the Muses of Drama and Painting. Smith has this note: "This beautiful specimen of English art is still remaining in its original place. The building is now better known under the appellation of the British Gallery."

The "Dipping of Achilles" portrayed Mrs. Johnes as Thetis, and the Colonel's son as the child.

Thomas Newton (1704–

The following prizes were awarded to Banks by the Society of Arts.

	£	s.	d.
In 1763, For a basso-relievo in Portland stone .	31	10	0
1765, For a basso-relievo in marble. . .	26	5	0
1766, For a basso-relievo in marble . .	10	10	0
1769, For a model in clay	21	0	0
1769, For a design for ornamental furniture .	21	0	0
	£110	5	0

Opposite as Nollekens and Banks were in their modes of study, they were on very good terms as neighbours; the latter frequently visited the former, and would stand over him when he was modelling a bust, conversing upon the abilities of the rising generation. Banks was ever warm in his praises of Flaxman, whose talents, he said, would shine

1782), who had been Dr. Johnson's schoolfellow, was rector of St. Mary-le-Bow Church for twenty-four years. His autobiography caused scandal and amusement by its picture of "preferment-hunting as the great occupation of an ecclesiastical life" (Gibbon). Newton wrote Milton's life and edited *Paradise Lost.* Of his *Dissertation on the Prophecies* Dr. Johnson said that it is "Tom's great work, certainly, but how much of it is good and how much of it is Tom's is another question." Banks's monument is a cenotaph, Newton being buried in St. Paul's; it has been removed from its original position, and its old railings are now in St. Osmund's Church at Parkstone, Dorset.

The Hand monument in St. Giles Cripplegate Church is to Ann Martha Hand, and represents her dying in the arms of her husband.

Woollett's mural monument in the south walk of the Abbey cloisters represents him in the act of engraving, with angels looking on.

Baretti's tablet in Marylebone Old Church has a medallion portrait.

Banks's huge monument to Sir Eyre Coote stands in the north transept of the Abbey, back to back with Nollekens's "Three Captains," and includes in its design an elephant and a Mahratta prisoner.

The monument to George Blagdon Westcott fills a bay in the north aisle of St. Paul's nave.

beyond any thing at present visible in modern art. "He blends," said Banks, "a deep knowledge of the antique, with native beauty in its simplest state. I perceive no violation of form, no strained exertion, excepting when nervous energy is called for."

NOLLEKENS. "I don't like him; he holds me very cheap, and he's always talking of the simple line in the antique: why, he has never been at Rome; he has never been over the Alps; he has never been at the top of Mount Vesuvius, where I have washed my hands in the clouds: what can he know about the matter? he never stays a minute longer than to speak with Smith, when he comes into my studio."

BANKS. "Well, well, we shall see, he will be going to Rome one of these days."

NOLLEKENS. "Pray did you go to Christie's, to see the fine collection of models that belonged to Hudson, Sir Joshua's master? he had some pictures and some bronzes."

BANKS. "No."

NOLLEKENS. "Why, they *was* sold in February last; I bought a very pretty lot, of two figures of Painting and Sculpture, that Roubiliac modelled for Hudson's front parlour chimney-piece."

BANKS. "What did you give for them?"

NOLLEKENS. "Why, one pound, three shillings. Lot 36, the model Roubiliac made for Mr. Garrick's figure of Shakspeare at Hampton, was bought by Monsieur Le Brun. Nat Smith bought lot 37, the model of Handel's figure in Vauxhall Gardens; he gave five guineas for it, and he's going to let me have it at the same money."

This sale took place February 25th and 26th, in 1785, several years after the death of Thomas Hudson: it consisted partly of numerous models by Roubiliac, which had been mostly purchased at that artist's sale, which took place, in Saint Martin's-lane, immediately after his death. They had been left by Hudson to a gentleman who resided

many years after the death of Hudson in his house at Twickenham.[1]

Hudson observed to his pupil, Sir Joshua Reynolds, who had a villa on the summit of Richmond-hill, " Little did I think we should ever have had country-houses opposite to each other ; " to whom Sir Joshua replied, " Little did I think, when I was a young man, that I should at any time look down upon Mr. Hudson."

In order to show the benevolence of Banks, and how truly happy he must have been in rendering assistance to modest genius, I shall request the reader's pardon for the insertion of an anecdote, related in an interesting little book, written by a celebrated author under a feigned name, entitled, *The Looking-Glass : a True History of the Early Years of an Artist ; calculated to awaken the attainment : particularly in the cultivation of the Fine Arts. By Theophilus Marcliffe.*

The author, in Chapter VIII. states the visits made to Mr. Banks by a youth, who wished, at the age of thirteen years, to gain admittance to draw in the Royal Academy, in the following words.

He remembered the lesson he had learned of exercising the knocker of the door in such a manner, as to announce to the people within, that it was a person not to be despised who stood on the outside. By some inadvertence or perturbation, the knocker slipped from his hand after a single rap. Remarking his error, he now raised it again, and from the same perturbation, produced a much louder report than he had intended. Mrs. Banks, or a servant, opened the door to him, and inquired his business. He answered, articulately and at full, that he wanted to know whether Mr. Thomas Banks, R.A. and Sculptor to the Royal Academy, lived there. Mr. Banks made his appearance. Our little fortune-hunter could not have met with a more gentle and friendly-hearted man, to whom to open his adventurous application.

[1] Hudson died January 26, 1779; his drawings were dispersed in that year on March 15 and eleven following days.

"Well, my little man," said Mr. Banks, "what is your business with me?"—"I want, Sir, that you should get me to draw at the Royal Academy."—"That is not in my power. Things are not, in that respect, as they used to be. Nobody is admitted to draw there but by ballot; and I am only one of the persons upon whose pleasure it depends. But what have you got there? Let me look at your drawing."—Mr. Banks looked at it. "Humph! Ay! Time enough yet, my little man! Do you go to school?"—"Yes, Sir."—"Well; go home, and mind your schooling; and try and make a better drawing of the Apollo; and in a month you may come again and let me see it."

He now applied with threefold diligence; thought and thought again, sketched and obliterated; and at last, as nearly as possible at the expiration of the month, repeated his visit to Mr. Banks. Mr. Banks was better pleased with his second specimen. He now took him into his study, bade him look about him, and asked him what he thought of one thing and another. He encouraged him, told him to go on with his drawing, and said he might come again in a week. Under the eye of Mr. Banks, the boy's proficiency was visible, and the artist began to conceive a kindness for him.[1]

Little did Mr. Banks think, when he was questioning this youth, that Nature had enriched him with some of her choicest gifts, and that the Royal Academy would in him, at this moment, have had to boast of one of its brightest members, in the name of Mulready.—Mr. Banks died at his house, No. 5, Newman-street, and was buried at Paddington, February 8th, 1805, aged 67.[2]

[1] Mulready's little book *The Looking-glass*, from which the above passage is taken, appeared in 1805, and is supposed to have been written by William Godwin from Mulready's information. It was reprinted, with explanatory matter by F. G. Stephens, in 1889. The boy's interview with Banks led to his entering a drawing-school in Furnival's Inn-court, and afterwards in the sculptor's studio, with the result that he was admitted a student of the Royal Academy in 1800.

[2] Banks was buried in the ground behind Paddington Old

Shortly after Mr. Banks's death, the present Mr. Christie, while selling the contents of his studio, incurred the momentary displeasure of Flaxman, by the following observation, made when expatiating upon the fine form of the antique. "You see in these the beauties which our late artist has incorporated in his works." Flaxman hastily, and perhaps with more warmth than he was accustomed to exercise, said, in rather a high tone, "Mr. Banks wanted no assistance;" so highly were his talents appreciated by our late departed Phidias.

In this auction, the late Mr. Blundell, of Ince,[1] bought a large fragment of an antique figure, supposed to have been one of the Arundel Marbles, which was discovered in the following curious manner. When Sir William Chambers was extending the embankment of Somerset-place into the Thames, to dig a foundation for the Terrace of the present building of Somerset-place, the above fragment was dug up. After many conjectures, it was recollected that the Earl of Arundel, who had moved the fragments of his fine collection from his house in the Strand, over to a garden which he then had on the opposite shore, might have lost this in the attempt to convey it thither. As it was marble, it was sent to Mr. Banks by Sir William. Upon comparing this fragment with the etchings of several of the Arundelian fragments given in Nichols's *History of Lambeth*, it was found to corroborate in marble and style of sculpture. These gardens were afterwards held by Boydell Cuper, a gardener of the Earl's, and were for many years well-known as a place of public resort for music, dancing, &c. under the appellation of Cuper's Gardens; and occasionally, as they

Church, and it is the hardly credible fact that the gravestone of this distinguished sculptor lies in a known spot, under a tree, about one "spit" below the grass. The indirect legal responsibilities involved in bringing it to the surface appear to be the explanation of its concealment.

[1] See Index.

were frequented by several fine women, they were called "*Cupid's Gardens.*" I walked over them, when they were occupied by Messrs. Beaufoy, by their Wine and Vinegar Works, and I then saw many of the old lamp-irons along the paling of the gardens. The road on the Surrey side of Waterloo-Bridge passes over the site of these gardens.[1]

[1] The Arundel collection of antique sculptures was formed at Arundel House, in the Strand, in the seventeenth century, by Thomas Howard, second Earl of Arundel. It included statues, busts, altars, and sarcophagi. This was the first collection of its kind made in England, and it engaged the attention of John Selden and other antiquaries. A strange neglect befell it when the Earl went to Italy. Many fine statues were removed to a colonade at the bottom of the garden of Arundel House, and were there injured. His grandson and heir, Henry Duke of Norfolk, does not seem to have valued these treasures, and in 1646 Evelyn found them scattered up and down the garden. He prevailed on the Duke to present them to the University of Oxford, where they are now preserved. Those which had been removed to the opposite side of the river are said to have been actually buried, later, under earth and rubbish brought from the foundations of St. Paul's. Fragments were found in many places, and we hear of an ancient column being used as a garden roller, and of precious relics turning up in Arundel-street cellars. A fine bust of Homer came into the possession of Dr. Mead, and is now in the British Museum. For these and other details, see Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*, Vol. II.—Cuper's Gardens was adorned by fragments of the Arundel collection until 1717, when they were sold for 75*l.* Mr. Warwick Wroth gives the name of the Earl's gardener as Boyder (not Boydell) Cuper, in his *London Pleasure Gardens of the Eighteenth Century*. The last of the gardens was seen in 1814, when the south approach to Waterloo Bridge was formed.

AGOSTINO CARLINI, R.A.

AGOSTINO CARLINI, though an Italian who associated mostly with foreigners, as an early member of our Royal Academy, should not be forgotten in this work. He lived and died in the house, now No. 14, in Carlisle-street, Soho, at the corner of King's-square-court.

Carlini was a man of talent; he executed the colossal masks, representing the rivers Dee, Tyne, and Severn, three of the nine on the key-stones of the Strand front of Somerset-place, and likewise the two centre statues against the same edifice. The statue of Doctor Ward, who was commonly called a quack, and which was presented to the Society of Arts, is, though it possesses no small share of foreign affectation, a pretty fair specimen of his abilities. Joshua Ward, for whom Dr. Johnson had a most sovereign contempt, was originally a Friar, and not only maker of that popular nostrum usually called "Friar's Balsam," but also of the drops well known under his name. He lived in Pall Mall; gave advice to the poor, gratis, at Whitehall; and boldly and extensively styled himself, "The Restorer of Health, and Father to the Poor." He was large and cumberous, highly consequential, and that kind of person denominated by some people a comely man, but he had, unfortunately for his features, what is called a claret face; though that, like Bardolph's nose, was a perpetual advertisement to him; for wherever he went, this mark of Fortune's frolic was noticed by the passengers, and drew upon him the blessing of every gin-drinking, furmity woman,

or shoe-black, who at that time stood at the corners of most of the streets in London. But notwithstanding this popularity, which he had gained by throwing money to them from his splendid coach, to impede his progress when in great haste to visit a patient, he was often annoyed by the rude and sometimes pointedly witty remarks made upon his claret face; and Hogarth did not suffer him to pass unnoticed. His vanity induced him to have his portrait frequently painted by Bardwell, Loving, &c.; but as these portrayings exhibited his peculiar stigma, he hit upon an expedient of handing himself down to posterity without it, by having his effigy carved in white marble. He therefore employed his old friend Carlini, who had frequently, in early days, assisted him in preparing his Balsam, to produce a statue of him, as large as life, in his usual dress and pompous wig; and in order to make this statue talked of, and seen at the Sculptor's studio, he proposed to allow Carlini two hundred guineas per annum, to enable him to work at it occasionally till it was finished; and this sum the Artist continued annually to receive till his death. The statue was then sent to the Society of Arts, where it was fixed in their great room, in the presence of Barry's grand pictures, so immortalized by Dr. Johnson for their "*grasp of mind;*" though some of my readers will recollect, that the Doctor never professed any knowledge as to painting.[1]

[1] Ward's quackery was sufficiently successful to become a subject of controversy, and his name is slightly associated with those of Bolingbroke, Gibbon, Fielding, and Lord Chesterfield. In 1734 his antimony pill and drop were stigmatized as worthless and dangerous in the *Grub Street Journal*. Ward sued for libel, and found stout champions, but lost his action. He died November 21st, 1761. His modest desire to be buried in Westminster Abbey, "*as near to the altar as might be*," was not fulfilled. Hogarth introduces Ward's head into his "Consultations of Physicians" in juxtaposition to Mrs. Mapp, the bone-setter, and Pope tells how "Ward tried on puppies, and the poor, his Drop." Carlini's life-like statue of Ward now stands in the entrance hall of the Society of Arts, John-

Perhaps the design for Beckford's cenotaph, of which there is a large bold engraving by his friend Bartolozzi, is the best of Carlini's works. Carlini was extremely intimate with Cipriani, to whom, according to the usual modern mode of slandering the Sculptors, it has been said, he was often indebted for his designs.

My father, who also made a model, and Carlini, were the unsuccessful candidates for Beckford's monument; and Moore, then living in Wells-street, Oxford-street, was employed to execute the cenotaph in Guildhall—a glaring specimen of marble spoiled; of which scandal said, the task was given to him because he was a native of Hanover. This report, however, when we consider its total want of plausibility ought never again to be circulated; for is it likely that the City would have given the preference to a native of Hanover for the Sculptor, out of compliment to the King, when they were about to engrave upon its tablet the very speech which must have been most obnoxious to the Monarch?

J. F. Moore was the Sculptor who carved the figure of Mrs. Macaulay, for the monument put up in St. Stephen's, Walbrook, by her doating admirer, Dr. Thomas Wilson; which, it is said, the same divine had pulled down when that lady offended him by marrying a brother of Graham, the Quack Doctor. I believe the Bishop insisted upon its removal, though some one ordered the figure to be given back to Moore, with full permission to do whatever he pleased with it.[1]

street, but not (as Smith seems to indicate) in Ward's life-time; it was presented to the Society by Ralph Ward, the quack's grand-nephew, in 1792.

[1] Catharine Macaulay (1731–1791) produced the first part of her *History of England* in 1763. After her husband's death she continued it at Bath, where she infatuated Dr. Thomas Wilson, the absentee rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. Wilson placed a white marble statue of Mrs. Macaulay within the altar rails of that church, representing her as the Muse of History with a pen in

The Doctor also employed Moore to execute a monument to the memory of his wife, leaving the dexter side of the tablet plain, for the insertion of his own death. It was put up in the chancel of the same church of St. Stephen, in March 1773, eleven years previous to the Doctor's death, which took place on the 15th of April, 1784. This monument is full as worthless a specimen of the Sculptor as that erected to Alderman Beckford, in Guildhall.

Carlini also made an excellent model, about two feet in height, of William Duke of Cumberland, with a peculiar three-cornered hat, commonly called the "Cumberland Cock." It was purchased by my father at the Sculptor's sale, after his death, which took place in 1790.

Among Carlini's best works were a model of an equestrian statue of King George III. and an emblematical figure representing Maritime power and riches.[1] When Carlini was keeper of the Royal Academy, he used to walk from his house to Somerset-place, with a broken tobacco-pipe in his mouth, and dressed in a deplorable great coat; but when he has been going to the Academy-dinner, I have seen him getting into a chair, and full-dressed in a purple silk coat, scarlet gold-laced waistcoat, point-lace ruffles, and a sword and bag.

her hand and leaning on the volumes of her own work. He also built a vault to receive her remains. On her marriage to Graham, brother of the "Celestial Bed" quack, she travelled, and finally lived at Binfield, Berkshire, where a monument was raised to her in the parish church by her second husband; this includes the figure of an owl, symbolizing wisdom.—John Francis Moore, the sculptor of the St. Stephen's Walbrook monument, was a native of Hanover. He lived in Berners-street and died in York Buildings, New-road, January 21st, 1809. For his Beckford monument, now in the Guildhall, the Corporation paid 1300*l.*

[1] This model was executed in wax by Carlini, who in November, 1768, advertised reproductions in plaster of Paris at six guineas each from his house "in Dean-street, St. Ann's, Soho, next door but one to the tinman's."

DR. CHARLES BURNEY

DR. BURNEY'S *conversazioni* were extremely well attended by persons of title, though he was seldom present at these meetings himself; for being a very laborious man, he remained shut up in his study, unless they were truly brilliant, and he heard that Lord Brudenell,[1] or some other great star, was present, when he would immediately dress himself in his sword and bag, and, upon entering the room, observe that he had just left the Duke of Cumberland's. He, however, gave bad tea and worse suppers, for his polished table was disgraced by so poor an entertainment, that a dish of hard-baked pears had been nightly rejected to the extent of full six weeks.

The following anecdote, communicated to me by Lieutenant-colonel Phillips,[2] respecting this gentleman, is that referred to in a preceding page. When Doctor Burney lived in St. Martin's-street, he frequently indulged his friends in small *recherché* musical parties, at one of which, whilst Piozzi and Signora Corri (le Minitrici) were singing a duettino enchantingly, accompanied by her husband Dominica on the violin, (the father of Madame Dussek,)[3] Nollekens happened to drop in by accident; and after the

[1] James Baron Brudenell, afterwards fifth Earl of Cardigan (1725–1811).

[2] For a note on Phillips, who married Dr. Burney's daughter, Susannah, see Chapter II.

[3] Domenico Corri (1746–1825), the composer, whose daughter, Sophia, married Dussek, the pianist.

bravos, bravissimos, and all the expressive ogles of admiration had diminished, Nollekens called out, " Doctor Burney, I don't like that kind of music, I heard a great deal of it in Italy, but I like the Scotch and English music better."—Doctor Burney, with some degree of irritation, stepping forward, replied, " Suppose a person to say, ' Well, I have been to Rome, saw the Apollo, and many fine works, but for all that, give me a good barber's block.' "—" Ay, that would be talking like a fool," rejoined the Sculptor.

Dr. Burney's terms for teaching music were half a guinea a lesson, and five guineas entrance. The late Lady Banks[1] was one of his pupils, but he was considered by most men of true science as a very indifferent musician; Sir Joseph, who played the flute remarkably well, whenever he heard the Doctor at the piano, always shook his head; this mark of disapprobation being also accompanied with a shrug of the shoulders. The Greek with which his labours abound, was corrected, and indeed mostly provided by the Rev. Mr. Twining;[2] who held frequent intercourse with him as to his literary matters. Burke, who was uncommonly kind to him, procured him the situation of organist at Chelsea Hospital, with an increase of salary.[3]

The Doctor was rendered uncomfortable beyond measure,

[1] Apparently the wife of Sir Joseph Banks: their marriage took place in 1779.

[2] Thomas Twining (1735–1804), eldest son of Daniel Twining, the second head of Twining's tea business, was described by Samuel Parr as one of the best scholars of his time. He translated Aristotle's *Poetics*, and his life of taste and culture is recorded in *Recreations and Studies of a Country Clergyman of the Eighteenth Century* (1882), edited by his grand-nephew, Mr. Richard Twining.

[3] In December, 1783, Burke performed this act of kindness when leaving office. The salary was advanced from 30*l.* to 50*l.* Fanny Burney writes: " I could almost have cried when he said, ' This is my last act in office ': he said it with so manly a cheerfulness, in the midst of undisguised regret. What a man he is! " Burney and his family resided at the Hospital, and here his wife died.

by the publication of a small work, in which he was ridiculed under the appellation of "Joel Collier." Upon this squib, he, according to calculations, expended full two hundred pounds in buying up copies wherever they were offered for sale. George Steevens was charged with its authorship, which, by a smiling silence peculiar to himself, he knew very well how to appear to acknowledge: however, after the death of Mr. Bicknell, it was discovered, among that gentleman's papers, that he wrote it.[1]

Severe as Steevens was when speaking of those persons he avowedly detested, perhaps the following anecdote will exhibit the bitterest dose of his spleen of any recorded. When he was looking at a portrait of Sir John Hill, the Herbalist,[2] at my father's house, he exclaimed, "He was the handsomest man in England, and the biggest scoundrel in the world."

[1] John Bicknell published anonymously, in 1771, his *Musical Travels through England, by Joel Collier, Organist,* to burlesque Burney's account of his travels on the Continent. A second and enlarged edition followed a year later. Boswell says that the book contained a slight attempt to ridicule Dr. Johnson, and was at first ascribed to Soame Jenyns. Some of its humour is of an outrageous character. It is dedicated to the Governors of the Foundling Hospital in satirical approval of a school of music which had been founded for the orphans with Dr. Burney's support. "We have already (to our shame be it spoken) more sailors than singers, and better farmers than fiddlers."

[2] John Hill was the quack herbalist and voluminous writer of whom Garrick, smarting under many attacks, wrote

> "For Farces and Physic his equal there scarce is;
> His Farces are Physic, his Physic a farce is."

Churchill said that he knew "at once to play, prescribe, compound, compose." For his work, *The Vegetable System,* in twenty-six folio volumes, Hill was made Knight of the Pole Star by the King of Sweden. At one time he kept a chemist's shop in James-street, Covent Garden, selling herbs which he cultivated in Bayswater. He died in Golden-square, November 21st, 1775. "He was an ingenious man, but had no veracity," was Dr. Johnson's comment, and his career was more elaborately stigmatized by Christopher Smart in *The Hilliad.*

The Doctor lived for many years in Poland-street, but at the time he held his meetings, he resided in St. Martin's-street, Leicester-fields, next door to Orange-street Chapel, where I have frequently heard Mr. Toplady preach ;[1] and in the very house now standing, No. 36, in which Sir Isaac Newton lived, whose observatory still remains above the attics.[2]

[1] As a boy of nine to eleven Smith might have heard the author of "The Rock of Ages" at the Orange-street Chapel at the corner of Orange-street and St. Martin's-street. Toplady was then in consumption. In this pulpit Toplady preached on June 14th, 1778, the sermon which he published as his "dying avowal of his religious sentiments."

[2] It is doubtful whether the observatory was ever used by Newton. According to Timbs, it was "built by a subsequent tenant, a Frenchman, but long shown as Newton's." This French tenant would be Paul Dominique, who succeeded Newton in the house. Tom Taylor, in his history of Leicester-square, adopts this view, and says that the Frenchman fitted up the instruments. The Burneys fully accepted the tradition. As late as 1843 Lord Macaulay wrote of this house that it "will continue to be well known as long as our island retains any trace of civilisation ; for it was the dwelling of Newton, and the square turret which distinguishes it from all the surrounding buildings was Newton's observatory." Yet this prediction was partly falsified in Macaulay's lifetime, for the house was stuccoed over in 1849, and at some date between then and 1870 the observatory was taken down. Mr. Holden Macmichael (*Charing Cross and its Immediate Neighbourhood*) says that it was sold to supply material for pews in the chapel next door. In 1870 the following notice was printed in *Notes and Queries* of August 13th: "*The Observatory of Sir Isaac Newton.*—This most interesting relic, in which the astronomer is said to have spent most of his time, and written his immortal *Principia* and other works, being in the market for the comparatively reasonable sum of 330 guineas, it is proposed to raise that sum by public subscription, and present the building to the British nation for erection either at South Kensington or elsewhere, as may be hereafter determined. Subscriptions will be received by J. W. Lowndes, Esq., Journal Office, Oxford, and J. H. Blofield, Esq., F.G.S.,

The following are copied from letters with which I was favoured by Mrs. Cosway, and as they exhibit the coquettish manner in which Dr. Burney granted the favour of his presence in company when invited, I conclude they will not prove unamusing to the reader.

DR. BURNEY presents his best compliments to Mrs. Cosway, and is very much flattered by her remembrance. He did not know she was in England, or would certainly have made inquiries after her health, without any other selfish view than the hope of finding it perfect.

Dr. B. has, unluckily, engagements for every evening next week; but he will try his utmost dexterity to steal a few minutes, at least, from those of to-morrow and Wednesday, for the gratification of his wish to avail himself of the invitation with which he has been honoured by Mrs. Cosway.

St. Martin's-street, Sunday,
2nd March, 1788.

Chelsea College, Tuesday, Dec. 16, 1799.

DEAR MADAM,

I have long known the difficulty of arranging parties in London; *i Diavolini degl' impedimenti* are always so busy on such occasions! and even *you*, who are *prattica-tissima* in these matters, I perceive, cannot escape their claws!

It was, however, lucky for me, that Friday next would not suit Signor Damiani, as I am engaged to a Christmas party at a friend's villa on that day, and shall not return to Chelsea till Tuesday or Wednesday. Thursday, therefore, the 26th December, will be perfectly convenient for the happiness of waiting upon you, to

Your much obliged,
And very affectionate servant,
CHARLES BURNEY.

secretary, 4 Basing-road, Notting-hill, London, N." The pages of *Notes and Queries* do not record the result of the appeal. In the present year, 1913, the Newton-Burney house has been demolished, but provision has been made for its possible re-erection elsewhere.

The contents of Mr. Bicknell's tract, which cut so deeply, are highly laughable, and it is now very rare. No creature had a more cunning or cautious mode of putting out its feelers than Dr. Burney. Whenever a new singer or performer appeared, he would attend the Duke of Cumberland, who had, as indeed all the present Royal Family have, a most excellent taste in music, and listen to his Royal Highness's remarks upon the talents of the person in question; after which, he would, in the next house he entered, give the Duke's opinion and observations as his own; so that by first listening before he extended his proboscis, he appeared extremely knowing, and was looked up to. As there is some pleasure in being acquainted with the names of the eminent characters who formerly assembled at such meetings, I insert a few of those who attended Doctor Burney's, from the recollection of one of the few survivors. The Hon. Daines Barrington, Baretti, Barry, the painter; Lord Brudenell, Mrs. Bryon, Mrs. Carter, Lady Mary Duncan, Garrick, Mrs. Garrick, Dr. Hutton, Dr. Johnson, Latrobe, Nollekens, Mrs. Nollekens, Miss Palmer, (Sir Joshua Reynolds's niece, who died Marchioness of Thomond), General Paoli, (godfather to Napoleon), Dr. Shepherd, George Steevens, Dr. Johnson's Mrs. Williams, Colonel Phillips, one of the two surviving gentlemen who accompanied Captain Cook in his last voyage round the world, who is most honourably mentioned in the account of that excursion.[1]

[1] For many references to Phillips, see Index.

ISAAC WARE, AND HIS COMPANIONS AT OLD SLAUGHTER'S

I NEVER pass Whitehall without recollecting the following anecdote, related to me by my father nearly in these words.

A thin sickly little boy, a chimney-sweeper, was amusing himself one morning by drawing, with a piece of chalk, the street-front of Whitehall upon the basement-stones of the building itself, carrying his delineations as high as his little arms could possibly reach; and this he was accomplishing by occasionally running into the middle of the street to look up at the noble edifice, and then returning to the base of the building to proceed with his elevation. It happened that his operations caught the eye of a gentleman of considerable taste and fortune, as he was riding by. He checked the carriage, and after a few minutes' observation, called to the boy to come to him; who, upon being asked as to where he lived, immediately burst into tears, and begged of the gentleman not to tell his master, assuring him he would wipe it all off. "Don't be alarmed," answered the gentleman, at the same time throwing him a shilling, to convince him he intended him no harm.

His benefactor then went instantly to his master, in Charles-court, in the Strand,[1] who gave the boy a most excellent character, at the same time declaring him to be of little use to him, in consequence of his natural bodily

[1] Charles-court led from the Strand into Hungerford Market, and is now lost in the forecourt of Charing Cross Station.

weakness. He said that he was fully aware of his fondness for *chalking*, and showed his visitor what a state his walls were in, from the young artist having drawn the portico of St. Martin's Church in various places upon them. The gentleman purchased the remainder of the boy's time; gave him an excellent education; then sent him to Italy; and, upon his return, employed him, and introduced him to his friends, as an architect.[1]

This narrative my father heard the Architect himself relate, while he was sitting to Mr. Roubiliac for his bust. He became possessed of considerable property, and built himself a country mansion at Westbourn, north of Bayswater, the very house in which Mr. Cockerell, the Architect,[2] now resides. His town-residence at that time was in Bloomsbury-square, on the western side, in the first house from Hart-street, in which Mr. D'Israeli, the author of several esteemed literary works, now resides.[3] When he was at the height of his celebrity, he compiled a Palladio, in folio, prefixed to which the anxious reader will find his name—Isaac Ware. Early in life, I engraved a very indifferent plate of Ware's bust, which was one of Roubiliac's best performances.[4] I have heard my father declare, that Ware retained the stain of soot in his skin to the day of his death.

[1] Ware's patron was possibly Lord Burlington (*Dict. Nat. Biography*).

[2] Samuel Pepys Cockerell (1754–1827). He lived at Westbourne Lodge in Harrow-road: Ware had called it Westbourne-place.

[3] In the *Home Counties Magazine* (Vol. IV, p. 197), Mr. W. L. Rutton shows by an elaborately careful argument that Ware probably lived in the house now numbered 5 Bloomsbury-square, having its entrance in Hart-street, whereas Isaac D'Israeli lived at No. 6, this house being the first on the west side with its entrance in the square itself. Mr. Rutton also shows that contrary to the statement of the *Dict. Nat. Biography* that Ware died in Bloomsbury-square, he died at Hampstead, and was buried in old Paddington Church.

[4] Ware's English edition of *Palladio* appeared in 1738.

Ware was a pretty constant visitor of Old Slaughter's Coffee-house, St. Martin's-lane, formerly the rendezvous of Pope, Dryden, and other wits, and much frequented by several eminently clever men of his day ;[1] and as the reader, if I may judge from my own curiosity, may like to know some of their names, I shall here insert a few, with their places of residence at the time they and Ware made this their house of meeting.

GRAVELOT lived on the south side of the Strand, nearly opposite to Southampton-street, where he kept a drawing-school. The designs of this artist are numerous, and all of them tasteful ;[2] particularly those which he etched himself for Sir John Hanmer's smallest edition of Shakspeare.[3] His drawings were always minutely finished ; as if he had said, " I will leave the engraver nothing to conjecture ; " and he was particularly fortunate in having so decided an etcher and engraver in poor old Charles Grignon,[4] though

[1] Whether Pope and Dryden frequented Old Slaughter's seems doubtful, but it became a favourite haunt of Jonathan Richardson, George Lambert, Hogarth, Roubiliac, and Wilson; later, of Haydon and Wilkie. Its atmosphere of jest, discussion, and gastronomy is probably well captured in Pyne's *Wine and Walnuts*, Chapter VIII.

[2] Hubert François Gravelot, whose real name was Bourgingnon, was born in Paris in 1699, and settled in London. He illustrated Dryden's plays, the *Dunciad*, *Tom Jones*, and *Gay's Fables*. His view of Westminster Hall, with the shops in it, is often reproduced. He directly influenced Gainsborough's early efforts in London.

[3] Sir Thomas Hanmer, who was Speaker of the House of Commons for a few months in 1714–15, produced an edition of Shakespeare in six volumes in 1743–44. Dibdin describes it as the first " which appeared in any splendid typographical form." It was the subject of a furious quarrel between Hanmer and Warburton (see Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*, Vol. V, 588–90). Gravelot's work was not all original, many of the plates being engraved by him from Frank Hayman's designs. The price of the edition, which has small critical value, rose from three to nine guineas.

[4] For other references to Grignon, see Index.

indeed their advantages were mutual, and their names, when the works they embellished are mentioned, are inseparable.

JOHN GWYNN resided in Little-court, Castle-street, Leicester-fields. He was an Architect, and he built, among other works, the bridge at Shrewsbury; with which the inhabitants were so much pleased, that a portrait of him was voted to be put up in their Town-hall. He was supported by his steady friend, Doctor Johnson, who wrote several powerful letters concerning his talent and integrity; particularly when Gwynn held a long and serious competitorship with Milne for the designing and building of Blackfriars-bridge. Gwynn was the professed author of that most ingenious and entertaining work, entitled, *London and Westminster Improved.* His friend, the Doctor, wrote the preface, and, in many instances, corrected the book;[1] and, to the credit of this production, the public have availed themselves of his suggestions, and very copiously too, in the late extensive and liberal improvements of New London, for so it must now be considered.

HOGARTH, at the Golden-head, on the eastern side of Leicester-fields, now the northern half of the Sablonière Hotel.[2] This head he cut out himself, from pieces of cork glued and bound together. I well remember that it was placed over the street-door.

[1] "A fine, lively, rattling fellow" is Boswell's description of John Gwynn, the architect. Smith probably exaggerates Johnson's part in Gwynn's remarkably prophetic book *London and Westminster Improved*: he did not write the preface. Boswell says he wrote the "noble dedication to the King," but Dr. Birkbeck still thought that "it is not easy to find anything noble or even felicitous in this Dedication."

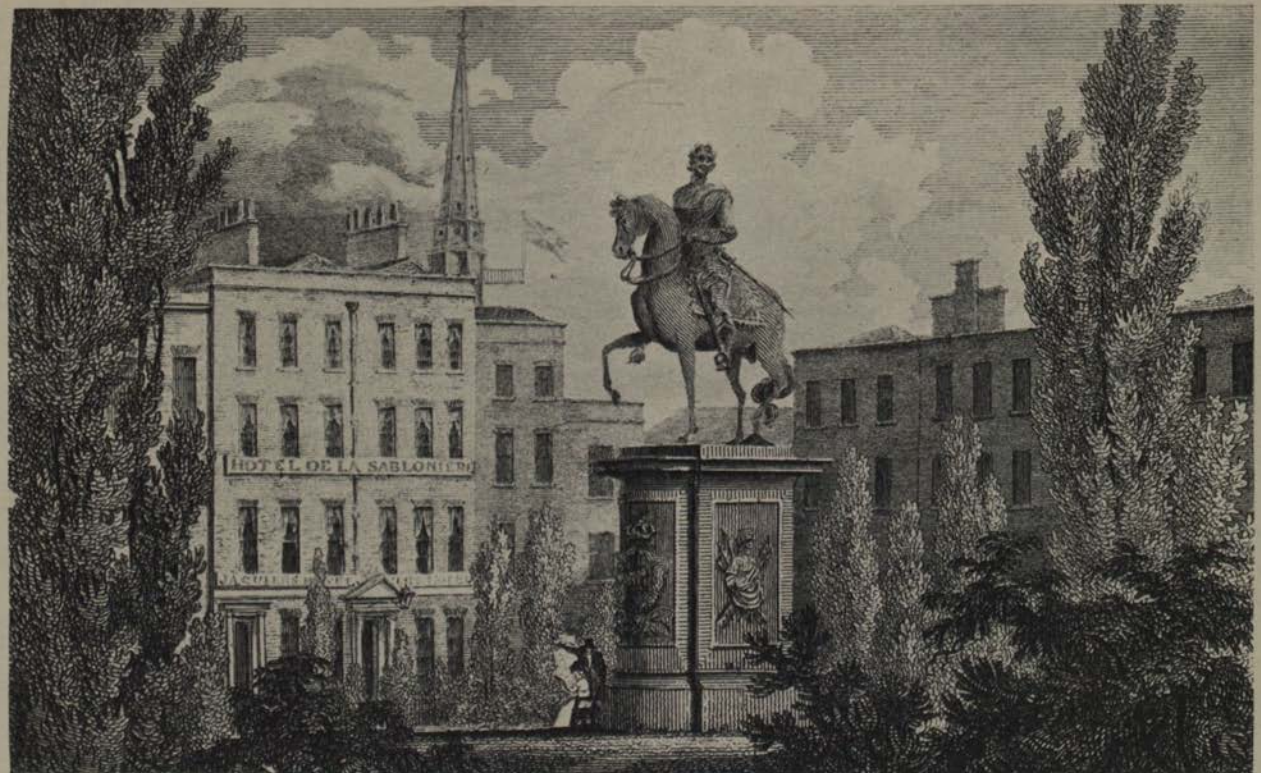
[2] The Sablonière Hotel, numbered 30 Leicester-square, was on the site of the present Archbishop Tenison's school, and had a foreign clientele. It was afterwards known as Jaquier's Hotel. A good view of it is engraved in the *European Magazine* of June, 1801.

ROUBILIAC was an opposite eastern neighbour of Old Slaughter's. His house and other premises were behind the houses in Saint Martin's-lane, the approach to which was by a long passage and gateway, under tenements in the street which were not occupied by him.[1]

HUDSON lived in Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-Inn-fields, in the house in which Hoole, the Translator of Tasso, lived, and the one lately occupied by Chippendale.[2] It is now divided into Nos. 55 and 56. Hudson painted most of the numerous portraits of the Dilettanti Society, which now surround their dining-room at the Thatched-house Tavern, in St. James's-street. His manner of painting was woolly, possessing little variety of attitude, and no depth of knowledge in reflected lights. All that Hudson was famous for was, that, in consequence of his having money at his command, he was enabled to purchase many fine drawings by the great painters, of which he possessed a choice collection; particularly from the powerful hand of Rembrandt, a master so mighty, that his productions in drawing, etching, and painting, have been increasing in value, ever since his death, to a tenfold degree. I conclude, however, that Rembrandt made but little money, as I have been assured, that at his death his pictures and effects were sold by an order of the magistrate, or some person empowered, in order that the produce should be distributed among his creditors. I have also been informed, that there is a printed copy of

[1] See a more particular description of Roubiliac's quarters in the chapter on St. Martin's-lane, *post.*

[2] Probably William *Chippindall*, solicitor, as stated in a note to a similar passage in Chapter VIII. This belief is confirmed by a letter addressed to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, December 15th, 1913, by Miss E. Sylvia Shaw, who states: "The house, 56 Great Queen-street, was in the possession of my great-grandfather, William Chippindall (solicitor), and family, 1815–1860." This beautiful old house is now (December, 1913) threatened by an extension of the Freemasons' Hall.



HOGARTH'S HOUSE IN LEICESTER SQUARE, SHOWING THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GEORGE I BY VAN NOST

From a drawing by S. Rawle, engraved in the "European Magazine"

the sale-catalogue still extant, but I have never been able to meet with one. Hudson's name is frequently mentioned, when Sir Joshua Reynolds is spoken of, as having been his master; but Sir Joshua's mind and talent were his own, and a host of Hudsons could have rendered him but little service.[1]

M'ARDELL resided at the Golden Ball, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden. Of the numerous and splendid productions of this excellent engraver from pictures by Sir Joshua, nothing can be said after the declaration of Reynolds himself, that "M'Ardell's prints would immortalize him."[2] However, I will venture to indulge in one remark more, namely, that that Engraver has conferred immortality also upon himself in his wonderful print from Hogarth's picture of Captain Coram, the founder of the Foundling Hospital. A brilliant proof of this head, in its finest possible state of condition, in my humble opinion, surpasses any thing in mezzotinto now extant.

LUKE SULLIVAN, a native of Ireland, lodged at the White Bear, Piccadilly. I believe nothing has ever surpassed

[1] Smith's devotion to Reynolds leads him to do scant justice to Hudson, whose claim to be remembered is far higher than that of a collector. He was the master not only of Reynolds, but of Cosway, Mortimer, Toms, and other painters of real note. He was the earliest well-established English portrait painter, and his best works are of high interest. At Blenheim Palace may be seen his "Charles, Duke of Marlborough, and Family," described by Scharf as "executed in a most refined manner, highly finished, and in a very delicate silvery tone." His portrait of Samuel Scott is in the National Gallery, and in the Goldsmiths' Hall hangs his "Benn's Club of Aldermen." In the National Portrait Gallery are his portraits of George II, Handel, Sir John Willes, and Prior.

[2] The Golden Ball, the house occupied by James M'Ardell, or Macardell, was at the corner of Henrietta-street and Covent-garden. M'Ardell died in 1765, and was buried in Hampstead churchyard. He engraved more than thirty of Reynolds's pictures.

his etching of the March to Finchley, from Hogarth's picture in the Foundling Hospital. It is full of the Painter's effect, and though only an etching, every part is perfectly made out; and I most heartily wish, fine as the finished plate unquestionably is, that Hogarth had also published it in its earliest state. Of this beautiful etching I have an impression under my care in the British Museum; it formerly belonged to my old and stedfast friend, William Packer, Esq. of Great Baddow, Essex; whose collections of Hogarth's works the Honourable Trustees were pleased to purchase for the Print-room. Luke Sullivan was also a most exquisite Miniature-painter, particularly of females. He was a handsome lively fellow; but, being too much attached to what are denominated the good things of this world, he died in a miserable state of disease and poverty.[1]

THEODORE GARDELLE lived on the south side of Leicester-fields, now No. 36. Gardelle was a Portrait-painter, and was executed for the murder of Mrs. King, his landlady. In Samuel Ireland's Graphic Illustrations of Hogarth, there is a head of a man with a white cap on, said to have been taken by Hogarth from Gardelle on the day of his execution. Foote has noticed the gibbet of Gardelle in his *Mayor of Garret.*[2]

OLD MOSER dwelt in Craven-buildings, Drury-lane. At this time he was Keeper of the Drawing Academy in Peter's-court, St. Martin's-lane; held in the very room which Roubiliac occupied before he removed to the premises

[1] Sullivan died at the Piccadilly tavern in 1771.

[2] Theodore Gardelle (1721–1761) was born at Geneva, and came to London in 1760. His murder of King was atrocious, and he was hanged in the Haymarket, at the corner of Panton-street, April 4th, 1761, his body being afterwards hung in chains on Hounslow Heath. —In Foote's play Major Sturgeon, describing his sham-fight operations to Sir Jacob Jollup, says that Major Molasses "made a fine disposition: on we marched, the men all in high spirits, to attack the gibbet where Gardel is hanging."

opposite to Slaughter's, where he died, and where his effects were sold to pay his funeral and other debts.

RICHARD WILSON, the Landscape-painter, lodged in the great Piazza, Covent-garden. He occupied the front apartments, now used as breakfast-rooms by the proprietor of the Tavistock Hotel; having held these rooms before he left England, and also on his return from Rome. He was not a regular customer of Old Slaughter. His favourite house was the Constitution, Bedford-street, Covent-garden; where he could indulge in a pot of porter more freely, and enjoy the fun of Mortimer, the Painter, who also preferred this house, as it was at no great distance from his own in church-passage.[1] Wilson told the late Sir George Beaumont, who repeated the anecdote to me the very last time I had the honour of seeing him, that Mortimer made Dr. Arne, who had a very red face with staring eyes, furiously angry, by telling him, that "his eyes looked like two oysters just opened for sauce put upon an oval side-dish of beet-root."[2]

PARRY resided on the eastern side of the Haymarket, within a door of the Orange Coffee-house. He was a Welsh Harper, and was much noticed by Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, who was unfortunately killed by a fall from his horse. Although Parry was totally blind, he was acknowledged to be one of the first draught-players in England, and occasionally played with the frequenters of Old Slaughter's. He had a son, an Historical-painter, whom Sir Watkin sent to Italy; and the copy of Raffaelle's grand picture of the Transfiguration, which now adorns the staircase of Sir Watkin's house, in St. James's-square, was painted by

[1] The "Constitution" was on the east side of Bedford-street, two doors above Henrietta-street.—John Hamilton Mortimer occasionally supplied the figures in Wilson's landscapes.

[2] In his *Book for a Rainy Day* Smith gives the jibe to Sheridan. A caricature of the composer of "Rule Britannia," by Bartolozzi, in the National Portrait Gallery, does not conflict with this description of his features.

young Parry, of whom there is a small portrait, etched by Edwards. Of the blind father, there is a pretty little etching by his son, wherein he is seated playing the harp.[1]

NATHANIEL SMITH, my father, at this time lodged with Mr. Roubiliac. He obtained in the course of four years, six premiums for productions in art, all whilst under nineteen years of age: in his twenty-first year, in consequence of a bet at Old Slaughter's, he was introduced by Mr. Roubiliac, to play at draughts with the famous Parry, abovementioned, which game lasted about half an hour. My father, perceiving the venerable blind man to be much agitated, would most willingly have lost the game; but as there were bets depending on it, his integrity overpowered his inclination, and he won the game. This circumstance being made known to the other famous players, Sturges, Batridge,[2] &c. my father was soon annoyed with challenges. The Dons at the Barn, a public-house then so called, in St. Martin's-lane, nearly opposite to the church,[3] invited

[1] This draughts-player was no other than John Parry, the Welsh blind harpist, of whose music Thomas Gray wrote to Mason from Cambridge in May, 1757: "Such ravishing blind harmony, such tunes of a thousand years old, with names enough to choke you." He died at his native place, Ruabon, in 1782.—His son, William Parry, A.R.A., studied at Shipley's, and at the St. Martin's-lane Academy, and was a pupil of Reynolds. He attained moderate success, was much in Rome, and died February 13th, 1791.—Edwards was Edward Edwards, author of *Anecdotes of Painters.*

[2] Joshua Sturges was the landlord of the Blue Posts Tavern; its modern successor still stands at the corner of Hanway-street and the Tottenham court-road. He published in 1800 a *Guide to the Game of Draughts*, dedicated by permission to the Prince of Wales. He was buried, according to Smith (*Book for a Rainy Day*, under 1773), in St. James's burial ground, Hampstead-road, but his long and laudatory epitaph is quoted in *Notes and Queries*, July 28th, 1860, as from "St. Pancras churchyard."—A note on Batridge, the barber, is given in Chapter VIII.

[3] St. Martin's-lane then descended as a compact street of houses to the Strand.

THOMAS HUDSON

From a drawing by Jonathan Richardson the Elder in the Print Room, British Museum

him to become a member; but all these temptations he withstood for the Arts, which he then studied with avidity. The Barn, for many years, was frequented by all the noted players of chess and draughts, and it was there that they often decided games of the first importance, played between persons of the highest rank living in different parts of the world. Those readers who have been deprived of the society of a valuable parent will readily pardon the enumeration of the premiums voted by the Society of Arts to my father. In 1758, for a model in clay of Saint Andrew, he received 15*l.*; in 1759, for a drawing in black and white chalk, 5*l.* 5*s.*; in the same year, for a drawing of Sheep, in Indian ink, 3*l.* 3*s.*; in 1760, for a model of a Buck and Hounds, 9*l.* 9*s.*; in 1761, for a model of the Continence of Scipio, 15*l.* 15*s.*; and in 1762, for a model of Coriolanus and his Mother, 21*l.*

T. RAWLE lived in the Strand, and was the inseparable companion of Captain Grose, the Antiquary.[1] Shortly after the demise of Mr. Rawle, who was one of his Majesty's Accoutrement-makers, a sale of his effects took place at Mr. Hutchins's, in King-street, Covent-garden, among which were a helmet, a sword, and several letters of Oliver Cromwell; and also an article declared to have been the identical doublet in which Cromwell dissolved the Long Parliament. Another singular lot was a large black wig, with long flowing curls, which was stated to have been worn by King Charles II., for which Suett the Actor, a great collector of wigs, was a bidder, and to prove to the company that it would suit him better than his harum-scarum opponent, put it upon his head, and thus dignified, went on with his biddings, which were sometimes sarcastically serious, and at others ludicrously comic. The company, however, though so highly amused, thought it ungenerous

[1] William, not "T" Rawle. He died in the Strand, November 8th, 1789. He is mentioned in Captain Grose's *History of English Armour.*

to prolong the biddings, and therefore one and all declared that it ought to be knocked down to him before he took it off his head: upon this Suett immediately attempted to take it off, but the ivory hammer, with the ruffled hand of the auctioneer, after being once flourished over his head, gave it in favour of the eccentric comedian. Suett continued to act in this wig for many years in *Tom Thumb*, and other pieces, till unfortunately, it was burnt when the Theatre at Birmingham was destroyed by fire. Mrs. Booth, the mother of the justly celebrated actress, my informant, was met by Suett, the morning after the conflagration, who accosted her by exclaiming, "Mrs. Booth, my wig's gone."

A report is current, with respect to Slaughter's Coffee-house, that there never had been a person of that name as master of the house; but that it received its appellation of Slaughter from its earliest period, on account of its having been erected for the use of the men who slaughtered the cattle for the butchers of Newport-market, in an open space then adjoining. This may be the fact, if we believe that coffee was taken as refreshment by slaughter-men, instead of purl or porter; or that it was so called by the neighbouring butchers, in derision of the numerous and fashionable coffee-houses of the day; as for instance, "The Old Man's Coffee-house," and "The Young Man's Coffee-house"; or just as the Italian Operas were satirised, by the introduction of that by Gay, entitled *The Beggar's Opera*.

Be this as it may, in my father's time, and also within memory of the most aged people, this Coffee-house was called "*Old* Slaughter's," and not The Slaughter, or The Slaughterer's Coffee-house. As for the other Coffee-house lower down the lane, over which is now written "*New* Slaughter's," that was formerly called *Young* Slaughter's, by way of distinction; which, in my opinion, unquestionably indicates that there might have been persons of that

name, and perhaps of the same family, masters of each concern.[1]

On May 2d, 1827, in the fifteen days' sale of the Rev. Theodore Williams's valuable library, which took place at Messrs. Stewart, Wheatley, and Adlard's,[2] a picture, lot 1947, attributed to the pencil of Hogarth, was knocked down for the sum of one hundred and fifty guineas. The catalogue, in which it was most lavishly extolled, stated that it was a conversation over a bowl of punch at *Old* Slaughter's Coffee-house, in St. Martin's-lane, and that the figures were portraits of the Painter, Doctor Monsey,[3] and the landlord, *Old* Slaughter.

[1] Peter Cunningham states that the coffee-house was named after its founder, Thomas Slaughter, who died about 1740.

[2] These auctioneers had their rooms at No. 191 Piccadilly.

[3] Dr. Messenger Monsey (1693–1788) was physician at Chelsea Hospital. His free conversation and eccentricities pleased Garrick and disturbed Johnson. There is an amusing sketch of Monsey in J. Cordy Jeaffreson's *Book About Doctors*, and a very startling story of his table manners in John Taylor's *Records of My Life*, Vol. I, p. 80. —Smith appends the following note to his mention of the eccentric Doctor.

"For the following anecdote, I am obliged to my intelligent friend, Colonel Molesworth Phillips.

"Dr. Monsey, with whom the Colonel was intimately acquainted, went to one of Mrs. Montague's evening parties in a filthy dirty shirt, attended by his old servant, who had the care of a clean one, which the Doctor, upon his arrival at that lady's house in Portman-square, requested to put on in a private room. He and his man, as most of the apartments were occupied, were put into a small one, which occasionally opened into that where the company were to assemble. The Doctor, thinking he heard some one coming, instead of giving his shirt to his servant to tie up, put it into one of several china jars, closing it with its cover, in order to know where to find it when he retired. The evening being extremely sultry, and Mrs. Montague's party exceeding her expectation in number, she not only ordered the doors to be thrown open which led into the room in which the Doctor had changed his shirt, but, recollecting she

From the favourable opinion of the merit of this picture, entertained by my friend Mr. Lewis, of Sussex-place, Regent's-park, I was induced to make some inquiries concerning it, and, to my great surprise, found it to be a picture that had been for the first eleven years of my life in my sleeping-room; and it gives me no small gratification to state, that this picture, so roundly asserted to be from the pencil of Hogarth, was produced by Mr. Highmore. I agree with Mr. Lewis as to its being wonderfully well painted; indeed, it is equal, in my opinion, to many productions of Hogarth in the portrait way: but the picture was painted by Highmore for Nathaniel Oldham, my father's godfather, and one of the Artist's patrons. It is neither a scene at Old Slaughter's, nor are the characters depicted portraits of the persons to whom they are attributed in Messrs. Stewart's catalogue.[1]

My father's account of this picture was, that Mr. Oldham had invited three friends to dine with him at his house at Ealing; but being a famous and constant sportsman, he did not arrive till they had dined; and then he found them so comfortably seated with their pipes over a bowl of negus,

had placed some exquisitely delicious *pôt-pourri* into one of her china jars, unfortunately, to the exposure of the poor old Doctor's infirmity, opened the one into which he had stuffed what the laundry-maid might strictly consider foul linen."

[1] Nathaniel Oldham, of Ealing House, described by Caulfield in his *Remarkable Persons* as "an extravagant collector of curiosities." An accompanying portrait, after Highmore, represents him with a dog and gun. Oldham, in mere imitation of his friends Sir Hans Sloane and Dr. Mead, collected natural history specimens and patronized the Arts, with the result that he impoverished himself and went to the King's Bench prison, where he is supposed to have died. The account of Oldham in Caulfield's work was supplied by Smith.

Joseph Highmore (1692–1780) was a capable painter of portraits and "conversation pieces." His portrait of Samuel Richardson, whose *Pamela* he illustrated, is in the National Portrait Gallery.

NATHANIEL OLDHAM
From an engraving by R. Grave (Caufield's "Remarkable Persons")

that he commissioned Highmore to paint the scene, and desired that he might be introduced in it just as he then appeared.

A man on the right, with a white wig and black coat, was an old schoolmaster; and one opposite to him a farmer, both of Ealing; another in the middle, in a red cap, was the artist Highmore; and one with his hat on, behind the farmer's chair, was Nathaniel Oldham. When Mr. Oldham died, his property was sold; but this and one or two other family pictures were given to a relative, of whom my father purchased it, as it contained the portrait of his godfather. It afterwards became the property of Mr. Bellamy, a Linen-draper, residing in Queen-street, by the Mansion-house.

In thus again incidentally speaking of Hogarth, I will take the opportunity of introducing to the reader the following observation concerning him, of my friend H. R. Willett, Esq. with which I was so much gratified, that I requested that gentleman to favour me with it in his own words.

"A curious instance of Hogarth's attention to most minute traits of character, occurs in the sixth plate of the *Marriage-à-la-mode;* where, as a farther instance of the avarice and miserable penury of the Alderman, who is stripping his dying daughter of her trinkets, a close observer will perceive, that the servant lad is clothed in one of his master's old coats, which has been shortened, and that the cloth cut off is turned and made into new cuffs: this is more plainly seen in the picture, by the contrast of the colour of them with the faded hue of the coat."

Mr. Willett,[1] whose taste fully appreciates excellence in

[1] Henry Ralph Willett, who died in the Albany in December, 1857, collected coins and pictures, and owned twenty-six paintings and sketches by Hogarth (*Dict. Nat. Biography*). Hogarth's Rosamond Pond picture was in the possession of the late Louisa, Lady Ashburton.

art, has, at his seat at Shooter's Hill, a room filled with Hogarth's pictures; among which is a grand view of St. James's Park, exhibiting numerous figures of ladies and gentlemen walking in front of Rosamond's Pond. This Pond was filled up in 1770.[1]

[1] This pond, which may have had some old association with the "Fair Rosamond" of Henry II, was famous as a place of assignation and of lovers' suicides. Warburton, writing to Hurd, describes it as "long consecrated to disastrous love and elegiac poetry," and references to its character occur in the writings of Pope, Congreve, Steele, and others. It lay near the present Wellington Barracks, and was filled up by order of George III, when he occupied Buckingham House.

ROSAMOND'S POND, ST. JAMES'S PARK
From "Antiquities of London," by John Thomas Smith

RECOLLECTIONS OF PUBLIC CHARACTERS

SOMETIME INHABITANTS OF ST. MARTIN'S-LANE[1]

SAINT MARTIN'S-LANE affords so rich a mine for anecdote, that I never pass through it without receiving a ray of recollection from almost every window. I shall therefore venture to relate a few of these reminiscences, as they have at various times occurred to me, confining myself principally to those connected with the Fine Arts.

The first house from the corner of Newport-street, on the right hand, leading to Charing-cross, now Reid and Co.'s Hotel, was for many years inhabited by Beard, the famous singer, who married Lady Harriet Powis; and afterwards became a son-in-law of Mr. Rich, of Covent-garden Theatre. The parlour of this house has two windows facing the south. In this room, my father, who had accompanied Roubiliac, smoked his pipe with Rich, Quin, Woodward, and George Lambert, the founder of the original Beef-steak Club, which was first held in the painting-room of Covent-garden Theatre. Some of Lambert's scenes were extremely beauti-

[1] In reading this chapter it is well to remember that St. Martin's-lane has been shortened at both ends: at the north end slightly, by the formation of Garrick and Cranbourne-streets, and at the south end by the formation of Trafalgar-square. On the other hand, the numbering system has never been changed, with the result that at the north end several numbers are missing on each side, and many more at the south end, where, indeed, the numbering begins on the east side, at the Chandos tavern, with No. 28.

ful; but they were unfortunately all consumed when that theatre was burned, September 20, 1808.[1]

Next to Reid's is the Coffee-house before-mentioned, still retaining the appellation of "Old Slaughter's." The next house of attraction is a spacious mansion, now divided into two: No. 76 is inhabited by F. Thomas, and No. 77 by Dr. Golding.[2] It was built by old Payne, the architect,

[1] Lady Beard was interred in the church-yard of St. Pancras, where an expensive monument was erected to her memory, upon which is engraven the following inscription:—

Sacred to the remains
Of LADY HENRIETTA BEARD,
Only daughter of James, late Earl of Waldegrave.
In the year 1734,
She was married to Lord Edward Herbert,
Second son to William Marquis of Powis,
By whom she had issue one daughter,
Barbara, now Countess of Powis.
On the 8th of January, 1738–9,
She became the wife of Mr. John Beard,
Who, during an happy union of fourteen years,
Tenderly loved her person, and admired her virtue;
Who sincerely feels and laments her loss,
And must for ever revere
Her memory,
To which he consecrates this monument.
Obiit 31 May MDCCLIII. Æ. 36. (S.)

The marriage of Lady Harriet Powis to John Beard was as happy for the parties as it was distasteful to their friends, who (says Leigh Hunt) "have continued to omit the circumstance in the peerage books to this day." The omission is still maintained. Beard, for whom Handel wrote tenor parts in his oratorios, died in 1791. His second wife, Charlotte Rich, survived until 1818, dying at the age of ninety-two.—The house inhabited by Beard was lost in the formation of Cranbourne-street.

[2] The sites of Old Slaughter's and of No. 76 are now merged in Cranbourne-street. That of No. 77, where Dr. Golding lived, is covered by a large cloth warehouse. Benjamin Golding (1793–1863) was the virtual founder of Charing Cross Hospital, where he laboured from its foundation in 1831 until 1862. He invented "Robb's Biscuits," which are still sold at Robb's old-fash-

OLD SLAUGHTER'S COFFEE HOUSE, ST. MARTIN'S LANE. TAKEN DOWN IN 1843

From a drawing by T. Hosmer Shepherd in the Crace Collection, British Museum

who designed Salisbury-street, in the Strand, and also the original Lyceum, &c.; and here he resided.[1] Payne was very friendly to Gwynn, the Architect, and also to Samuel Wale, Lecturer on Perspective in the Royal Academy, who was the designer of an immense number of subjects for books, which were mostly engraved by Grignon. Mr. Payne built two small houses, at the end of his garden, purposely to accommodate Gwynn and Wale: the entrances were in Little-court, Castle-street, and are still standing.[2]

No. 82 is New Slaughter's Coffee-house;[3] No. 85 is now occupied by J. Van Eyndhoven and Co. and lately by Mr. Collick, hair manufacturer, the father of Mrs. Hatchet, late of Long-acre.

In former times, the street before these houses, commencing at Beard's and extending to a short distance beyond St. Martin's-court, was called the "Pavement;" and the road at that time was about three feet lower than it is at present.[4] A bookseller, of the name of Harding,[5] occupied one of these houses below Payne's, and among other works, he published a little book of Monograms of Engravers, in octavo. He also sold old prints, for which Hudson, the Painter, was one of his principal customers; and it was at this shop that he purchased Benjamin Wilson's landscape, etched in imitation of the manner of Rembrandt. I heard Wilson relate the circumstance to the late venerable Presi-

ioned confectionery shop at No. 79. (See Mr. J. Holden Macmichael's *Charing Cross and its Neighbourhood*, p. 181.)

[1] James Payne, or Paine (1725–1789), is mentioned more particularly in the sketch of Ozias Humphry, *post*.

[2] Castle-street is now lost in the Charing Cross-road. These two houses, standing alone in Little Court, are marked in Horwood's map of London, 1799.

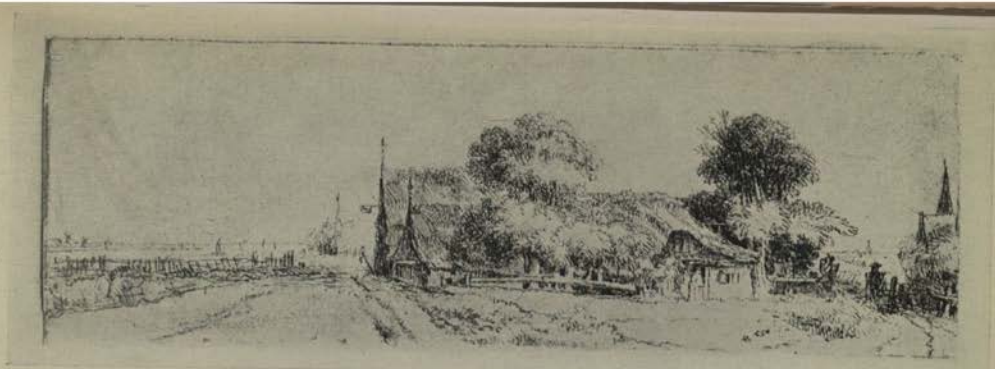
[3] The site of New Slaughter's is now covered by the County Court, recently rebuilt.

[4] Strype (1720) mentions "the fine free-stone pavement," a convenience then rare enough to suggest the name.

[5] Samuel Harding, the bookseller, flourished at the "Bible and Anchor, on the Pavement, St. Martin's-lane." He died at Edgware, January 18th, 1755.

dent West, nearly in the following words: "Hudson upon all occasions maintained, that no one could etch like Rembrandt,—here he was right;—that no one could deceive him, and that he could always discover an imitation of Rembrandt directly he saw it; wherein I maintained he was wrong. To prove this, I one evening scratched a landscape, and took a dirty impression of it to a man who sold books and prints upon the Pavement in Saint Martin's-lane, and, after endeavouring to cry down Rembrandt, showed him the impression, for which he offered to give me a fine Vandyke head. As the fellow caught the bait, the next day I called to look at some more of Vandyke heads, when he observed, that he had sold the Rembrandt, but I could not obtain from him the name of the purchaser; however, it turned out just as I expected. Hudson was showing it about to his friends as a rare Rembrandt, not at all described in the Catalogue. He admired it beyond every thing he possessed. When I told Hogarth of this, 'D—n it;' said he, 'let us expose the fat-headed-fellow.' I took the hint, and, without telling any one what I meant to do, invited Hogarth, Scott, Lambert, and others, to meet Hudson at Supper; and I was wicked enough to allow Kirby to partake of my exultation, without stating to him that Hudson was coming, for they hated each other most cordially. Before the cold sirloin was carried in, I stuck it full of skewers, charged with impressions; and when supper was announced, Scott, the Marine-painter, who followed Hudson, sang out, 'A sail! a sail!'—*West.* 'What did Hogarth say, Sir?'—'He! an impudent dog! he did nothing but laugh with Kirby the whole evening.—Hudson never forgave me for it.'"[1]

[1] The imitation Rembrandt print which produced all this hilarity was a small landscape, $6\frac{3}{4}$ in. by $2\frac{1}{2}$ in., and was inscribed in one corner: "A proof print from this plate, designed and etched by B. Wilson, was sold as a very fine Rembrandt, to one of the greatest Connoisseurs for six



COMPANION TO THE COACH. FORMERLY ATTRIBUTED TO REMBRANDT, BUT NOW TO P. DE KONINCK OR OTHER INFERIOR HAND

A proof print from this plate, designed and etched by
B Wilson was sold as a very fine Rembrandt
to one of the greatest Connoisseurs for Six
Shillings. the 17 April 1751

BENJAMIN WILSON'S HOAX IMITATION OF THE ABOVE SUPPOSED REMBRANDT ETCHING

Benjamin Wilson, the father of the present Sir Robert Wilson, was a Portrait-painter, and was made Sergeant-painter to the King, when his Majesty withdrew that appointment from Hogarth, in consequence of his dedicating his print of the March to Finchley to the King of Prussia, as "an encourager of the Arts and Sciences!"[1] Benjamin

shillings, the 17th of April, 1751." A copy of Wilson's imitation may be seen in the British Museum Print Room. A different and more complicated account of the jest is found in Randolph's life of Wilson's third son, General Sir Robert Thomas Wilson, according to which Wilson made a careful copy of Rembrandt's rare etching called "Companion to the Coach" and, placing it in a portfolio with several genuine Rembrandts, sent it to Hudson by the hand of a Dutchman. Hudson bought it for six shillings, and praised it as a fine example. Hogarth, hearing of the hoax, persuaded Wilson to repeat the experiment with another forged etching of an old man's head, which successfully imposed on Harding, the printseller. Several other connoisseurs were as easily taken in, and finally Wilson spent the proceeds of his humorous fraud in a supper, much as related by Smith. But the joke has at last been turned against its author, because high authorities have decided that the "Companion to the Coach" etching, which served as its basis, is not by Rembrandt, but from an inferior hand. It is a pity that Hudson, distinguished alike as a painter and connoisseur, should be known to many only by this lumbering eighteenth-century joke.

[1] This is incorrect. The "March to Finchley" print was published in December, 1750, and Hogarth was not appointed Serjeant-Painter (in succession to Sir James Thornhill) until June, 1757. Moreover, Benjamin Wilson was only appointed Serjeant-Painter on Hogarth's death.—Wilson is now much forgotten, but he enjoyed a great reputation as a portrait painter. His versatility extended to electric science, on which he wrote several books, and to the Stock Exchange, on which he was declared a defaulter. He was consulted as to the placing of lightning conductors on St. Paul's Cathedral. He shone, too, as a caricaturist. Wilson died at 56 Great Russell-street, and was buried in St. George the Martyr's burial ground. Sir Robert Thomas Wilson, Governor of Gibraltar, was his third son.

Wilson was succeeded as Sergeant-painter by Mr. Pitt Cobbett, of Bedford-street, Covent-garden, who continues to enjoy the appointment.[1]

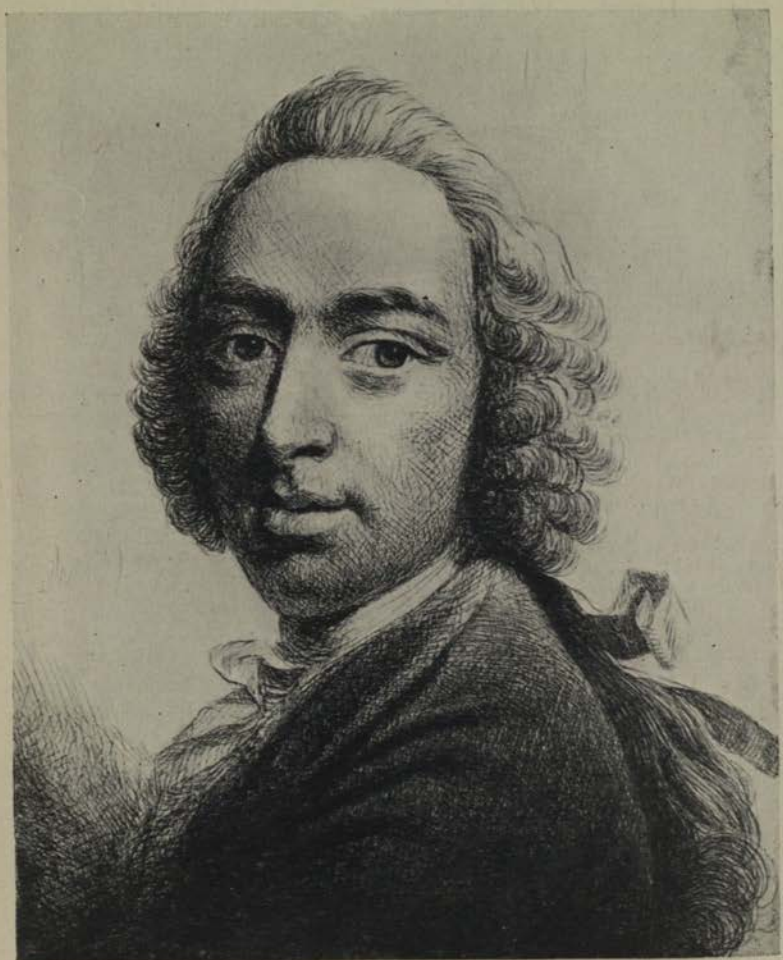
I shall pass *Young*, now called *New* Slaughter's Coffee-house, to the houses now Nos. 88 and 89, built upon the site of a very large one, the staircase of which was adorned with allegorical subjects in brown, yellow, and white. This house was inhabited by one of Hogarth's particular friends, Pine, the publisher of the plates from the tapestry in the house of Lords, exhibiting the defeat of the Spanish Armada. Pine the Portrait-painter, who produced one of the best likenesses of Garrick, succeeded his father in this building ;[2] and after him, Dr. Garthshore resided in it for many years.[3]

The house now No. 96 is one of the oldest colour-shops in London, and has one of the very few remaining shop-fronts, where the shutters slide in grooves : the street door frame is of the style of Queen Anne, with a spread-eagle,

[1] Pitt Cobbett is unmentioned by Redgrave, Bryan, and other lexicographers of art. In Holden's *Triennial Directory*, 1805–1807, he is entered thus: "Cobbett, Pitt, painter to his Majesty, 12 Maiden Lane, Covent Garden."

[2] Nos. 88 and 89 St. Martin's-lane are now covered approximately by the New Theatre.—John Pine was known as "Friar Pine" after his friend Hogarth had introduced his portrait into his print of Calais Gate. He engraved as well as published the Spanish Armada plates. He died in 1756, in Herald's College, where he held the post of Bluemantle. His son, Robert Edge Pine, the portrait painter, did not stay long in St. Martin's-lane ; he was settled at Bath between 1771 and 1779, and in 1782 he went with his family to America, where Washington sat to him ; and he died in Philadelphia in 1790. His portrait of Garrick is now in the National Portrait Gallery.

[3] Dr. Maxwell Garthshore (1732–1812), physician to the British Lying-in Hospital, was the "double" of the great Lord Chatham. "This likeness," says a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (April, 1812), "once produced considerable sensation in the House of Commons. Lord Chatham was pointed to in the gallery ; all believed him to be there ; the person really present was Dr. Garthshore."



BENJAMIN WILSON, PORTRAIT PAINTER AND MAN OF SCIENCE
Etched by himself

foliage, and flowers curiously and deeply carved in wood over the entrance, similar to those remaining in Carey-street, and in Great Ormond-street. The late Mr. Powel, the colourman, and family, inhabited it;[1] and I have heard him say, that his mother, for many years, made a pipe of wine from the grapes which grew in their garden, which at that time was nearly one hundred feet in length, before the smoke of so many surrounding buildings destroyed their growth. This house has a large staircase, curiously painted, of figures viewing a procession, which was executed for the famous Dr. Misaubin, about the year 1732, by a painter of the name of Clermont, a Frenchman, who boldly charged one thousand guineas for his labour; which charge, however, was contested, and the artist was obliged to take five hundred. Behind the house, there is a large room, the inside of which Hogarth has given in his Rake's Progress, where he has introduced portraits of the Doctor and his Irish wife.

This plate of Hogarth's, which has never been understood by the collectors of that Artist's works, Mr. Powel ventured to explain thus:—The Rake, who has accompanied the girl to whom Dr. Misaubin had given his vicious pills, is threatening to cane him. The Doctor's wife, who has been cleaning a lancet after a recent operation, eyes the Rake with a full determination to enforce her vengeance, should he offer to put his threats into execution.[2]

[1] Edward Powell, oilman (*Kent's Directory*, 1802). The site of his house, No. 96, is now lost in Burleigh Mansions.

[2] Dr. Misaubin was a qualified French physician, who was greatly disliked for his arrogance. "The learned Dr. Misaubin used to say, that the proper direction to him was, 'To Dr. Misaubin, in the World'; intimating that there were few people in it to whom his great reputation was not known" (*Tom Jones*, Book XIII, Chap. II). Hogarth's Plate III of "Marriage à la Mode" represents the doctor's consulting-room in St. Martin's-lane, he figuring as a vile quack. The precise meaning of this picture, which the colourman

Of Dr. Misaubin, who brought a famous pill into England, there is a beautifully finished miniature, in the possession of George Musgrave, Esq. of Apsley End House, Bedfordshire, who, by the hand of our mutual friend, Henry Moyley, Esq. of Gray's-inn-square, has favoured me with the following interesting statement.

The family picture of Dr. Misaubin contains the portraits of his father, wife, and son. The latter was murdered when returning from Marylebone-gardens, aged twenty-three years. This picture was bought of his grandson, Mr. Angiband, of St. Martin's-lane, in the year 1799.

Mr. Angiband died, aged ninety-nine years and three weeks. Dr. Misaubin's father was a clergyman, and preached at the Spitalfields French Church; he was rather a celebrated preacher. The Doctor realized a great fortune by pills, &c. and left it all to his grandson, Angiband, who dissipated it, and died in St. Martin's Workhouse: he supported himself entirely by drinking gin, and died at last for want of it.—The picture alluded to is about seven inches by six, painted in body-colour, by Joseph Goupy,[1] and represents the Doctor in a library with his arm on a table, the hand holding a pen, and with the other hand giving a letter to his wife, who is standing by him, his son, apparently about seven years old, standing at his knees, and his father, in canonicals, writing at the table behind him. He himself is in a kind of lilac silk coat, his son in sky blue and silver, and his wife in a stone-colour gown. The name of the artist is on a book.

Mr. Standly[2] is also in possession of an original drawing by Hogarth, containing portraits of Dr. Misaubin and Dr.

claimed to give, has never been settled. For the various interpretations, see Mr. Austin Dobson's *Hogarth* (ed. 1898), p. 81–83.

[1] Joseph Goupy, who died in 1763, painted in water-colours and etched a series of plates after Salvator Rosa. A set of engravings of Raphael's cartoons, tinted by Goupy, was owned by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone (*Dict. Nat. Biography*). See Index.

[2] Henry Peter Standly. See Index.

Ward, which he has had engraved; the plate being destroyed after twelve impressions had been taken.

The next house claiming attention is No. 104, for many years kept by Williams, a Button-maker. Here, in a large house behind, Sir James Thornhill once lived,[1] who painted the staircase with subjects of allegory; which pictures are still upon the walls, and in very excellent condition, as they have never been cleaned. The Junior Van Nost, the Sculptor,[2] afterwards lived in it, who took the famous mask of Garrick from his face, which my father had for many years; it afterwards became the property of Mr. Thomas Grignon, and was, at his death, purchased by Mr. Mathews, the Comedian, and is now deposited in his curious and interesting gallery of theatrical pictures, busts, &c. at his villa, near the foot of Highgate-hill.[3] In this house, after Van Nost's time, Francis Hayman once lived; and also Sir Joshua Reynolds, before his knighthood, and before he went to live in the house, now No. 5, on the north side of Great Newport-street,[4] whence he went to Leicester-fields,

[1] "W. Williams & Son, Button and Plated Manufactory," is the entry in *Kent's Directory*, 1803; but the number is given as 103.—Sir James Thornhill's house was demolished not many years ago; it stood on the site of the Duke of York's Theatre.

[2] John Van Nost, son of the Piccadilly lead figure maker. Most of his work was done in Dublin and Cork, and he died in Dublin in 1787.

[3] The fine theatrical collection formed by Charles Mathews at Fern Cottage, Millfield-lane (for many years the residence of the late Mr. Elliott Stock), is now the property of the Garrick Club. There is a woodcut of Mathews's cottage in Howitt's *Northern Heights of London* (1869), p. 419. Charles Lamb said that with the exception of a Hogarth exhibition in Pall Mall the Mathews Collection at Highgate was the most delightful he had ever seen (Mr. Lucas's edition of *Lamb*, Vol. II, 294).

[4] Reynolds settled at 104 St. Martin's-lane with his sister Frances in 1752 or 1753. He soon removed to No. 5 Great Newport-street, now occupied by a firm of picture-restorers and called the Reynolds Gallery. Here he raised his prices to those charged by his master,

where he died. Upon the site of the present Meeting-house for Friends, vulgarly called Quakers, in Saint Peter's-court, stood the first studio of Roubiliac.[1] There, among other works, he executed that famous statue of Handel, for Vauxhall Gardens. Upon his leaving this studio, it was fitted up as a drawing-academy, supported by a subscription raised by numerous artists, Mr. Michael Moser being unanimously chosen as their Keeper. Hogarth was much against this establishment, though he presented to it several casts, and other articles which had been the property of his father-in-law, Sir James Thornhill. He declared, that it was the surest way to bring artists to beggary, by rendering their education so easy as one guinea and a half, and two guineas per quarter; since it would induce hundreds of foolish parents to send their boys to keep them out of the streets, whether they had talent or not.[2] However, the school commenced. Reynolds, Mortimer, M'Ardell, Nollekens, Spang, Taylor, so frequently mentioned in this work,[3] and my father, with numerous others, became members. Richard Dalton, Esq. the late King's Librarian,[4] gave this Academy a Greek dress for the use of the students when they studied drapery. It was agreed by the members, that they should ballot for the member who should put on this dress,

Hudson. In 1760 he removed to his famous house, No. 47 Leicester-square, celebrating the occasion by giving a ball.

[1] St. Peter's-court lay on the site of Messrs. Chatto & Windus's publishing offices, and contained the Quaker meeting-house now represented by the present meeting-house at No. 52, on the opposite side of the lane. St. Peters-, or Peter's-, court, with Hemming's-row, was demolished 1886–91.

[2] Hogarth was only anxious that certain regulations, conducive to equality of control among the students, should be adopted. In 1762 he was able to write: "By the regulations I have mentioned, of a general equality, etc., it has now subsisted near thirty years; and is, to every useful purpose, equal to that in France, or any other."

[3] John Taylor. See Index.

[4] See Index for other references to Dalton.

THE LIFE SCHOOL AT ST. MARTIN'S LANE ACADEMY
From a painting in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House

and stand for the space of one hour, for the others to draw from it. The black ball fell to Taylor, who remained in the same position for that time without discomposing the folds, and he declared to me that it was one of the most arduous tasks he had ever performed. Nollekens, well knowing the fatigue, always fought shy of his turn, by getting M'Ardell to stand for him.

Independently of their possessing a tolerable good collection of plaster casts, they had living models, both male and female, and often grouped two and three men as combatants; so that Mr. Flaxman, who sometimes placed the models in the Royal Academy, was not the first artist who introduced that mode of study. Upon the institution of the Royal Academy, when this academy was fast declining, parents found that they could send their sons to study in a national establishment free of any expense whatever. I am happy to say, that the admission is not now so easy as it was originally. Now, a lad must draw well, understand anatomy, and conduct himself respectably; so that, should he love his art, he will be attentive, respect the Keeper, and conform to the regulations of the Institution: indeed, the well-disposed parents of youths, so cautiously admitted, will feel double satisfaction in knowing that their sons are strictly and properly disciplined.

The house, No. 112, now, and for many years inhabited by Messrs. Woodburn,[1] four highly respectable brothers, was one of those old apothecaries' shops where immense snakes were exhibited in spirits, to allure the multitude. It was in my boyish days kept by Leake, the inventor of the "Diet Drink;" now, like Lockyer's once famous pills, nearly forgotten.[2]

[1] Woodburn Brothers, 112 St. Martin's-lane, were picture dealers. Samuel Woodburn is mentioned as an excellent judge of art in Chapter VII.

[2] Leake the "apothecary" was John Leake, M.D., the man-midwife, who at one time had a house and lecture-room in Craven-street. He was buried

The house adjoining Messrs. Woodburn, now No. 113, was built upon the site of one for many years held by Thomas Major, a good husband, father, and a sincere friend. He was born in London in 1719, studied at Paris under the inimitable Le Bas, and was an excellent Engraver, particularly in his subjects from Teniers. Major left St. Martin's-lane for No. 6, Tavistock-row, Covent-garden. Upon the death of the Die-engraver to the Stamp-office, Major was appointed his successor, a post which he filled with the strictest integrity. He died in 1799, in his eightieth year, deeply regretted by all who knew him, and was buried in Camberwell Church-yard.

Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens were very intimate with Mr. Major and his family, and their visits were frequent in Mortimer-street. I once attended Mr. Nollekens when he moulded one of his daughter's arms, which were very beautiful, and were frequently his examples for fine form, particularly when a monumental figure gave him an opportunity of displaying it to advantage. I remember he copied it closely whenever youthful round fleshiness was his aim. Mr. Major was a celebrated Engraver of Landscapes, which display a boldness of style peculiar to himself; or, if we discern any imitation of manner, possibly it may be that of Le Bas, under whom he studied. His engravings of the Seasons, after exquisitely finished pictures by Paul Ferg, one of the artists employed with Sir James Thornhill and others in the Chelsea China-manufactory,[1] do him infinite credit. My father was well acquainted with Ferg. Among other etchings by him, there are seven small upright ones of pastoral figures, executed with a clear and spirited

in the north cloister of Westminster Abbey. The *Dessertation* he wrote on his Diet Drink is a dubious production. Leake died at his house in Parliament-street, August 8th, 1792. For a more direct reference to Lionel Lockyer's pills, see Index.

[1] See note on Ferg at end of Chapter VII.

needle, a little in touch like the ten landscapes by Both; they were not unfrequently to be met with when I was a boy, but now old impressions are rather scarce. Mr. Major's plates from Teniers's pictures have great force, particularly those of the Four Seasons.[1]

The large Cheesemonger's, No. 114, formerly Girdlee and Slaughter's, but now Sloane, Leedham, and Co.'s, stands upon the site of Salisbury-house, a mansion occupied by several Earls of that title: there were lately, before the recent alterations, a few vestiges of the old building remaining, particularly in the kitchen. It has been, I understand, a constant tradition, that in Lord Salisbury's house in St. Martin's-lane, in the reign of James II. the seven Bishops were lodged before they were conveyed to the Tower.[2]

Among the many hundred circumstances which render the old Watch-house interesting to me, I may notice two in particular; the first is a rare and curious etching, exhibiting its front during a riot; the second, the elaborately carved stocks which, within my memory, were standing near the wall of the Watch-house, opposite to the centre of the portico of the Church. Upon the post or upright body of these stocks, were two figures most admirably well executed, of

[1] See Smith's biographical sketch of Major, *post*. The site of Major's house in St. Martin's-lane is now covered by the Public Library.

[2] No Salisbury House in St. Martin's-lane seems to have been occupied by several Earls of Salisbury. Robert Cecil, the first Earl, built Salisbury House in the Strand about the year 1600, and Queen Elizabeth dined there in 1602. The Seven Bishops were not lodged in St. Martin's-lane, nor yet at Salisbury House in the Strand, which, however, was attacked by the mob during the rejoicings on the acquittal of the bishops. But the Earls of Salisbury owned land in St. Martin's-lane: hence the name Cecil-court. Cecil House, on the north side of the Strand, the home of the great Lord Burleigh, belonged at one time "to the parson of St. Martin's-in-the-fields" (Stow). On these facts Smith's statements seem to be erected.

a man flogging another with the cat-o'-nine-tails. The strength and energy with which the executioner was scourging the culprit was as vigorous as any design by Michel Angelo. These stocks being much decayed, were taken down; but I was happy to see that the fragment of this carving, though wretchedly mutilated, was in some degree preserved in the vault under the church, which also contains many interesting portions of monuments taken down from the old structure.[1] It is a curious fact, that Mrs. Rudd requested to be placed near the coffins of the Perreaus. Melancholy as my visits to this vault have been, I frankly own that pleasant recollections have almost invited me to sing, "Did you not hear of a jolly young waterman?" when passing by the coffin of my father's old friend, Charles Bannister. Such are the impressions made in youthful days.[2]

I must now move on from the site of the stocks to a building, the door-way of which has been recently stopped up, the present entrance to it being from the King's Mews. It was for many years called "The Barn," but is now changed to the sign of "The Canteen:" which Barn is the same before described as frequented by the chess and whist players.

[1] When in quest of these parish stocks, Mr. Holden Macmichael was informed that they were "chopped up for firewood" by a former sexton about twenty years ago.

[2] The brothers Robert and Daniel Perreau, merchants, were executed for forgery in 1776, and were buried in a vault of St. Martin's Church. Mrs. Rudd, the mistress of Daniel, was admitted King's evidence. — Bannister was buried in a vault under the communion table. The vaults were grossly overcrowded with coffins. Their gruesome condition more than thirty years after Smith wrote these recollections is revealed in Frank Buckland's account of his search for the coffin of Dr. John Hunter in 1859, when its reinterment in Westminster Abbey was proposed. He found it after some days of disagreeable and dangerous search.

Before I begin with the other side of the lane, I must invite the reader to accompany me to the equestrian statue of King Charles I. at Charing-cross, to which I solicit his most particular attention; and this request I make, in order to prove how persons are apt to take things for granted from report only. This statue is the production of Le Sueur; and a report has been industriously circulated that the horse is without a girth, and that in consequence of the omission the artist destroyed himself. This report has been propagated by various persons; and, among others, Mr. Malcolm, the author of *Londinium Redivivum*, who roundly asserts that the horse is without a girth. If my reader will take the trouble, as Mr. Malcolm should have done, to look under the horse, he will see that there is a girth, and also that it presses upon the veins of the animal.[1]

Returning to the spot which we left, the pleasures of memory induce me to state that that noble building, Northumberland-house, which has lately undergone a total repair, can now vie with some of our palaces in the splendour of its internal architectural improvements, as well as in its magnificence of furniture; all of which, with the exception of a foreign cabinet or two, is of *English* manufacture. The staircase is superb, and entirely new.[2] The present Duke, who condescended (from the introduction of my

[1] On the left fore-foot of the horse is the rather damaged inscription, "Hubert Leseuer fecit, 1633." The date may be 1638. This was the first equestrian statue erected in England. It occupies the site of the Eleanor Cross at Charing. Before its erection the Civil War broke out and the statue was sold to a Holborn brazier named Rivett to be broken up; he professed to sell fragments as mementoes, but at the Restoration he produced the entire statue, which was erected on the present pedestal designed, it is said, by Grinling Gibbons. Le Sœur, who was a Parisian by birth, had his workshops in Bartholomew Close.

[2] On the demolition of Northumberland House in 1874, this marble staircase was removed to the late Mr. F. R. Leyland's house, No. 49 Prince's Gate.

worthy friend, John Gawler Bridge, Esq. of Ludgate-hill, whose house had supplied his Grace with one of Flaxman's Shields of Achilles) to show me the house, gave orders for many fine pictures to be brought out from all the spare rooms and upper apartments, which his Grace has had cleaned, framed, and hung up: an example to the other great families, who may at this moment have in their various country residences portraits which, if thus rescued, might probably, in many instances, prove of the highest moment to English history. In being permitted to examine Titian's picture of the Cornaro Family, so often spoken of, I am perfectly convinced that, under the hands of a proper cleaner, much of the filth and colour with which it has been loaded, may be removed with safety. It must have been gloriously painted.[1]

I never think of rescued portraits without recollecting with pleasure the truly spirited manner in which Lord Colchester, when Speaker of the House of Commons, established the Gallery of portraits of Speakers;[2] and I am sure, that if every formidable association, like the Kit-cat Club, the Dilettanti Society, and the Beef-steak Club, were to follow their examples, by procuring portraits of their former members, and also to keep up the collection by sitting for their portraits, we should then not only know where to search for portraits of some of the most celebrated characters of modern times, but the resemblances of many persons would thus be preserved, which might be otherwise forgotten or unknown.

[1] This picture is said to have been purchased by Algernon, Earl of Northumberland, from Vandyke, for 1000 guineas. Evelyn admired it in 1658, when the mansion was still called Suffolk House.

[2] Charles Abbot, Lord Colchester, was Speaker 1802–1817. But the custom of adorning it with portraits of successive Speakers dates from the time of Addington (1789–1801). See Mr. Arthur Irwin Dasent's *The Speakers of the House of Commons* (1911), p. xxxi.

The very next house east of the Duke of Northumberland's is No. 1 in the Strand; it is rendered curious by being the first house in London that was numbered.[1] The house opposite to it is No. 487, standing at the south-west corner of St. Martin's-lane, upon the site for so many years occupied by Jefferys, the Geographer to the late King.[2]

I cannot pass the Church, without repeating the observation made to me by the late Bishop Horsley.—"Mr. Smith, I admire your attention to old houses: my father was Clerk in Orders of St. Martin's-in-the-fields, and I should like to live in the old house which he inhabited; but then I must have the old furniture just as it stood when I was a boy." His Lordship added, that in his father's time, the Church was literally in the fields, and that he had often heard him say that there was a turnpike in St. Martin's-lane, leading to Covent-garden. No. 20 is a Public-house, called "The Portobello," with the date 1638 on the front. I remember it had Admiral Vernon's ship, extremely well painted by

[1] To determine where and when the numbering of houses began in London is hardly possible. The Strand was certainly not the first street to be numbered, but it may be that several houses in it bore numbers at an early date. Cunningham's statement that New Burlington-street was the first London street to be numbered is often quoted, but it seems to have no foundation; indeed, the date he gives, 1764, disproves it, because we have the explicit statement of Hatton, the topographer, that in Prescot-street, Whitechapel, the houses were "distinguished by numbers, as the staircases in the Inns of Court and Chancery," as early as 1708. Cunningham may have had in mind Hughson's statement that brass plates were first seen in New Burlington-street (Hughson's *London*, Vol. I, p. 536). Inasmuch as the numbering of houses was tried on a small scale in Paris as early as 1512, it is probable that similar experiments were made in London earlier than the eighteenth century; but the distinction which Smith gives to the Strand belongs, by weight of evidence, to Prescot-street.

[2] Thomas Jefferys, the map engraver, died November 20th, 1771. He published many geographical works.

Monamy, for its sign. This Public-house, with many other miserable dwellings, has given way for the public improvements which are now in progress.[1]

Tradition states that the space of ground called Moor's-yard was in early times a place for the execution of malefactors.[2] The Turnpike-house, mentioned by the Bishop of Rochester, stood, as I have been informed, on the site of Pullen's Wine-vaults, No. 28;[3] and it is stated by many of the oldest inhabitants, that the Earl of Salisbury, whose house stood nearly opposite, compromised with the parish for its removal, it being deemed so great a nuisance. The Westminster Fire-office was first established in this lane, and stood between Chandos-street and May's-buildings; it was then moved to Bedford-street, and since to King-street, Covent-garden, upon the site originally occupied by Lenthall, the Speaker.[4]

May's-buildings, bearing the date of 1739, was built by Mr. May, who ornamented the front of No. 43, in Saint Martin's-lane, in which he resided, consisting of two pilasters supporting a cornice; and it is, in my opinion, one of the neatest specimens of architectural brick-work in London.[5]

The site of the White Horse Livery-stables, now occupied by Hornby, was originally Tea-gardens; and south of them was a hop-garden, which still retains that appellation. The house over-hanging Hornby's gateway is supposed to

[1] See note on Monamy and this tavern, Chapter I.

[2] In Horwood's map of 1799 Moore's Yard is marked as an irregular space between St. Martin's Church and Chandos-street.

[3] John Pullen's wine vaults were on the site of the present Chandos tavern.

[4] Lenthall lived here in the early days of his Speakership before taking Goring House on the site of Buckingham Palace (A. I. Dasent, *Speakers of the House of Commons*).

[5] The court known as May's Buildings has been widened recently, but on the wall of the north corner house may be seen the original stone tablet, inscribed "May's Building." Two doors from the opening is Mr. May's old house, No. 43, preserving the pilasters and cornice mentioned by Smith.

be the oldest building remaining in the Lane, and from an inspection of the premises behind, I am inclined to consider that supposition to be correct.[1]

The extensive premises, No. 60, now occupied by Mr. Stutely, the Builder, were formerly held by Chippendale, the most famous Upholsterer and Cabinetmaker of his day, to whose folio work on household-furniture the trade formerly made constant reference.[2] It contains, in many instances, specimens of the style of furniture so much in vogue in France in the reign of Louis XIV. but which for many years past has been discontinued in England. However, as most fashions come round again, I should not wonder, notwithstanding the beautifully classic change brought in by Thomas Hope, Esq.[3] if we were to see the unmeaning scroll and shell-work, with which the furniture of Louis's reign was so profusely incumbered, revive; when Chippendale's book will again be sought after with redoubled avidity, and, as many of the copies must have been sold as

[1] George Hornby's livery stables were at No. 52 in 1826 (*Pigot's London Directory*).

[2] Martin Stutely, the builder, was at No. 60 in 1826. This site is now absorbed in the premises of the Charing Cross and West End and City Electric Supply Company.—Thomas Chippendale, the great furniture-maker and upholsterer, had made the house known by its sign "The Chair." In 1754, he published his "folio work," *The Gentleman and Cabinet-Maker's Director*. Dying in 1779, he was buried in St. Martin's Church; his son, Thomas, succeeded him.

[3] "The man of chairs and tables, the gentleman of sofas," was Sydney Smith's description of Thomas Hope, the wealthy connoisseur, who filled his house, No. 1 Mansfield-street, Cavendish-square, with fine sculptures and furniture. This mansion is described and illustrated in Britton and Pugin's *Public Buildings of London*. Its gallery, attached to the house, was in Duchess-street. The furniture was in accordance with the classic principles illustrated in Hope's work, *Household Furniture and Interior Decorations* (1807). Hope's romance, *Anastasius*, made Lord Byron weep, as he said, for two reasons—because he had not written it, and because Hope had.

waste paper, the few remaining will probably bear rather a high price.

No. 63, in Roubiliac's time, accommodated him with a distinct passage through to his premises, which site is now held by three persons; one is the Printer of a Sunday paper entitled *The Watchman.*

Finding myself in want of information respecting the last two houses to be mentioned in this place, which was in the power of a Mr. Banks to furnish, I went to his house, No. 3, Litchfield-street, when I particularly noticed the ceiling of the principal room on his first floor. It is divided into two compartments, and I am much inclined to believe was painted by the hand of Hogarth, not only from the style of colouring and the spirited manner of its pencilling, but from the expression of the heads of the figures so peculiar to him.[1]

The subject of the largest portion of the ceiling nearest the windows, consists of five figures, the size of life. They appear to me to be Time rescuing Truth from Hatred, surrounded by snakes; and Malice, holding a dagger in one hand, and a flaming torch in the other; a boy is flying above with the emblem of Eternity. This subject is in a circle within a square, the corners of which are decorated with busts and flowers spiritedly painted. The smaller compartment consists of four boys in the clouds. The principal one in the centre represents Fame with a trumpet; the others, Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. They are confined within an oval border. At the west end, are trophies of war, and at the east, two boys supporting drapery. Mr. Banks informed me that the house had been the residence of Lady Betty Paulet; and that Lord Hinchinbrook, who was then the owner of considerable property in that quarter, assured him that it had been a mansion originally of high

[1] "Mr. Banks," of Litchfield-street, was Benjamin Banks, a cabinet-maker. Smith's appears to be the only record of these decorations.

importance. When, about thirty years since, Mr. Banks made the purchase, he found the cornice and even the hinges of the doors gilt. From the heavy panelling of the rooms, and the large circular balls on the staircase, I should conjecture the house to have been built in the time of Oliver Cromwell, or Charles the Second; but the front is evidently modern, and the premises originally must have been more extensive.

In the large room behind Mr. Mouchet's, now No. 70, Mr. Hone had his Exhibition.[1]

The corner house of Long-acre, now No. 72, formed a small part of the extensive premises formerly occupied by that singularly haughty character, Cobb, the Upholsterer, who occasionally employed Banks, the Cellaret-maker, to whom I applied for information respecting him. Cobb, he said, was perhaps one of the proudest men in England; and always appeared in full dress of the most superb and costly kind, in which state he would strut through his workshops, giving orders to his men. He was the person who brought that very convenient table into fashion that draws out in front, with upper and inward rising desks, so healthy for those who stand to write, read, or draw. The late Sir Nathaniel Dance Holland, when he was a Portrait-painter, in Tavistock-row, Covent-garden, considered Cobb's tables so useful, that he easily prevailed upon the adonised Upholsterer, to allow him to paint his portrait for one; which picture, after it had remained in Cobb's show-room for some time, purposely to be serviceable, as he said, to the "*poor painter*," he conveyed, in his own carriage, to his seat at Highgate. It is curious to notice how often little events lead to others of high importance: it was in consequence of this portrait of Cobb, that Mr. Garrick became acquainted with Dance; whose acquaintance produced his most excellent picture of Richard the Third, which became the property of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, Bart.

[1] For a long account of this exhibition, see Chapter VI.

The late King frequently employed Cobb, and often smiled at his pomposity. One day, when Mr. Cobb was in his Majesty's library at Buckingham-house, giving orders to a workman, whose ladder was placed before a book which the King wanted, his Majesty desired Cobb to hand him the work, which instead of obeying, he called to his man, "Fellow, give me that book!" The King, with his usual condescension, arose, and asked Cobb, what his man's name was. "Jenkins," answered the astonished Upholsterer. "Then," observed the King, "Jenkins, you shall hand me the book."

His present Majesty, when passing through an avenue in Windsor-park, leading to the Royal Lodge, was once assailed by a rude boisterous fellow, standing astride with folded arms, who declared he would not pull off his hat to any King. His Majesty stopped his curricle, took off his hat, and with a smile said, "I will take off mine to the meanest of my subjects!" which so completely subdued his rude opponent, that he walked away hanging down his head with shame.

H. Gravelot, delin. *Publish'd according to Act of Parliament, 1 Nov., 1745. Printed for John Bowles at Black Horse in Cornhill* *C. Grignion, sculp.*

STRANGE UNDER MISS LUMSDEN'S HOOP SKIRT

From an engraving in possession of Charles Henry Hart, Esq., Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.

SIR ROBERT STRANGE

THE following anecdote of Sir Robert Strange was related to me by the late Richard Cooper,[1] who had the honour of instructing Queen Charlotte in drawing, and was for some time Drawing-master to Eton School. I shall endeavour to relate it as nearly as possible in his own words. "Robert Strange," said he, "was a countryman of mine, a North Briton, who served his time to my father as an engraver, and was a soldier in the rebel army of 1745. It so happened, when Duke William put them to flight, that Strange, finding a door open, made his way into the house, ascended to the first floor, and entered a room where a young lady was seated. She was at her needle-work and singing. Young Strange implored her protection. The lady, without rising or being the least disconcerted, desired him to get under her hoop.[2] He immediately stooped, and the amiable woman covered him up. Shortly after this, the house was searched; the lady continued at her work, singing as before, and the soldiers, upon entering the room, considering Miss Lumsdale alone, respectfully retired.

"Robert, as soon as the search was over, being released from his covering, kissed the hand of his protectress, at

[1] Richard Cooper the younger. The anecdote must have been derived from his father, to whom Strange was pupil in Edinburgh. See Chapter XI.

[2] At that time ladies wore immense hoops, as may be seen in all the portraits of the day, particularly in the print of Kitty Clive, in the character of the Fine Lady in Lethe. (S.)

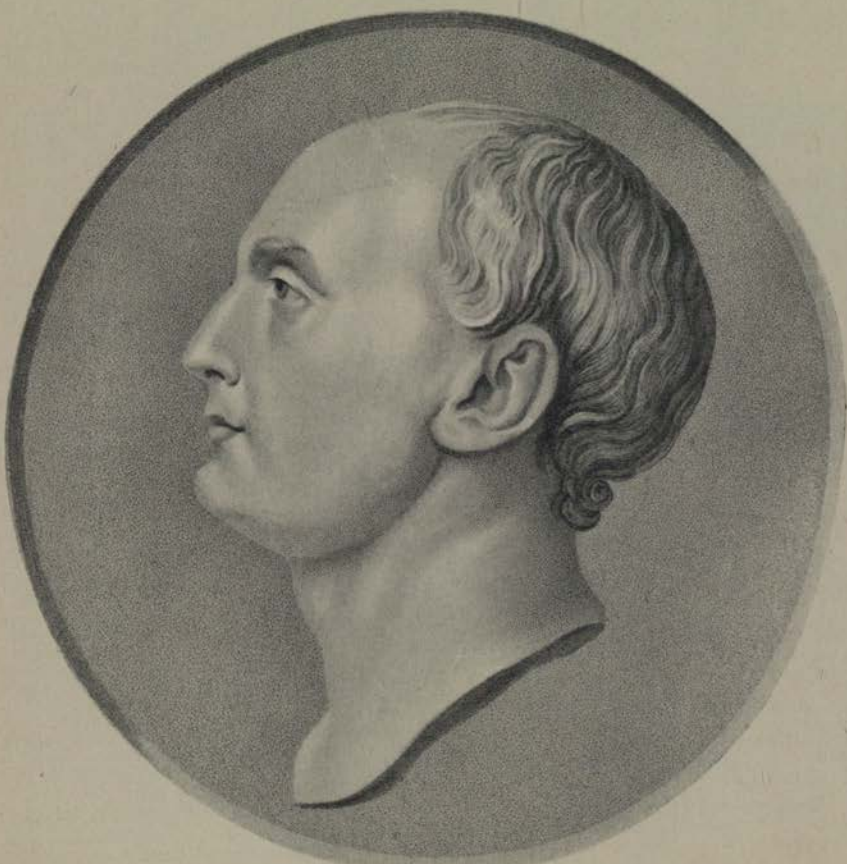
which moment, for the first time, he found himself in love. He married the lady; and no persons, beset as they were with early difficulties, lived more happily."

Strange afterwards became a loyal man; though for a length of time he sighed to be pardoned by his King, who, however, was graciously pleased to be reconciled to him, and afterwards knighted him. For this information, I am obliged to my worthy friend, Benjamin West, Esq. second son of the late venerable President of the Royal Academy.

Lady Strange was a native of Edinburgh; her maiden name was Lumisden.[1] She has been frequently known, with all the openness of a truly liberal mind, to relate—particularly when within the hearing of persons whose fine feelings were always shocked at even the very recollections of life's vicissitudes,—that, for a considerable time after her marriage, in consequence of the obdurate persecutions inflicted by her family on account of her union with Mr. Strange, she sat at her spinning-wheel, occasionally rocking her infant in its cradle with her foot: and that, many a time, after a severely cold or sultry day's work, as soon as creeping twilight had dimmed the vulgar and prying eye of curiosity, she ventured to steal out in a threadbare plaid gown, the best, and indeed only one of which she then was mistress, in order to dispose of that work which seldom cleared her more than sixpence, after deducting for the materials. Small, however, as the produce of these labours were, she has honestly declared that she felt the proudest independence in being able to add even that little to the equally industrious and scanty gains of one of the best of husbands, fathers, and men.

Lady Strange, who continued her friendship to Mrs.

[1] Misprinted "Lumsdale" by Smith. Isabella Lumisden was the daughter of William Lumisden, or Lumsden, an Edinburgh lawyer and sister of Andrew Lumisden, who was secretary to Prince Charles Edward, and fought at Culloden.



SIR ROBERT STRANGE
From the print engraved by himself

Nollekens, with whom she had been intimate ever since their youthful days, gave her several impressions of the engravings of her husband, who was unquestionably the best engraver England ever produced. Who can look at his most wonderful print of St. Cecilia, from Raffaelle, without astonishment at its brilliancy of effect? His close attention to the texture of each particular article, the sky, the clouds and earth, the linen, silk embroidered and woollen draperies, the metallic and polished surfaces, the hair of the youthful, the manly, and the robust figures, comprising the composition, and the several varieties of flesh, perhaps no one in any part of the world has ever equalled.

No man was more incessant in his application, or fonder of his art, than Sir Robert Strange; nor could any publisher boast of more integrity as to his mode of delivering subscription-impressions. He never took off more proofs than were really bespoken, and every name was put upon the print as it came out of the press, unless it were faulty; and then it was destroyed,[1] not laid aside for future sale, as has been too much the practice with some of our late publishers. Impositions, I regret to say, amounting to fraud, have been recently exercised upon the liberal encouragers of the Art, by sordid publishers, who have taken hundreds of proofs more than were subscribed for, purposely to hoard them up for future profit. Nay, I am shocked, when I declare that some of our *late* print-publishers have actually had plates touched up after they have been worn out; and have taken the writing out, in order that im-

[1] As Etchings and Proof impressions of Strange's plates are considered great rarities, I shall, for the information of collectors, insert a list of those preserved in the British Museum:—The Offspring of Love, Etching and Proof; Fortune, Proof; Venus attired by the Graces, Etching; Cleopatra, Proof; Belisarius, Etchings; King Charles the First with his Horse, Etching and Proof; Queen Henrietta Maria, (its companion,) Etching and Proof; Apotheosis of Prince Octavius, Etching and Proof. (S.)

pressions might be taken off, which they have most barefacedly published and sold as original proof impressions!

Lady Strange died, most highly respected, at Acton, in Middlesex, on the 28th of February, 1806. Sir Robert Strange died equally beloved, on the 5th of July 1792, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Paul, Covent-garden. Sir Robert was an Orkney man, and may be considered by far the first Historical-engraver this or any country ever produced.

THOMAS VIVARES AND WILLIAM WOOLLETT

I WELL remember Vivares: he was a little thin man, who usually wore a velvet cap, which was the custom in his time. He lived in Great Newport-street, in the house now No. 12. He was a beautiful etcher of trees, and was often assisted by Chatelain, a spirited picturesque etcher. Woollett was also a little man, and when I first saw him, lived in Green-street, Leicester-fields, in the house now No. 11.

Woollett's plates, particularly his early ones, are mostly engraved by himself; and I will relate an anecdote concerning him, which I received from the late Mr. Alderman Boydell, during the time he visited me, to notice the progress of my work, entitled "Antiquities of Westminster," one of the most anxious and unfortunate tasks of my life.[1]

[1] Smith's "unfortunate task," *The Antiquities of Westminster, The Old Palace, St. Stephen's Chapel, etc. etc.*, was published on June 9th, 1807. It originated in the discovery in 1800 of some important mural paintings behind the wainscoting of the Chamber. These were brought to Smith's notice by his friend Dr. Charles Gower, of Middlesex Hospital. Little official interest seems to have been taken in these paintings, but Smith resolved to copy them. He matched his pencil against the crowbars to accomplish the task, beginning his work at daylight each morning, giving way at nine o'clock to the workmen, who often removed in the course of the day the painting he had just copied. His method was to draw the subject and make careful memoranda of their colouring. Smith then began the preparation of his volume in collaboration with John Sidney Hawkins, the antiquary, eldest son of Sir John Hawkins, but this gentleman, whose "talents were over-

The Alderman assured me, that when he himself commenced publishing, he etched small plates of landscapes, which he produced in sets of six, and sold for sixpence; and that, as there were very few print-shops at that time in London, he prevailed upon the sellers of children's toys, to allow his little books to be put in their windows. These shops he regularly visited every Saturday, to see if any had been sold, and to leave more. His most successful shop was the sign of the "Cricket-bat," in Duke's-court, St. Martin's-lane,[1] where he found he had sold as many as came to five shillings and sixpence. With this success he was so pleased, that, wishing to invite the shopkeeper to continue in his interest, he laid out the money in a silver pencil-case; which article, after he had related the above anecdote, he took out of his pocket, and assured me he never would part with. He then favoured me with the following history of Woollett's plate of the Niobe; and, as it is interesting, I shall endeavour to relate it in Mr. Boydell's own words.

"When I got a little forward in the world," said the venerable Alderman, "I took a whole shop, for at my commencement I kept only half a one. In the course of one

shadowed by a sour and jealous temper" (*Gentleman's Magazine*), proved a difficult partner. The progress of the work was delayed, and Hawkins, who had written the preface and the first 144 pages of the work, required Smith to remove his name from the title page. Smith's explanation to the subscribers, embodied in the work, led to a controversy with Hawkins which is now without interest. The success of the volume was further jeopardized by the disastrous fire which consumed Bensley's printing works in Bolt-court, Fleet-street, on November 5th, 1807, in which 400 remaining copies of the work were destroyed, besides 5600 prints, of which 2000 had been coloured and gilded by Smith and his wife. Smith's folio, to which the leading connoisseurs of the day were subscribers, remains indispensable to students.

[1] Duke's-court was opposite St. Martin's Church in the portion of the lane now lost in Trafalgar-square.

ALDERMAN JOHN BOYDELL, PATRON OF ARTISTS AND PRINTSELLER
From an engraving by B. Smith after C. Borckhardt

year I imported numerous impressions of Vernet's celebrated Storm, so admirably engraved by Lerpinière ;[1] for which I was obliged to pay in hard cash, as the French took none of our prints in return. Upon Mr. Woollett's expressing himself highly delighted with this print of the Storm, I was induced, knowing his ability as an engraver, to ask him if he thought he could produce a print of the same size, which I could send over, so that in future I could avoid payment in money, and prove to the French nation that an Englishman could produce a print of equal merit ; upon which he immediately declared that he should like much to try.

" At this time, the principal conversation among artists was upon Mr. Wilson's grand picture of Niobe, which had just arrived from Rome.[2] I, therefore, immediately applied to his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, its owner, and procured permission for Woollett to engrave it. But before he ventured upon the task, I requested to know what idea he had as to the expense, and, after some consideration, he said he thought he could engrave it for one hundred guineas. This sum, small as it may now appear, was to me an unheard-of price, being considerably more than I had given for any copper-plate. However, serious as the sum was, I bade him get to work, and he proceeded with all possible cheerfulness, for, as he went on, I advanced him money ; and though he lost no time, I found that he had received nearly the whole amount before he had half finished his task. I frequently called upon him, and found him struggling with serious difficulties, with his wife and family, in an upper lodging in Green's-court, Castle-street, Leicester-fields ; for there he lived before he went into Green-street.

[1] Daniel Lerpiniere, a pupil of Vivares, practised in London, and died in Lambeth in 1785. He engraved two companion sea-pieces, " Calm " and " Storm," after Vernet.

[2] The copy of this picture which Wilson painted for Sir George Beaumont is now in the National Gallery.

However, I encouraged him, by allowing him to draw upon me to the extent of twenty-five pounds more ; and, at length, that sum was paid, and I was unavoidably under the necessity of saying, ' Mr. Woollett, I find we have made too close a bargain with each other ; you have exerted yourself, and I fear I have gone beyond my strength, or, indeed, what I ought to have risked, as we neither of us can be aware of the success of the speculation. However, I am determined, whatever the event may be, to enable you to finish it to your wish ; at least to allow you to work upon it as long as another twenty-five pounds can extend, but there we positively must stop.' The plate was finished ; and, after taking a very few proofs, I published the print at five shillings, and it succeeded so much beyond my expectation, that I immediately employed Mr. Woollett upon another engraving, from another picture by Wilson ; and I am now thoroughly convinced, that had I continued in publishing subjects of their description, my fortune would have been increased tenfold."

Of Woollett's glorious engraving of Niobe, we have a most brilliant proof on India paper in the British Museum, a similar one to which has been sold for fifty pounds. Should this page meet the eyes of Mr. Burke, and such liberal gentlemen who are willing to persevere in their encouragement of Modern Art, I trust, for the honour of England, should our landscape-Engravers possess talent and inclination to produce similar works to those of Woollett's Niobe, Phaêton, Celadon and Amelia, Ceyx and Alcyone,—productions hitherto standing alone,—that they will sanction the labours of artists who have, as well as our respectable publishers, so seriously of late felt an unprecedented depression, in consequence of the most glaring misconduct of several speculators : and I hope a time will soon arrive, when the grand pictures of Turner, Callcott, Arnald, &c. will be selected by some spirited publishers, for the purpose of producing other Woolletts.

As Mr. Strutt, in his Dictionary of Engravers, has neither given the time of Vivares's birth, death, nor place of burial, it will be some information to state, that Francis Vivares was born in the village of St. John, in France, July 11th, 1709; that he came to England in 1718, where for some years he followed the trade of a tailor; and that he died November 26th, 1780, and was buried at Paddington.[1]

William Woollett was born at Maidstone, August 27th, 1735, and died May 23rd, 1785, being buried in the churchyard of the old church of St. Pancras.[2]

[1] Vivares, who is said to have been the father of thirty-one children, was born at St. Jean de Bruel, near Montpelier. He kept a print shop in Great Newport-street. The *Dict. Nat. Biography* gives the date of his death in 1780 as November 28th, Redgrave, November 26th.

[2] The inscription in the engraving of Woollett's gravestone in Smith's own *Antiquities of London* (1791) shows the date of Woollett's birth as August 15th, the date given by Redgrave and adopted by the *Dict. Nat. Biography*. But Allen's *History of London* (1828) has August 29th, while in the inscription on the Woollett monument in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey we read August 22nd. On Woollett's gravestone, which may still be seen in St. Pancras old churchyard, someone wrote the following lines with a pencil:

"Here Woollett lies, expecting to be sav'd,
He grav'd well, but is not well engrav'd."

Smith quotes these lines beneath his own print of the tomb in his *Antiquities of London* (1791), and adds: "It is not improbable that these lines gave rise to a noble subscription for erecting a monument to Woollett's memory in Westminster Abbey, to which Benjamin West, Esq., and Mr. Alderman Boydell were very liberal subscribers. The tablet is in the west cloister.

FRANCESCO ZUCCARELLI, R.A.

ZUCCARELLI was a native of Pitigliano, near Sienna. After studying under Morandi and Nelli, he was much noticed by Mr. Smith, the British Consul,[1] who encouraged him to visit England, where he was employed at the Opera-house as a Scene-painter; though he soon quitted that employment for the patronage of the late King, and some of the first nobility. Frederick Prince of Wales collected his pictures; and those large circles which were engraved by Vivares, and many others formerly at Kew, are now in the royal apartments at Windsor; in which splendid palace there are also many by Canaletti in his finest style. It is a curious fact, that the latter Artist frequently painted the buildings in Zuccarelli's Landscapes.

Most of Zuccarelli's pictures were painted in turpentine only, covered with a coat of varnish, which always produces a cheerful effect. The late venerable President, Mr. West, who first met him at the English Coffee-house at Rome, informed me that he died at Florence, the 30th of December, 1788, at the advanced age of eighty-six.

Zuccarelli was one of the first members of the Royal Academy; and during the first three years of its exhibition,

[1] The well-known "Consul Smith," a collector of pictures, books, etc., from whom George III bought (for 10,000*l.*) a large collection of choice Italian books now in the King's Library at the British Museum.

MACBETH AND THE WITCHES

Painted by Francesco Zuccarelli, R.A. Engraved by William Woollett

resided in Piccadilly.[1] He is wholly unmentioned by Fuseli, in the Appendix to his edition of Pilkington's Dictionary.

[1] Sandby says that between 1752 and 1773 Zuccarelli "seemed to reign over the public taste of England." There are fine examples of his art in the Glasgow Gallery. It was Zuccarelli who, in Venice, prompted Richard Wilson to turn from portrait painting to landscape. This advice was given on the evidence of a sketch in oil made from the window of Zuccarelli's apartment. (T. Wright: *Life of Richard Wilson*, 1824.)

MARCELLUS LAROON (THE YOUNGER)

CAPTAIN LAROON practised the Arts at the same period as Hogarth; and as he often witnessed the nocturnal revels at Moll King's[1] and Mother Douglas's, (alias Mother Cole,) which so delighted Hogarth, the Captain's productions often resemble in subject those of the great painter of human character and manners. I have seen at Strawberry-hill, a large and spirited drawing, in red chalk, by Captain Laroon, exhibiting the inside of Moll King's. Kirgate, Mr. Walpole's domestic printer,[2] bought it for him at an evening auction about forty years ago. There is also an engraving of the same room, in which a whole-length of Mr. Aprice is introduced in a full court-dress. An impression of this plate, which is extremely rare, is carefully preserved by H. P. Standly, Esq. of the Middle Temple, as an addition to Hogarth's first print of the Four Times of the Day, in which that Artist has introduced Moll King's house.

Laroon drew sometimes with red chalk, but more frequently with a black-lead pencil. His drawings are truly spirited, and display a liquid flow of touch peculiar to

[1] For fuller references to Moll King and Mother Douglas, see Index.

[2] Thomas Kirgate, who died in 1810, was for more than thirty years printer to Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill. After his death appeared "A Catalogue of the Valuable and Curious Collections, late the property of Thomas Kirgate." He was Walpole's secretary as well as printer, and references to him in Walpole's letters are frequent.

himself; but what is highly honourable to his memory, is, that his productions are entirely his own, not assisted in the least by the hand of another man. An ungentleman-like practice often resorted to by some of our *would-be* amateurs, is regularly to invite three or four artists separately to dine with them, in order to coax and wheedle them to touch upon their pictures; which they afterwards have the barefaced audacity to display in public exhibitions, as specimens of their own talented productions, and positively declare themselves slighted if their pictures are not hung in the best places, in preference to the works of those men who *avowedly* make the Arts their profession, and support their establishments by their labours.

Upon reference to Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting in England*, and finding so little of the Laroon family, and fortunately being in possession of a manuscript life drawn up by the Captain, in his own hand, I shall here insert a copy of it, as a curious addition to Mr. Major's late splendid edition of the work of Lord Orford; which the Editor, the Rev. James Dallaway,[1] has rendered more interesting by inserting lists of the portraits executed by some of the principal Painters, and also the names of their present possessors; which is valuable to the traveller and collector, and particularly so to those who illustrate the interesting reign of that splendid patron of the Arts, King Charles the First.

The following is Captain Laroon's statement:—[2]

"I write the following memorandums, not as a regular account of battles, sieges, or other actions I have seen, but

[1] Dallaway's edition of Walpole's *Anecdotes* appeared in five volumes, 1826–1828. It was published by John Major, who issued many sumptuously printed works, and was a noted bibliographer.

[2] This long narrative arises out of the fact that in 1707 Laroon was introduced to the Duke of Marlborough, and in consequence served in the Earl of Orkney's regiment, and was present at the operations at Oudenarde, Lille, and Ghent. Two years later he was serving

for the satisfaction of my particular friends, who, perhaps, might be desirous to know how I have spent my life. I leave out all private occurrences. My father's as well as grandfather's name was spelt Marcellus Lauron; I was christened by the same, but being called Marcellus Laroon, I wrote my name always so.[1] I was born the second day of April, 1679, at my father's house in Bow-street, in the Parish of Covent-garden, London. My grandfather, Marcellus Lauron, was a native of France, by profession a Painter, and lived in Holland many years. It never came to my knowledge where he married, or of what country his wife was. At the Hague, he had several children. My father's elder brother, as well as my father, was a Painter, and remained in Holland and died there; his performances were not greatly esteemed. My father came to England a young man; he died at the age of fifty-three, at Richmond in Surrey, and was buried there. He studied closely and made great improvements, and the impartial must allow him a great degree of merit, as some portraits, and many easel-pieces, demonstrate. He married an Englishwoman, the daughter of Jeremiah Keene, Builder, of Little Sutton, near Chiswick, and by her had many children. We were three sons left, brought up by him to painting, and my father gave us other necessary learning and accomplishments; we had French-masters, learned writing, arithmetic, fencing, and dancing. He entertained in his house a very good master of music, whose name was Moret, who

under General Stanhope in Spain, where he was taken prisoner. On exchange of prisoners he returned to London and again served under Stanhope during the Rebellion of 1715. After being on half-pay for eight years he was given a troop in Brigadier Kerr's Dragoons. He left the Army in 1732, and died at York in 1772.

[1] "Pliny mentions the city or town of Lauron, and such a place is also mentioned by Plutarch. It was in Spain, and was besieged and taken by Sertorius, in the sight of Pompey." (S.)

performed on several instruments,—with design, as my father had a very good ear, to learn of him to play on the six-stringed viol; but my elder brother, ten years old, took up the instrument, and executing Moret's instructions better than my father, he ordered him to teach my brother. We had frequent concerts of music at our house. I was then about seven or eight years of age, and was judged to have an inclination to music, by being often found scraping on a fiddle in some private place. I was then put under Moret's discipline, to learn to play on the violin. We both made such progress, that in about two years we could perform *à livre ouverte.*

"We still went on with our painting. I was about eighteen years of age, when the Congress met at Ryswick. My father was willing that I should see foreign parts, and I was made one of the six pages to Sir Joseph Williamson,[1] one of the English Plenipotentiaries. Mr. De la Faye was then his Secretary. We set sail for Helvoet Sluys, in company with a great number of ships; we were surprised by a violent storm, which lasted three days, in a very dangerous situation; the wind blowing into land; we were near the coast of Holland and at anchor; but the storm abating, we got safe on shore. We went to the Hague, where Sir Joseph resided till the peace was concluded. About the time of signing the peace, the Earl of Manchester (then sent Ambassador to the Venetians) passed through the Hague. My father had taken measures to place me with the Earl, and I was made his page. We were one and twenty in family, almost all English. Mr. Slangau was then with us as Secretary to the Embassy.

[1] Sir Joseph Williamson (1633–1701), the diplomatist and President of the Royal Society, accompanied the Earl of Pembroke and Lord Villiers to the Congress at Nimeguen, which resulted in the signature of the Peace of Ryswick September 20th, 1697. He remained, however, at the Hague until March, 1699.

"We passed through Cleves to Cologne, where we all embarked on board two large vessels (fastened together, with all our baggage) on the Rhine, and were drawn against that strong stream by a great number of horses to Frankfort, from whence my Lord and all his suite travelled in different voitures by Inspruk, and through the Tyrol mountains to Muran; from whence we were transported in proper vessels to Venice. My Lord's residence was in a large palace upon Canal Regio; he made his entry in very magnificent gondolas, two whereof were very richly carved, gilt, and ornamented. We stayed at Venice about four months, in which time I was at their operas, and saw all that was usually shown to strangers. My Lord then set out on his return to England. We went from Venice to Padua, and passed on to Verona, Vicenza, Bergamo, Brescia, Milan, so to Turin, where we stayed three days; then we passed over Mount Cenis in very severe weather; went by Montmellian, Verceil, and embarked on the rapid river Rhone, and came to Lyons; from thence to Paris, where we stayed some time, and from thence to Calais, where we embarked, and landed safe in England. I then returned to my father's house. The whole expedition was in the compass of a year.

"As my father's circumstances were not such as would enable him to give us fortunes, we were obliged to learn to earn a living; we then went on in painting; but a quarrel I had with my younger brother, (for we were three,) which I thought unjustly supported on his side by my father, made me resolve to leave him. Having some knowledge in music, I threw myself on the theatre in Drury-lane, about the year 1698, where I continued, not as an actor, but a singer, for about two years. I grew weary of that manner of life, left it, and returned to painting, which I practised till the year 1707, when I got acquainted with Colonel Gorsuch, commandant of the battalion of Foot Guards, then upon service in Flanders, in which I resolved

to carry arms. I was so happy as to have for my friend Colonel Molesworth, aide-de-camp to the Duke of Marlborough: with him I had the favour to pass the sea in the yacht with the Duke, to whom I was introduced on board. We arrived safe in Holland.

"I then joined the battalion of Guards, with Colonel Gorsuch, and did sometimes duty in the regiment as a cadet; and we took the field. That campaign we had neither battle nor siege: the enemy, as it was rumoured, had formed a design to attack the Duke of Marlborough's quarters, to carry him off in the night. His quarters being some distance from the grand army, and covered only by the battalion of Guards, the out-guards and sentries were doubled, and a sentry was to be placed at the door of the Duke's bedchamber. I desired to have that post, and chose not to be relieved the whole night, which passed without any disturbance from the enemy.

"At the end of this campaign, the Duke of Marlborough gave me a Lieutenant's commission in the Earl of Orkney's first battalion, and I was sent to England to raise recruits. The next spring, I returned to Flanders with ten men: I served the campaign in 1708; and at the battle of Oudenarde, our regiment was ordered to dislodge the enemy, who had posted themselves in some very strong inclosures, and we pushed them out with small loss. We had a Lieutenant killed, and a few men wounded. Our battalion made part of the detachment, of about six thousand men, under the command of General Webb. At the battle of Winnendall, two spent musket-balls struck me, one on the forehead, another on the left arm, which caused a contusion, which was a month healing. The enemy were about twenty thousand men; but we had the advantage of woods on each side, into which were ordered two regiments whose fire did great execution on the enemy's flanks. As night came on, they retired with considerable loss; and the convoy of provisions and ammunition to finish the siege

of Lisle, got safe to our grand army. I was left that night with thirty men on the skirts of our camp.

" At the siege of Ghent I had the advanced-guard at the opening of the trenches. The morning after the trench was completed, I was in conversation with some of our officers and some of the battalion of Guards: it being a very thick fog, one of the town came and fired among us, and shot me through the shoulder, and the next day I was sent to Brussels. In the campaign of 1709, I served at the siege of Tournay, and had the advanced-guard at the opening of the trenches; served in the trenches the whole siege, several duties on battering-pieces, and bomb-batteries.

" The latter end of 1709, I came to London. Mr. Craggs[1] desired me to go to Spain with him and General Stanhope, who commanded the English forces then in Spain. I quitted my commission in Lord Orkney's regiment, and attended General Stanhope to Spain. I and Mr. Craggs's Secretary went post from Utrecht through Germany to Genoa; we stayed at Genoa fifteen days, and then General Stanhope, Mr. Craggs, and all the servants, baggage, &c. went on board a man of war, accompanied by another, and sailed to Barcelona, and I immediately took the field. The beginning of the summer 1710, having no commission, General Stanhope made me Deputy-quartermaster-general of the English troops, in which employment I served the whole campaign.

" The enemy, whose army was superior to ours, marched to Balaquet, where we were encamped. Maréchal Staremberg drew up our troops upon some hills, and posted the army advantageously. At the foot of the eminence was an old, demolished fort, where he had placed a good detachment, and a battery of cannon. The enemy came on in two lines upon an open plain, and the battery from an old fort played upon them with success. The hills were not so difficult of ascent as to hinder the horse of both armies

[1] James (" Secretary ") Craggs, the friend of Addison.

from gaining the top, where their cavalry and ours faced each other for two hours: Colonel Borgard had planted a battery, from which he fired with great slaughter among the Spanish horse, who stood it with incredible resolution for a considerable time. The enemy finding us in good posture to receive them, declined the attack, and marched away.

"Some time after, happened the battle of Almenara. Upon our march we saw the enemy advancing very fast to get possession of a high hill. We marched with all expedition also, and were met on the height of the mountain, upon a plain scarce wide enough to draw up our foot in two lines. The horse on both sides advanced in two lines; General Stanhope, turning to our men, cried out, '*In the name of God we will beat them!*' and charged the enemy with great resolution, broke through, and routed them entirely; many were driven, horse and man, down the precipice; and had not night come on, their army would have suffered greatly: unhappily, one of our batteries playing mistook Count Hassau's regiment for the enemy, and by a shot, Count Hassau, a cornet, and a dragoon were killed.

"At the battle of Saragosa, as I had no commission, I desired to go on a volunteer with Colonel du Bourgay's regiment of foot, then commanded by Lieutenant-colonel Burgess, to whom I applied. He made me a compliment, and lent me his own fusee, bayonet, and cartouch-box. We lay on our arms all night. I was placed on the right of the grenadiers; our regiment was in the front line. Upon the discharge of a piece of artillery, which was the sign for advancing towards the enemy, we marched forward to meet them, they, at the same time, advancing to meet us. We marched upon a rising ground, and did not see the enemy till we were within twenty yards of him. We had orders to receive their fire, and accordingly went on with our arms recovered; but, being so near, it obliged one side to begin, which they did, and gave us their full discharge, but did not

kill many of our men, for most of their shot went over our heads, and killed more in Dormer's regiment, which was in our rear. We then levelled at them, and sent a well-directed discharge among them, which broke their ranks, and they fled. We pursued them with great slaughter a great way, and took about five or six thousand prisoners. We were then masters of Saragosa.

"From thence we marched to Madrid, and stayed some time; and from thence eight or nine regiments of dragoons, Harvey's horse, and a battalion of the Scotch Guards, marched to Brihuega, under the command of General Stanhope, all which regiments were very weak by battles, sickness, and desertion.

"While we were at Madrid, not having intelligence, being in an enemy's country, we were surprised and encompassed by the French and Spanish forces; General Stanhope immediately sent Captain Cansby (one of his aide-de-camps) to Maréchal Staremberg, with an account of our situation. The enemy began to fire from several batteries of cannon, and with ease beat down an old Moorish wall of no strength. Our men were all dismounted, and defended bravely at the breach. The Scotch Guards suffered much; but notwithstanding the whole power of the enemy, if our men had not been scanty of ammunition, they had not entered the place. As we suspected no army near us, that article had been neglected.

"During the preparations for our defence, General Stanhope, General Carpenter, Colonel Dormer, &c. &c. &c. from a tower, were viewing their approaches: General Stanhope had ordered a parapet to be made for our men to fire over; he saw that it was not high enough, and sent me with his orders to have it raised higher. I had no way to go down to the officers but through the gateway, and down the side of a hill, quite exposed to the enemy; which I did, but received no hurt, though a good number of shot were levelled at me. I delivered the orders, and returned the

same way, through the same fire, to the General, with the answer of the officer, that his orders should be obeyed; but it not being immediately done, I was a second time sent, and, by great good fortune, escaped many more shot that was discharged at me.

" The Marshal not coming to our relief, the enemy having entered some parts of the town, General Stanhope ordered the chamade; and capitulated, that the generals and all the officers should keep their own equipages, but the troops to surrender prisoners of war, and give up all their horses and arms. Accordingly we marched out prisoners; General Stanhope and some officers were sent to Valladolid, and the troops were dispersed to different towns.

" King Philip (who, after the battle of Saragosa, was on his way towards France,) returned to Saragosa, where the Court was kept. The Duke of Vendôme, who commanded the troops, was also there. General Stanhope was sent for to Saragosa to treat upon the exchange of the troops. The General went, attended by Mr. Furley, his secretary, Colonel Moyser, Captain Killigrew, and myself. We stayed there about a month, but nothing was concluded; and General Stanhope, with the same suite and his servants, were sent to remain at a town called Najera, upon the confines of Biscay, where we remained, till we were exchanged: we were prisoners, with liberty to go out where we pleased to divert ourselves, about twenty months.

" As soon as released, we passed by Pampeluna, over the Pyrenean Mountains, and came to Pau in Bearne, where Henry the Fourth of France was born. Here we stayed till the ratification of the exchange of the prisoners was completed; this was in the year 1712. We went from thence to Bordeaux, where at that time the Maréchal de Montrevil was Governor. General Stanhope and his suite were invited to dine with him; his entertainment was very noble. From Bordeaux, we travelled to Paris; myself and Captain Killigrew went post to Paris, and from thence

to Calais, and passed the sea to Dover, and returned to London.[1]

"In the year 1715, when the Rebellion began in the North, several new regiments of dragoons were raised; Colonel William Stanhope (now Earl of Harrington) had one, in which I was made Captain-lieutenant; the regiment was completed at Leicester, and we were ordered to march to Lancashire. Our regiment only was at Lancaster. When the rebels advanced towards us, we retired to Preston, and from thence to Wigan, where General Wills joined us with several regiments of dragoons, and Colonel Preston's regiment of foot. We then marched towards the enemy, and met him in the road between Preston and Wigan. They had a design of turning off towards Manchester, but finding us so near them, retired with some precipitation to Preston, (without defending Ribble Bridge,) and barricaded the avenues; all the dragoons were dismounted, and the horses were linked together and put into the adjacent fields with a sufficient number of men to take care of them. General Wills then invested the place, and sent to Liverpool for two or three pieces of cannon to force the barricades. In the interim, he ordered an attack to be made by Preston's regiment and a good body of dragoons, but with bad success; they being quite exposed, and the enemy firing from behind the barricades, and from windows, and other holes under cover. They were obliged to retire with great loss. General Carpenter, with four regiments of dragoons, then joined us, and the enemy surrendered. A court-martial sat, and two or three of their officers were commanded to be shot, which was executed on two of them. Lord Murray, son to the Duke of Athol, was recommended to his Majesty for mercy; the King was graciously pleased to pardon him; the rest of the prisoners were sent to London.

[1] "At the latter end of the campaign 1710, General Stanhope made me Lieutenant of Dragoons, which regiment was afterwards broke" (Laroon).

"When this affair was over, Colonel Stanhope and Colonel Newton, with their regiments, were ordered to march to Scotland, to join the forces there commanded by the Duke of Argyle. Our regiment went to Glasgow, and afterwards joined Lord Cadogan and the army at Stirling, and marched, in very hard weather, towards the enemy. The Chevalier de St. George was with him; he did not stay to give battle, but embarked and went off to Montrose.

"Their army then dispersed, and ours were sent to different quarters; but some time after, some clans were again in arms, upon which a sufficient number of troops were sent into the Highlands, and about five hundred dragoons. We marched by Badenoch, to the Blair of Athol; from thence to Inverness, where we encamped. The clans being dispersed, we marched towards Edinburgh, and Colonel Stanhope's regiment was quartered at Inerask, and Musselburgh. From thence to Dumfries, where we remained some time; then marched to England, and were quartered at York and the neighbouring towns. The Colonel's troop was quartered at Tadcaster. Our Lieutenant-colonel disposed of his commission to our Major Manning. Captain Gardiner had the majority, and I had the troop. The regiment broke in a short time after.

"I continued on the half-pay about eight years. Lord Cadogan got me the King's sign-manual, for the first troop of dragoons that should become vacant in any of the regiments then in Great Britain. I was disappointed of two. In the year 1724, his Majesty gave me a troop in Brigadier Kerr's dragoons, in which station I served till the year 1732. Major Stewart, of the same regiment, having no troops, was allowed by the King a pay of a troop till he was provided for. I made over my troops to him, and his Majesty was graciously pleased to give me the pay of Captain of a troop, as was before received by Major Stewart.

"MARCELLUS LAROON."

This veteran died at York, June 2nd, 1772, in his ninety-third year. His family were frequently mentioned by Mr. Nollekens, as one of the most eccentric with whom his father and mother had been intimate. Mr. Welch observed, that whenever Captain Laroon was named by Henry Fielding, he said, " I consider him and his friend Captain Montague, and their constant companion, Little Cazey, the Link-boy, as the three most troublesome and difficult to manage of all my Bow-street visitors." The portraits of these three heroes are introduced in Boitard's rare print of " The Covent-garden Morning Frolic." Captain Laroon is brandishing an artichoke; Captain Montague is seated in a drunken state, at the top of Bet Careless's sedan; which is preceded by " Little Cazey," as a link-boy; of whom there is also another portrait, in the character of Captain Macheath, between two women, as Polly and Lucy: but this plate is by no means so rare as that first mentioned. Cazey was transported for stealing a gentleman's gold watch.[1]

[1] Information concerning these Covent Garden characters may be found among the caricatures of the period, and in some rare pamphlets and broadsides. On the death of Moll King (who was the widow of Tom King) in 1747 a book was published entitled *Covent Garden in Mourning, a Mock Heroic Poem, containing some Memoirs of the late celebrated Moll King, and anecdotes of her Sisters, particularly Mrs. D- - gla-s*, etc., and in the same year *The Life and Character of Moll King, who departed this life on Thursday the 17th of September*, 1747. Long after her death, and indeed down to recent times, the name "Moll King's-row" at Haverstock Hill perpetuated the memory of this woman who, when she turned from iniquity in Covent Garden, built three houses here and died in one of them.

Betty Careless was a Covent Garden beauty, so esteemed, whose name occurs in the last plate of Hogarth's "Rake's Progress," where it is inscribed on the stair banister of the mad-house thus: " Charming Betty Careless." The melancholy lunatic sitting on the stairs is her crazy admirer, William Ellis. Betty, according to a writer in *Notes and Queries* (June 6th, 1896), was buried from the poor-house of St.

THE COVENT GARDEN MORNING FROLIC
Drawn and engraved by L. P. Boitard, 1747

There are the remains of a curiously-gilt folding-screen in the great room of Hornsey-Wood House, most beautifully painted by Captain Laroon; upon which two of the figures are particularly spirited and full of broad humour, and represent a Quack Doctor and his Merry-Andrew, claiming the attention of, and amusing, the surrounding gaping and credulous spectators.

Captain Laroon was Deputy-chairman, under Sir Robert Walpole, of a club, consisting of six gentlemen only, who met at stated times in the drawing-room of Scott, the Marine-painter, in Henrietta-street, Covent-garden;[1] and

Paul's, Covent Garden, April 22nd, 1752.

The Boitard print mentioned by Smith appears to be that which is numbered 2877 in the *Catalogue of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum, Division I: Political and Personal Satires*, and entitled "The Covt. Garden Morning Frolick —Gaillardise du Commun Jardin," but not attributed to any artist. Louis Pierre Boitard died in London in 1758.

The portrait of "Little Cazey" as Captain Macheath is described by Bromley as that of "Casey, a squinting beggar boy in the character of Macheath in prison," engraved by Booth after Craig. John Green (*Odds and Ends about Covent Garden*) says that Cazey was "a little fellow, extremely ugly and vicious, a complete blackguard, without shoes or stockings; would lay on the dung-hills; was much noticed, being a link-boy of the Garden, by Captain Montague and Godfrey, who would frequently carry Cazey in a sedan, encourage his low wit and smutty stories; however, Mr. Cazey, after being frequently taken up, was confined for theft. Mad Captain Montague," he adds, was "a celebrated noisy character round Covent Garden."—For previous mention of Moll King and other Covent Garden characters, see Chapter V.

[1] This passage is doubtless the source of the frequent statement that Sir Robert Walpole was a member of this coterie at the house of Samuel Scott, but it seems more probable that his eldest son, Sir Edward Walpole, should be named. Sir Edward Walpole was Scott's patron, and seems to have been the first owner of his picture of "Old London Bridge" now in the National Gallery. (See Smith's *Ancient Topography of London*, p. 25.) John Green (*Odds and Ends*

it was unanimously agreed by the members, that they should be attended by Scott's wife only, who was a remarkably witty woman. Captain Laroon made a most beautiful drawing of the Members of this club in conversation, of which I was allowed to make a tracing when it was in the possession of my late worthy friend James Deacon, Esq. of James-street, Pimlico; who also had a remarkably fine portrait in oils of his father, painted by Captain Laroon, under whom he had studied the art of painting as an amateur.

Mr. Deacon held a situation in the Excise Office, with his friend Charles Rogers, when that gentleman was preparing his work, published in 1778, in two volumes, entitled, *A Collection of Prints in Imitation of Drawings*, &c.;[1] for which Mr. Deacon engraved two wood-blocks. The first is a Combat of Lions, after a drawing by Luca Cambiaso, which he executed in 1763; and the second is of a *Ciborio*, or Pyx, for holding the Host, from a drawing by Carlo Maratti; which bears the date of 1765. Mr. Deacon assured me that he actually cut the whole of the two engravings entirely with a penknife; and they were executed on pear-tree, on the side way of the grain.

Mr. Deacon's father succeeded Zincke,[2] the famous En-

about Covent Garden) says that the club consisted of Sir Edward Walpole; Mr. Martin, Secretary to the Board of Excise, who lodged with Scott; Mr. Robert Mann of the Customs House; Mr. Deacon; and Scott and his wife. He does not, however, name Laroon.

[1] Charles Rogers's work was issued in two sumptuous folios, and contained copies of drawings by the old masters made by such engravers as Bartolozzi, Ryland, Basire, and others. Rogers devoted much of his life to it. His death in 1784 was consequent on his being knocked down in Fleet-street by a butcher's boy on horseback. His portrait, engraved by Bartolozzi, after Reynolds, is copied in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LIV.

[2] James Deacon, senior, miniature painter and wood-engraver, died in 1750. In the British Museum Print Room there are portrait studies by him of Samuel Scott and his wife.—For Zincke, see Index.

ameller, in his house in Covent-garden, and lost his life by a jail fever, which he caught at the Old Bailey, in May 1750, at the trial of Captain Clarke, when sixty-four persons lost their lives ; of whom were Sir S. Pennant, Lord Mayor, Sir Thomas Abney and Baron Clarke, Judges, and Sir Daniel Lambert, Alderman.[1]

[1] Hardly more extraordinary than this calamity was the means adopted to prevent its recurrence. A windmill was erected on the top of old Newgate in 1752 to draw the foul air out of the gaol. An old print shows this contrivance.

CHARLES MACKLIN

I RECOLLECT going to Covent-garden Theatre to see Macklin take leave of the public.[1] Shylock was the character he appeared in; he spoke very low, and was deficient several times; and at last, on his coming forward with a wish to address the house, he could only utter, in a tremulous voice, "My age, my age!" Upon which simple and feeling appeal, the audience encouraged him with reiterated plaudits. I have seen in the possession of a theatrical friend, a whole-length portrait of Macklin, in a Highland dress, holding a dagger in his left hand, entitled "Shylock turned Macbeth. Young Vanity, inv. Old Envy, sculp." At the back of this print, which is of a quarto size, a remarkably good likeness of that celebrated actor, and extremely rare,—for I know of no other impression, —some former possessor has made the following observations:

"Mr. Macklin, some short time before he left the stage, thought himself capable of performing Richard, Macbeth, and other of Shakspeare's principal characters. He had been superior in Shylock to almost any person who had ever attempted it; but it certainly was too late for him to attempt Macbeth, &c. Had he been permitted to have proceeded without opposition, the attempt would have died

[1] Macklin made his farewell on May 7th, 1789, at the age of ninety-nine. He was unable to mutter more than a few words, and the part of Shylock was played by his understudy.

away of itself; but opposition made him persist, though he was at last obliged to give it up. No man conceived the part better than Macklin; but he was too old to carry his own ideas into execution. To commemorate this attempt of Mr. Macklin's, many caricatures appeared, and *this* among the number."

Nollekens, by refusing to model a bust of Macklin, incurred his bitterest displeasure. "Do I not see," demanded the Actor, "your bust of Garrick in every barber's shop-window, as a block for wigs?"—"No," answered Nollekens, "it is not my bust; it's Van Nost's. Mr. Garrick was always fond of patronising foreign artists: he employed Roubiliac to carve the figure of Shakspeare; and he was frequently sitting to Demar, the wax-modeller, who did hundreds of profiles of him. Zoffany and Loutherbourg he always recommended, and he used to have them at his country-house."

Within the last year of Macklin's life, I saw him stand in Covent-garden, watching the weight of some cherries, and heard him say, "I *will* have my weight; give me my *weight*."

It is a very remarkable fact, that when he died, the persons who conducted his funeral differed widely as to his age; and the coffin-plate was, on that account, left blank, though many persons had been applied to in order to ascertain the period of his birth.[1] My amiable friend, the late Thomas Grignon, attended the funeral, and just as the men were lowering the coffin into the vault, a letter, containing a copy of the register of his birth, was put into the hand of the chief-mourner, who immediately took out his penknife, and scratched upon the blank space 107. The following is a copy of the inscription

[1] The date of Macklin's birth is still conjectural. His age is commonly given as 107.

upon the monument erected to his memory on the south wall, within the church of St. Paul, Covent-garden, where he was buried.

Sacred to the Memory
Of CHARLES MACKLIN, Comedian.
This Tablet is erected
(With the aid of Public Patronage)
By his affectionate widow, Elizabeth Macklin.
Obiit 11th July, 1797, ætatis 107.

Macklin! the Father of the modern Stage,
Renown'd alike for Talents and for Age,
Whose Years a Century and longer ran,
Who liv'd and died 'as might become a Man,'—
This lasting tribute to thy worth receive,
'Tis all a grateful public now can give:
Their loudest plaudits now no more can move;
Yet hear thy Widow's 'still small voice' of Love.

SAMUEL PATERSON, THE AUCTIONEER

IN my boyish days, I was much noticed by that walking-library, Samuel Paterson, when he was an Auctioneer, and residing in King-street, Covent-garden, after he had left his rooms in Essex-street, in the Strand, formerly the residence of Sir Orlando Bridgeman.[1] The late Mr. John Nichols favoured me with the following card, which may now be considered as a great rarity.

Mr. PATTERSON, at Essex-House, in Essex-street, in the Strand, purposes to set out for the Netherlands, about the middle of the month of May, and will undertake to execute commissions of all sorts, literary or commercial, in any part of Flanders, Brabant, or the United Provinces, with the utmost attention and integrity, upon reasonable terms.

Neither is it incompatible with his plan, to take charge of a young gentleman, who is desirous of improving by travel; or to be the conductor and interpreter of any nobleman or man of fortune, in that, or a longer tour, during the summer and autumn vacation from his usual business.

To be spoke with every day, at Essex-House aforesaid.

27th March, 1775.

Paterson was originally a Stay-maker; he was a most amiable man, and the best book-catalogue-maker of his time. He was the earliest auctioneer who sold books singly in lots; the first bidding for which was six-pence, the advance three-pence each bidding, until five shillings

[1] Sir Orlando Bridgeman, Lord Keeper, was living in 1669 at Essex House, which stood on the site of Essex-street, Strand. Part of the mansion remained until 1777.

were offered, when it rose to sixpence ; and by this manner of disposing of property, no book was overlooked.

Mr. Paterson's reading was so extensive, that I firmly believe he had read most of the works he offered for sale in the English language ; and I was induced to believe so from the following circumstance. I happened to be with him one evening, after three cart-loads of books had been brought into the auction-room, to be catalogued for sale ; when, upon his taking up one, which he declared to me he had never seen, he called to the boy who attended him to bring another candle and throw some coals upon the fire, observing, that he meant to sit up to read it. I have also frequently known him, on the days of sale, call the attention of the bidders to some book with which he considered that collectors were but little acquainted. In one instance, he addressed himself to Dr. Lort[1] nearly in the following words. " Dr. Lort, permit me to draw your attention to this little book. It contains, at page 47, a very curious anecdote respecting Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, of which I was not aware until I read it during the time I was making my catalogue." I recollect two shillings had been offered for the book before he addressed the Doctor, who requested to see it, and, as he turned over the leaves, a three-penny bidding being nodded by him, induced Dr. Gosset,[2] who sat

[1] Michael Lort, D.D. (1725–1790), frequently named in Horace Walpole's letters, had been Dr. Mead's librarian, and Regius Professor of Greek, Cambridge, where he was esteemed by Gray. For many years he was rector of St. Matthew, Friday-street. Madame D'Arblay describes a conversational bout that he had with Dr. Johnson at Streatham. " He is altogether out of the common road without having chosen a better path," is her comment on his career. After a carriage accident at Colchester, Dr. Lort died at 6 Savile-row, November 5th, 1790.

[2] Dr. Isaac Gosset, who died in 1812, was one of the most learned and voracious bibliophiles of his day. His hunchback figure was familiar in every sale room, and as " Lepidus " he is portrayed in Dibdin's *Bibliomania*. His love

opposite, also to request a sight of it; another nod was the consequence, and the biddings for this book, which might at first have been knocked down for a few shillings, increased to the sum of one pound five. Mr. Paterson had rather an impediment in his speech, which rendered him incapable of pronouncing every word with equal correctness; but, notwithstanding, his excellent judgment and extensive reading were so great, that he delivered in his auction-room a series of Lectures upon Shakspeare's Plays, to which he admitted me gratis. They were very well attended; George Steevens, Edmund Malone, and Barry the Painter, being among the auditors.

Mr. George Keate[1] has observed, that a man of business should not indulge in much reading, if he wish to make money; and it was certain that Paterson gave up too much of his time to the contents of his books, without looking to the amount of his gains: indeed, so little did he profit by his occupation as an auctioneer, that he was at length glad to become the Librarian of the first Marquess of Lansdowne, with whom he remained until death deprived him of his patron, at which time the library was sold, and poor Paterson discharged. He was an honourable and industrious man, and subsequently supported himself by now and then making book-catalogues. His friendship for me knew no abatement; and I had the painful duty of attending his funeral from Norton-street, together with his old friends, Walker, the Teacher of Elocution; Mortimer, the Author of *Every Man his own Broker;* Waldron, well known as a collector of materials for the *Life of Ben Jonson;* John Ireland, who was then preparing his *Anecdotes of Hogarth;* James Pearson, the celebrated Glass-stainer, who married Paterson's daughter Margaret, (lately deceased); and Paterson's two sons, the youngest of whom was Samuel,

of vellum procured him the sobriquet "Milk-white" Gosset.

[1] See Smith's biographical sketch of Keate, *post*, and the account of his talk with Mrs. Nollekens, Chapter VI.

Dr. Johnson's godson, in whose favour he wrote the letter to Sir Joshua Reynolds, given in Boswell's *Life of Johnson.*[1]

Upon our arrival at the church-yard of St. Paul, Covent-Garden, it was discovered that the vault, which had been made for Paterson's wife, was at least six inches too short for his own coffin; we were, therefore, under the painful necessity of seeing the funeral ceremony performed above-ground, in order that the clergyman might not be detained; and the corpse actually remained uninterred until a bricklayer could enlarge the vault for its reception. I am shocked to state, that this is not a solitary instance of inattention to measurement of graves; since, as a mourner, I also witnessed another at the interment of the Rev. James Bean, late of the British Museum.[2]

Upon Paterson's leaving his Auction-room in King-street, it was taken by the triumvirate, King, Collins, and

[1] Walker was John Walker, the author of the Pronouncing Dictionary.

Thomas Mortimer, miscellaneous writer and author of the *British Plutarch,* is mentioned in D'Israeli's *Calamities of Authors.* His *Everyman his Own Broker* (1871) was a "guide to the Stock Exchange," where he had "lost a genteel fortune."

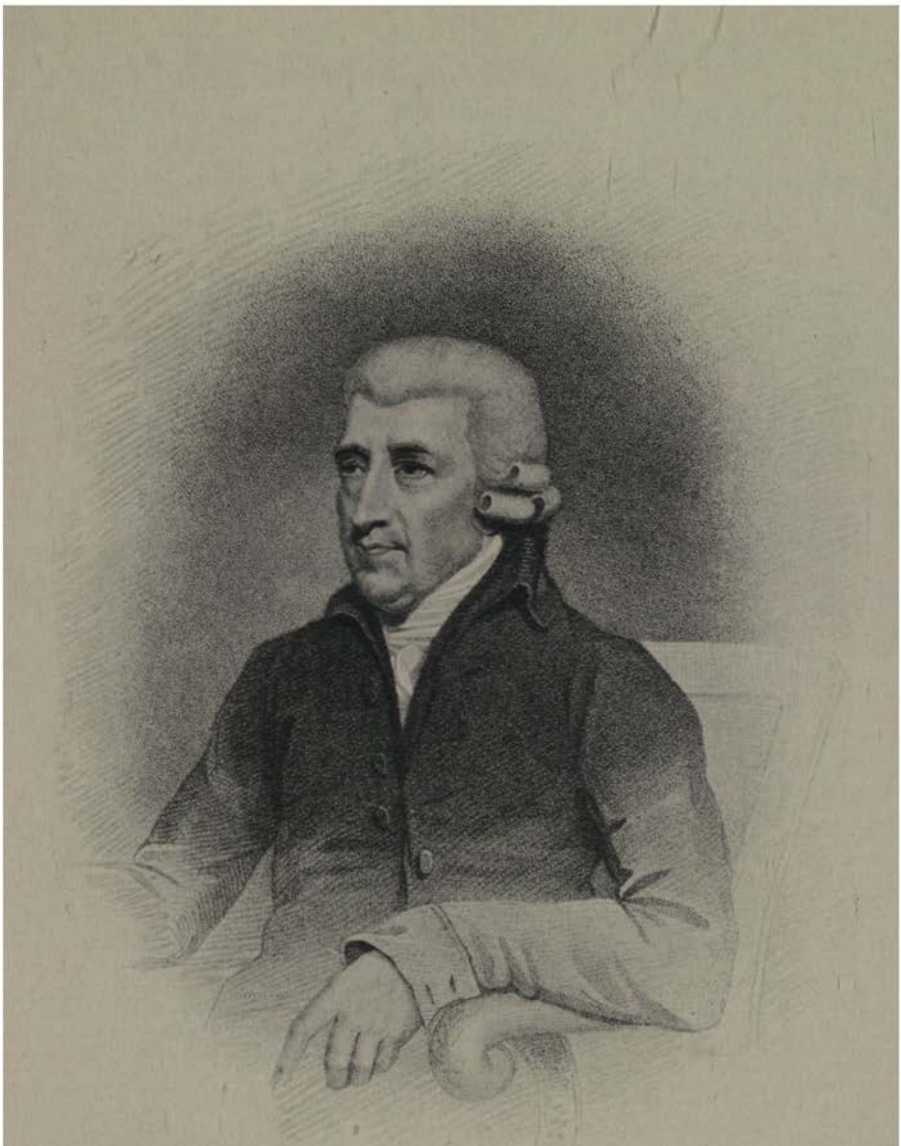
Francis Godolphin Waldron, actor and author, wrote on dramatic history, and acquired Peter Whalley's collection of material relating to Jonson.

John Ireland, who had been a watchmaker in Maiden-lane, was employed by Boydell to compile *Hogarth Illustrated,* which remains the chief fountain of information concerning Hogarth's prints.

James Pearson, the glass-stainer, improved the art. His work may be seen in Brasenose College, Salisbury Cathedral, and several London churches. He was ably helped in his art by his wife, Eglinton Margaret, daughter of Paterson, the auctioneer.

Dr. Johnson's letter to Sir Joshua Reynolds is dated August 3rd, 1776; in June, 1783, he again wrote to Reynolds on this young man's behalf.

[2] The Rev. James Bean, assistant librarian at the British Museum, died in 1826, and was buried in the ground of St. George's, Bloomsbury. He had held the vicarage of Olney, Bucks.



JOHN WALKER, ELOCUTIONIST AND AUTHOR OF
"WALKER'S DICTIONARY"
From an engraving by R. Hicks after James Barry, R.A.

Chapman, who held it for the sale of books and prints, but occasionally let it out for an evening; and it was here that the veteran Collins gave what he called his "Evening Brush,"[1] consisting principally of anecdotes of persons who had left this world before the birth of three-fourths of his audience. But what renders this room far more memorable is, that it was under this roof that Charles Dibdin commenced his *London Amusement;* and here his pathetic and popular song of "Poor Jack" was often encored: a song of itself sufficient to immortalize its author. This delightful composition was in such requisition, that for months the printers could not produce it fast enough; and Dibdin actually hired a stall, which then stood close to the corner of the Piazza in Russell-street, such as was formerly called a "by-stander," and similar to those erected in front of the Royal-Exchange for the sale of newspapers, being large enough for Wood, his man, to stand in to deliver out the songs. The crowd and scramble to get them, even wet from the press, was such, that I have seen persons fight for their turn; while others were glad to get out of the mob without their change, congratulating themselves upon the possession of "Poor Tom Bowling," or "Poll and my Partner Joe."

Miss Welch, when she could not prevail on her sister, Mrs. Nollekens, to accompany her, was generally seen seated in the middle of Dibdin's room, attended by James Barry, the Painter; with whom she would now and then walk to

[1] John Collins (not the auctioneer just mentioned) was born at Bath. His poem "Tomorrow," beginning "In the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining," is included in Palgrave's *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics.* His entertainment "The Brush," or "The Evening Brush," drawn from his experiences as an actor, was a medley of stories, songs, and recitations, and extremely popular; many of its items are to be found in his book *Scripscrapologia; or, Collins's Doggerel Dish of all Sorts,* printed at Birmingham, 1804. He died in that town May 2nd, 1808.

the Catholic Chapel. She was often heard to speak of Barry with more than common kindness, though she considered his conduct at times not altogether justifiable, particularly when he was rude to Mr. West, a man whom she respected above most of her acquaintance.

WILLIAM CUSSANS

WILLIAM CUSSANS, or CURZONS, a native of Barbadoes, who lived upon an income allowed him by his family, was a most eccentric fellow, perfectly good-tempered, and particularly well known in Covent-garden and its vicinity. Mr. Yerrel, my informant, knew him well. Cussans once hired himself as potman, under Paddy Moore, at the north-west corner of Russell-street, in Covent-garden; where he fined the beer, served it out, and collected in the pots, receiving the half-pence people thought proper to give him; these he put by, and upon his departure, at the expiration of his stipulated time, he distributed them amongst the servants of the house. During this and several other whims, he never was known to smile, nor would he attend to any thing but the business in which he was engaged.[1] He once went as a coal-heaver for a month, and whatever he said he would do,

[1] Cussans's waitership is explained by John Green in his privately printed *Odds and Ends about Covent Garden* (1867) as following "a wager that he would serve as waiter for three months without being at any time out of humour, and this he did." Green adds that Cussans was reported to be a natural son of Lord Scarborough, and that he was well educated and extremely eccentric.—John Moore, known as "Paddy" Moore, kept the Red Lion tavern in Covent Garden. "At his house more wine was drawn than beer. The Prince of Wales frequented Moore's" (Green). — Smith's informant, James Yerrall, or Yerrel, as he prints his name, kept the "Salutation" tavern in Tavistock-street, known familiarly as the "Nook."

he steadfastly performed. He made an excellent chimney-sweeper at the masquerades at the Pantheon and the Opera-house; and was author of the popular song of Robinson Crusoe, though, since his death, it has been claimed by several other persons. One of the verses runs thus:

> He got all the wood
> That ever he could,
> And he stuck it together with glue so;
> He made him a hut,
> And in it he put
> The carcase of Robinson Crusoe.[1]

One evening, when walking in the Temple-gardens, he accosted three ladies, by asking them if they ever saw a man swim; "No," said one, "nor do we wish to see such a sight." "But you shall," said he, and immediately jumped into the water with his clothes on; upon which they were alarmed; and he, after some time swimming about, upon coming to the shore, made them a most elegant bow, and though in his dripping state, was recognized as the eccentric Mr. Cussans. He then joined his friends at Jemmy Yerrel's, at the "Salutation," in Tavistock-street, and commenced his nightly quantum of wine: he would sometimes take eight pints at a sitting without being the least intoxicated.

The old sign of the Salutation, at the corner of Tavistock-court, Tavistock-street, was pulled down by Mr. Yerrel, the landlord; who informed me that it consisted of two gentlemen saluting each other, dressed with flowing wigs and square pockets, large enough to hold folio books, and swords at their sides, being the dress of the time when the sign was put up, which is supposed to have been about

[1] This song is said to have been published by E. Bates, Blackfriars-road, in 1797. It was entitled, "Oh, poor Robinson Crusoe. A favourite Comic Chaunt, written and sung by Mr. Cussans at the Royal Circus and Sadler's Wells with universal applause" (*Notes and Queries*, February 20th, 1869).

1707, that being the date on a stone at the Covent-garden end of the Court.[1]

Cussans subsequently went to Barbadoes, where he stayed about three years, after which, on his return to England, he died.

[1] Larwood places the "Salutation" in Tavistock-road. It was known at one time as "Mr. Bunch's" and was patronized by the Prince Regent. Lord Surrey and Sheridan were his associates, and the trio were nicknamed Blackstock, Greystock, and Thinstock."

JOHN OPIE, R.A.

OPIE, or OPPY, as his name was pronounced in Cornwall, was a native of Truro, and certainly owed his success in the commencement of his career to Dr. Wolcot, then practising as a physician at Foy; who compassionately took him as a lad to clean knives, feed the dog, &c. purposely to skreen him from the beating his father would now and then give him for chalking the saw-pit all over with stars, which were at that time known under the denomination of "Duke Williams."

Oppy, for so we must for the present call him, always stayed a long time when he went to the slaughter-house for paunches for the dog; at last, the Doctor was so wonderfully pleased by John's bringing home an astonishing likeness of his friend, the carcase-butcher, that he condescended to sit to him, and the production was equally surprising. The Doctor then showed these specimens to his neighbours; and a friend of the name of Phillips, a gentleman who possessed great taste in the Arts, wrote to his brother George, the late Bookseller in George-yard, Lombard-street, to send him colours, pencils, and every other requisite for a painter. This he accordingly did, and with these, to the great astonishment of the inhabitants of Foy, Oppy painted a portrait of a parrot walking down his perch, so cleverly, that the artist received the greatest compliments that possibly could be paid to him, by all the parrots in the town continuing to notice it whenever it was presented to them. Dr. Wolcot assured my father, that when he asked

the lad how he liked painting, his answer was " Better than my bread and meat."

The Doctor finding such genius in his boy John, no longer employed him as his servant ; but introduced him generally to his friends, most of whom had their portraits painted by him at seven-and-sixpence each ; and when the Doctor came to London he brought Oppy with him, who could then boast of having thirty guineas in his pocket, which he had carefully preserved.

Before John entered London, his friend the Doctor, who had tried to place him with several artists as their pupil, thinking the pronunciation of Oppy rather vulgar and well knowing the importance of first impressions, had sufficient music in his soul to change it to Opie, a name owned by an old Cornish family.[1] By this name he was introduced to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was so highly pleased with his performances, that he gave him his advice for some time before he was announced as " the wonderful Cornish genius." In the year 1782, he exhibited for the first time at the Royal Academy. His picture was an Old Man's Head, and certainly displayed great talent. At this time he lived in Orange-court, Leicester-fields,[2] where he met with great encouragement from the late Sir Richard and Lady Hoare, the late Sir Merrick Burrell, the Misses Wyatt, of East

[1] Wolcot and Opie came to London in the spring of 1780 virtually in a commercial partnership : Wolcot was to write, Opie to paint, and they were to divide their profits equally, but finding that his pictures sold better than his partner's rhymes Opie terminated the arrangement at the end of the first year.—The statement that Opie altered the spelling of his name is disputed by his exhaustive biographer, Ada Earland, in her *John Opie and His Circle* (1911) : the name was " always spelt Opie by the artist and his family, but the local pronunciation was, and is, Oppy."

[2] Mr. Northcote informs me, that at the time Opie lived in Orange-court, the adjoining streets were thronged with carriages, filled with the highest rank and beauty, to sit to the Cornish wonder. (S.)

Grinstead, &c. whose portraits he was employed to paint for my lamented friend Richard Wyatt, Esq. of Milton-place, Egham, the patron of Opie,[1] and of many other eminent artists, and from whom I received the following anecdote.

Opie once painted a child asleep, over which a ghastly assassin stood in the act of striking it with a poniard: upon his showing his patron this performance, Mr. Wyatt exclaimed, "Shocking! shocking! the child is so beautiful, that even those who do not love children would shudder at the idea." He therefore advised the Artist, who had painted it upon speculation, to put out the villain, introduce a venerable old man, and call it "Age and Infancy." This he did, and the picture immediately met with a purchaser.[2]

Opie's appearance at this time was uncouth in the extreme, and the manner in which he sometimes conveyed his remarks to elegant females was vulgar and coarse;[3] nor

[1] Sir Richard Hoare, of Barn Elms, Surrey. — Sir Merrick Burrell, of West Grinstead, who had been governor of the Bank of England, died April 6th, 1787.—Wyatt was one of Smith's own early patrons, and of the Misses Wyatt we read in his *Book for a Rainy Day* that they were "delightful persons, and much noticed at the Egham Balls, for one or two of which occasions I had the pleasure of painting butterflies on a muslin dress, and also imitating the 'Sir Walter Raleigh,' the 'Pride of Culloden,' and other curious and rare carnations on tiffany, for their bouquets, which were then scented and much worn."

[2] Fuseli said of Opie (according to Wolcot): "Dere is dat poo-re dogue Opee—de fellow can paint notin but teeves and morederers — an' wen de dogue paints a teef or a morederer he lookes in de glass."—If Opie sold "Age and Infancy" he must have made a copy, for it was his Diploma picture, and is now at Burlington House.

[3] Opie's uncouth appearance was to some extent due to the stage management of Wolcot, who lodged with him in Orange-court. To Hearne, who suggested that the new-comer should polish his exterior, he replied, "No, no! you may depend on it, in this wonder-gaping town, that all curiosity would cease if his hair were dressed, and he looked like any other man; I shall keep

was his address much improved by marriage. His first wife was in no respect like his second ;[1] in whom he found an elegant friend, who took great pleasure in his improvement, and in whatever delighted or comforted him. After his marriage with her, he lectured on Painting at the Royal Institution ; and his Lecture was not only well received, but its delivery gave him confidence, and enabled him to ascend the rostrum of the Royal Academy ; in which he delivered his ideas with a manly firmness, to the great satisfaction of the eminent members of that truly national establishment : which at present holds, and I trust ever will hold, a high superiority over the boasted talents of all the foreign schools and associations united.

It is a curious fact, that Opie's picture of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox was not wholly painted from the life ; since Opie was obliged, in consequence of the few sittings which that minister could allow him, to borrow Nollekens's bust to finish it from.

Dr. Wolcot, who certainly had been Opie's great and earliest friend, was of late frequently heard to complain of his want of gratitude ; and indeed Opie, who was never at a loss when the retort-courteous was called for, has been often known to observe, when any one spoke of the Doctor, " Ay, in time you will know him." Wolcot certainly was a very capricious and irreligious man, and, I am sorry to say, like other sordid persons, ridiculed his best friends when they were not present to defend themselves. He said

him in this state for the next two years at least " (*Library of the Fine Arts*, Vol. IV, 1832).

[1] Opie's first wife was Mary Bunn, the daughter of an Aldgate solicitor and money-lender: he married her at St. Martin's-in-the-fields, December 4th, 1782. They were ill-suited to each other, and their troubles ended in a divorce. Opie's second and more dignified marriage was to Amelia Alderson, of Norwich, who became one of the most popular story-writers of her time. For further references to the husband and wife, see Smith's sketch of Ozias Humphry, *post*.

of Twiss, the Traveller,[1] when a friend praised him, " Yes, Sir, he is clever, but his dealings are all in the small ware." To some of the artists who had been civil to him, he was fretful and uncertain. No man could have been kinder to him than Mr. Bone, the celebrated Enameller,[2] who has ever maintained a station, not only pre-eminent in his Art, but also as a husband, a father, and a friend; yet this gentleman he used extremely ill. The Doctor had been intimate with Richard Wilson, and became possessed of several beautiful little pictures from the pencil of " Red-nosed Dick," which now contribute so great a lustre to the small, but well-chosen collection of modern British art, made by that worthy son of Old Drury, John Bannister.

[1] See a reference to Twiss in Chapter IX.

[2] Henry Bone, R.A. See next chapter.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.

OF all the various styles of engraving, Sir Joshua Reynolds considered that of mezzotinto as the best calculated to express a painter-like feeling, particularly in portraits; and I have often heard him declare, that the productions of M'Ardell would perpetuate his pictures when their colours should be faded and forgotten.[1] Fortunate are those collectors who can boast of proof-impressions from the portraits of Sir Joshua: they of themselves form a brilliant school of Art, not only for the grace displayed in their attitudes, but also for the grandeur of their chiaro-scuro, and for the delightful portions of landscape with which many of them are embellished, and which are not only highly appropriate, but are often as rich as those of Titian, Rubens, or Rembrandt. Mr. Nollekens was in possession of a very good collection; but I believe that of Lord Braybrooke to be the most complete as to the number and excellence of its impressions.

As much of the interest of many of Sir Joshua's pictures is annually lessened by the fading of his colours, I am sure that the reader will join me in congratulating the public upon the surest method of handing down to posterity that great Artist's fascinating style of colouring, by the correct copies which Mr. Bone, the Royal Academician, has made

[1] Reynolds, on looking at some of M'Ardell's renderings of his pictures in mezzotint, exclaimed, "By this man I shall be immortalized!"

of them in enamel.[1] That gentleman has favoured me with the following list of his copies, the dates of the years in which they were painted, and the names of their possessors.

		Possessors.
1793	Lord Heathfield . .	Myself (Mr. Bone).
1794	Sleeping Girl . .	Doctor Wolcot.
1795	Boy Reading . .	Doctor Wolcot and myself.
1796	Sir Joshua Reynolds .	Colonel Thornton.
1797	Lord Eglintoun .	His R. H. the Prince of Wales.
1798	John Hunter (Surgeon)	Mrs. Hunter.
——	Girl and Kitten . .	Mr. Gosling.
1801	Lady Caernarvon and Lord Porchester	Rev. Robert Herbert.
——	Mr. T. Tomkins, W. M.	Mr. Tomkins.
1803	Lord Mansfield . .	Lord Mansfield.
1804	Cupid and Psyche .	His R. H. the Prince of Wales.
——	Death of Dido . .	His R. H. the Prince of Wales.
——	Sir Joshua Reynolds	His R. H. the Prince of Wales, and Royal Academy.
1806	Cymon and Iphigenia .	His R. H. the Prince of Wales.
——	Marquis of Lansdown .	Lord Gardiner.
1807	Nymph and Cupid .	His R. H. the Prince of Wales.
——	Marquis of Lansdown .	His R. H. the Prince of Wales.

[1] Henry Bone, R.A. (1755–1834), learned his craft under William Cookworthy, and his copies in enamel of masterpieces have not been equalled. Besides his long series of Reynolds pictures, he made beautiful enamel copies of Titian's "Virgin Recumbent," N. Poussin's "Bathsheba," Raphael's "La Belle Vierge," and an Assumption by Murillo. His greatest triumph was a copy of Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne," 18 in. by 16 in. This was purchased by Mr. G. Bowles, of Cavendish-square, for 2200 guineas. Bone received a cheque for this sum on Fauntleroy's bank, which he cashed at once; next day the bank suspended payment. Bone was an enamel painter to George III, George IV, and William IV. After enjoying a Royal Academy pension, he died December 17th, 1834, in Clarendon-square, Somers Town. His portrait by his fellow Cornishman, Opie, is in the National Portrait Gallery.

1808	Hope and Love . .	His R. H. the Prince of Wales.
1809	The late Lady Dysart .	Lord Dysart.
——	Sir Joshua Reynolds .	Myself (*with Spectacles*).
1810	Colina (Lady G. Fitzpatrick) . . .	Lord Gardiner.
1811	Duke of Devonshire .	Duchess of Devonshire.
——	Sylvia (Lady A. Fitzpatrick) . . .	Lord Gardiner.
1814	Laurence Sterne . .	Myself.
1817	St. John . . .	Myself.
——	Lady Baker . . .	Miss Baker.
1820	John Gawler, Esq. .	Mr. Ker.
——	Hon. Caroline Gawler	Ditto.
——	Henry Gawler and John B. Ker . .	one picture. Ditto.
1822	Countess of Dysart .	Countess of Dysart.
——	Countess Powis . .	Duke of Northumberland.
1824	John, fourth Duke of Bedford . .	Duke of Bedford.
——	Marquess of Tavistock	Ditto.
——	Marchioness of Tavistock	Ditto.
1825	Duchess of Gordon .	Duchess of Bedford, & myself.
1826	The King (when Prince of Wales) . .	Myself.

The following anecdote relating to a picture by Reynolds was communicated to me by the Rev. Henry Crowe, Vicar of Buckingham.—"The Marquess of Drogheda was painted in early life by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The Marquess shortly after went abroad, and remained there between twenty and thirty years; during which time he ran into excesses, became bilious, and returned to Ireland with a shattered constitution. He then found that the portrait and original had faded together, and corresponded, perhaps, as well as when first painted."

Sir Joshua Reynolds used great quantities of snuff, and he would take it so freely when he was painting, that it frequently inconvenienced those sitters who were not

addicted to it: so that by sneezing they much deranged their positions, and often totally destroyed expressions which might never return.[1] Colonel Phillips assured me, that during the time Sir Joshua was engaged in painting the large picture of the Marlborough Family at Blenheim, the Duchess ordered a servant to bring a broom and to sweep up Sir Joshua's snuff from the carpet; but Sir Joshua, who always withstood the fantastic head-tossings of some of his sitters, by never suffering any interruption to take place during his application to his Art, when the man entered the room, desired him to let the snuff remain till he had finished his picture, observing, that the dust raised by the broom would do much more injury to his picture than the snuff could possibly do the carpet.

Samuel Rogers, Esq. Author of the *Pleasures of Memory*, amidst an inestimable mass of fine works of Art, possesses the following seven most celebrated and perfect pictures from the pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The Strawberry Girl, the favourite picture of Sir Joshua; the Girl with a bird closed in her hands; the Sleeping Girl, given by Sir Joshua to Dr. Wolcot; Cupid and Psyche; Puck, painted for Boydell's Shakspeare; and two Landscapes: one of which is the view Sir Joshua painted from the window of his villa at Richmond. When I informed Mr. West of Mr. Rogers's purchase of Puck, he exclaimed, "Sir! that man has taste, he runs away with all the fine things."[2]

[1] "What a quantity of snuff Sir Joshua took! I once saw him at an Academy dinner, when his waistcoat was absolutely powdered with it" (Samuel Rogers, *Table Talk*).

[2] The original "Strawberry Girl," painted from his niece Theophila Palmer at the age of fourteen, was exhibited at the R.A. Exhibition of 1773, and is now in the Wallace Collection. It was bought at the sale of Rogers's pictures by the Marquis of Hertford for 2100 guineas. Sir Joshua considered it to be one of the "half-dozen original things" he had done; he made several copies.

The "Sleeping Girl" was exhibited in 1788, and Reynolds painted a replica. Wolcot gave

Henry Rogers, Esq. his brother at Highbury,[1] among other beautiful specimens of Art, is in possession of Sir Joshua's first picture of the Girl sitting for her portrait, in Lord Palmerston's celebrated picture of the "Infant Academy;" and also that lovely picture of the Girl sketching from Nature.

I once heard Ramsay, the Painter, say, that Lord Bute's leg was allowed to be the handsomest in England; and that whilst he was standing to him for his whole-length portrait, engraved by Ryland, his Lordship held up his robes considerably above his right knee, so that his leg should be entirely seen; in which position he remained for the space of an hour. And it is a very remarkable fact, that the forefinger of the hand supporting the robe is pointing down the

him fifty guineas for one or the other, and his copy was afterwards bought by Rogers, who found that Wolcot had pasted on the back Shakespeare's lines, "Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber," etc.

"Cupid and Psyche" and "Puck" were sent by Sir Joshua to his last Academy Exhibition. Rogers relates that when "Puck" was put up in the sale of Ackerman Boydell's pictures "it excited such admiration, that there was a general clapping of hands: yet it was knocked down to me at a comparatively trifling price. I walked home from the sale, a man carrying 'Puck' before me; and so well was the picture known that more than one person, as they passed us in the street, called out 'There it is!'"

The Richmond landscape was the view from Sir Joshua's drawing-room window at Richmond.

[1] Henry Rogers was the working head of the bank of Welch, Rogers, Olding, Rogers and Rogers, from which the banker-poet drew his wealth. He died in 1832. Mr. P. W. Clayden writes: "Henry Rogers is still remembered by friends and neighbours at Highbury as the light and charm of the circle he moved in. He was the kind of man Emerson may have had in view when, in his essay on 'Character,' he wrote, 'I revere the man who *is* riches, so that I cannot think of him as alone, or poor, or exiled, or unhappy, or a client, but as a perpetual patron, benefactor, and beautified man'" (*Life of Samuel Sharpe*, 1883).

leg. When the Marquess of Rockingham was standing to Sir Joshua Reynolds for his whole-length portrait, engraved by Fisher, his Lordship asked the Painter if he had not given a strut to the left leg; "My Lord," replied Sir Joshua, "I wish to show a leg with Ramsay's Lord Bute."[1]

In January 1803, Mr. Nollekens was flattered by an application which he received from Lord and Lady Thomond,[2] who wished *him*, above all other Sculptors, to execute a statue of Sir Joshua Reynolds, intended for St. Paul's Cathedral. This proposition he, however, declined, by stating that his avocations would not allow him to undertake it, and that it would interfere too much with a large monument which he then had in hand to the memory of Mrs. Coke, of Holkham. Mr. Flaxman was then applied to, and the statue was executed by him.[3]

To the mutual honour of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir Thomas Lawrence, I cannot refrain from the temptation of inserting the following extract from an address delivered by the latter President to the students of the Royal Academy, on the evening of the 10th of December, 1823. Sir Thomas, in allusion to the exhibition of Sir Joshua's pictures at the British Institution, Pall Mall, said:

[1] Ramsay was well rewarded for this portrait by Lord Bute, who introduced him to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. He was soon afterwards appointed portrait-painter to George III, who gave him so many commissions to paint his own and family portraits that Peter Pindar was able to write:

"I've heard that Ramsay, when he died,
Left just nine rooms well stuff'd with Queens and Kings,
From which all nations might have been supplied
That long'd for valuable things."

[2] Sir Joshua's niece, Mary Palmer, to whom he left the bulk of his fortune, amounting to about 100,000*l*. She married the Earl of Inchiquin, afterwards Marquis of Thomond.

[3] This is one of the first four monuments erected in new St. Paul's Cathedral. These, in order of time, were those to John Howard, Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Sir William Jones. The Reynolds statue was erected in 1813.

MARY PALMER, NIECE AND HEIRESS OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, WHO MARRIED, 1792, THE EARL OF INCHIQUIN, AFTERWARDS 1ST MARQUIS OF THOMOND

From the original picture by J. Downman (1782) in the possession of A. H. O'Bryen-Taylor, Esq.

With what increased splendour did that genius lately reappear amongst us! Many of us remember when, after long absence, the great tragic Actress of our time returned for a season to the stage, to correct the forgetfulness of taste, and restore the dignity of her art: it was so with the return—the recovered glories of Sir Joshua! They who believed themselves best acquainted with his works, and entitled by their knowledge to speak of them with enthusiasm, felt how much of that knowledge they had forgotten; how inadequate to their merits was the praise they had bestowed. The prejudices, so injurious to modern Art, were gone. Time seemed to have advanced the future with double speed, and, presenting Truth, invested her with new radiance! The few remaining competitors and scholars of this great Artist, saw him then with the eyes of posterity, and beheld, in their own narrow period, the sure stability of his fame.

It is singular, that the judgment, the unpretending sense and manly simplicity, so generally acknowledged to have marked the character of Sir Joshua, should have been impugned only on those opinions upon Art, which seem to have been the most deliberately formed, and were enforced by him with parental zeal, as his last remembrance to this Academy. Sufficient proof of the sincerity of his admiration of Michel Angelo, had previously existed in the actions of some of his finest groups having been taken from him; but we want no other evidence of its truth, than his picture of Mrs. Siddons—a work of the highest epic character, and indisputably the finest female portrait in the world.

The link that united him to Michel Angelo was the sense of ideal greatness; the noblest of all perceptions. It is this sublimity of thought that marks the first-rate genius; this impelling fancy which has no-where its defined form, yet every-where its image; and while pursuing excellence too perfect to be attained, creates new beauty that cannot be surpassed! It belongs only to that finer sagacity, which sees the essence of the beautiful or grand, divested of incongruous detail; and whose influence on the works of the great President is equally apparent in the calm, firm Defender of the national Rock, as in the dying Queen of Virgil, or the grandeur of the Tragic Muse.

To a mind so enlarged and liberal as Sir Joshua's, who decried not the value of an Art that gave the world its Shakspeare, and in whose society a Garrick and a Kemble lived in grateful intercourse with Mr. Burke and Dr. Johnson, we may well imagine how gratifying were the contemplation and progress of that divine work; and allowing much to anticipated fame, we may equally believe, that part of the noble purpose was protection of the genius he admired; to affix to passing excellence an imperishable name; extend the justice withheld by the limits of her art; and in the beauty of that unequalled countenance, fixed in the pale abstraction of some lofty vision, whose "bodiless creations" are crowding on her view, and leave in suspended action the majestic form, to verify the testimony of tradition, and by the mental grandeur that invests her, record in resistless evidence the enchantment of her power!

That the works, Gentlemen, of this illustrious man, should have the strongest influence upon you, cannot be matter of surprise: that the largest *style* of painting that perhaps is known, should captivate the scholar as it has charmed the teacher, is the most natural result that could have been produced in minds of sensibility and taste; but let it not mislead them. If they determine to make the labours of Sir Joshua their example, let them first examine by what only means their excellence was acquired.

His early pictures bear evidence of the utmost delicacy of finishing; the most careful imitation. That sensitiveness of taste, which probably from boyhood he possessed, could never have permitted him to enter into the mean details of Denner; or content himself with the insipidity of Cornelius Jansen; but in mere finishing he was inferior to neither; and the history of the greatest masters is but one. Truth is the key of Art, as Knowledge is of Power: within the portals you have ample range, but each apartment must be opened by it. The noblest work that perhaps was ever yet projected, the loftiest in conception, and executed with as unequalled breadth, is the ceiling of Michel Angelo: the miniatures of Julio Clovio, are not more finished than his studies.

On you, Gentlemen, who, with the candidates of this evening, are entering on the first department of the Art, the

conduct of Sir Joshua should act with treble force. Mr. Burke says of him, " In painting portraits, he appeared not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend to it from a higher sphere." To that sphere let his example guide you, and it will lead you to the highest: to Correggio, to Titian, to Raffaelle, to Michel Angelo ! To " those divine men, in whose presence," (to use his own language,) " it is impossible to think, or to invent in a mean manner ; and by the contemplation of whose works, a state of mind is acquired, that is disposed to receive those ideas of art only, which relish of grandeur or simplicity."

As a proof of the rapid increase in the value of Sir Joshua's pictures, it may be stated, that the compartments of the Oxford window, which he painted for Jervas to copy from, and which Sir Joshua offered to a Nobleman for 300*l.*, produced upwards of 12,000*l.* after his death.[1]

[1] These paintings, representing the Nativity and the Seven Virtues, were executed for the west window of New College Chapel, Oxford. Mrs. Sheridan sat for the Virgin and the figure of Charity. They were copied on glass by Jervas, who exhibited his completed windows in Pall Mall, in a darkened room with the sun shining through the glass. The fine effect thus obtained was not possible at Oxford. The " Nativity " painting was destroyed by fire at Belvoir Castle, October 26th, 1816, after the Duke of Rutland had refused 10,000 guineas for it. The " Virtues," for which Lord Normanton gave 5565*l.* at the sale of Lord Thomond's pictures in 1821, are now at Somerley. Seven years later George IV was willing to give double this sum for the set, but his offer and a later one of three times the sum by the Trustees of the National Gallery were refused.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

GEORGE KEATE

MR. and Mrs. Nollekens's old friend, George Keate, Esq.[1] was born at Trowbridge in Wiltshire, November 30, 1730. Early in life he went to Geneva, where he remained some years; and then he returned to England, when he was articled to Palmer, the steward of the Duke of Bedford, and became a Bencher of the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple. Mr. Keate's knowledge of the Continent gave him many superior advantages over those persons with whom he associated. Rome was his residence in 1755. He had passed the Alps with the reflecting eye of a poet, and was personally acquainted with Voltaire. Among his various poems he wrote an epistle to Angelica Kauffmann.

His work entitled *Sketches from Nature* was certainly generally read; but of all his writings, *The Pelew Islands* gained him the greatest celebrity.[2] Most of his publications were printed by Bowyer, though some were published by Dodsley. His attainments were various, for he was a naturalist, a poet, an antiquary, and a draughtsman; and was one of the first Honorary Exhibitors in the Royal Academy upon its establishment.

Mr. Keate died at his house, now No. 10, in Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, June 17th, 1797, and was buried at

[1] See the account of Keate as a friend of the Nollekens family, Chapter VI.

[2] *Account of the Pelew Islands, from the Journals of Captain Henry Wilson and some of his Officers, shipwrecked there in the Antelope in August, 1783* (1788).

Isleworth ; in which Church, on the east wall of the chancel, there is a small monument, with his likeness on a medallion, sculptured by Nollekens. There is an engraving of him by Sherwin, from a picture painted by his intimate friend Plott, Nathaniel Hone's pupil, prefixed to his *Sketches from Nature.*[1]

The following is a list of Keate's works, with their dates of publication.

Ancient and Modern Rome, 1760. *History and Laws of Geneva,* 1761. *Epistle of Lady Jane Grey,* 1762. *The Alps,* 1763. *Netley Abbey,* 1764; enlarged, 1769. Poem on *Rome,* 1765. *The Temple Student;* an Epistle to a Friend, 1765; in which, it has been supposed, he pourtrayed himself. On Mrs. Cibber's Death, 1767. *Ferney;* an Epistle to Voltaire, 1769. *Monument in Arcadia;* a Dramatic Poem, in two parts, 1773, of which the idea was taken from Poussin's picture of Arcadian Shepherds and Shepherdesses contemplating a monument, inscribed, "*Et in Arcadia ego.*" *Sketches from Nature;* taken and coloured in a journey to Margate, two volumes, published from the original design. *Poetical Works,* in two volumes, 12mo. *Epistle to Angelica Kauffmann,* 1781. *The Distressed Poet,* in three Cantos, 1787. *Account of the Pelew Islands,* 1788. In Vol. VI. of the *Archæologia,* are some observations by him on Roman earthenware found in the sea on the Kentish coasts. He also wrote Prologues and Epilogues for Mr. Newcome's *Scholars in Hackney;* complimentary verses in the *European Magazine,* &c.[2]

[1] John Plott, miniature painter (1732–1803), was a pupil of Wilson and Hone, and practised in London and Winchester. Some of his correspondence with Keate "is now in the possession of Mr. G. B. Henderson of Bloomsbury-place" (*Dict. Nat. Biography*). —Keate was an amateur painter in water-colours, and an example of his landscape work, the Old Bridge at Avignon, is at South Kensington.

[2] The bibliographer will prefer the fuller list of Keate's writings in Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes,* Vol. II, p. 332

JOHN DEARE[1]

DR. CLARKE, in Vol. V. page 24, of the fourth edition of his *Travels*, speaking of Queen Eleanor sucking the poison from King Edward's arm, says,

The tradition, however, which, after all, is not disproved by the evidence *Fuller*[2] has adduced, has given rise to one of the finest specimens of modern sculpture existing in the world: and as it affords, perhaps, the only remaining proof of the surprising abilities of an *English* artist, (snatched from the pursuit of fame in the very opening of a career which might have classed him with the best sculptors of Ancient *Greece*,) the author considers it a patriotic duty to pay some tribute to its merit, and, thereby, to the memory of its author, John Deare, who, at a very early period of life, attained to a surprising degree of perfection in sculpture and design. He died a few years ago, at Rome, at the very time when the first proof of his genius began to obtain the patronage necessary for its full development. The particular work alluded to is a bas-relief, executed in the marble of Carrara. It was purchased by Sir Corbet Corbet, an English Baronet, and belongs now to his collection.[3]

This brief allusion to a young artist, who would have been an honour to his country, is perhaps the only biographical document concerning him likely to be made public.

[1] For important previous references to John Deare, see Index.

[2] Fuller's *Historie of the Holie Warre*, book iv., chap. 29, p. 220. Camb. 1651. (S.)

[3] It came into the possession of Sir George Corbett (*Dict. Nat. Biography*). The original model was given to the Royal Institution in Liverpool. The story of Eleanor sucking her husband's wound has no satisfactory foundation.

Had my honoured friend, the author of the above, been aware of the existence of the following particulars relating to Deare, it would have given him the greatest pleasure to have found his last paragraph respecting our justly lamented Sculptor *useless*.

John Deare was born at Liverpool, on the 18th of October, 1760.[1] The dawn of his genius gleamed early; for his inquisitive mind was seldom engaged in casting of dumps, or bowling marbles through the arches of a bridge, regarding such childish amusements only as frivolities.

His leisure time was mostly occupied in contemplating the forms and construction of things; and so extraordinary were his juvenile talents, that at the age of ten years he sedulously studied from the skeleton of a full-grown person, from which he made a copy in wood, wholly cut out with his penknife. This curious production, which alone would evince his early talents, measures six inches and a half, and is now most carefully preserved by Joseph, the youngest son of his brother Edward. I have seen it, and it is a most extraordinary piece of carving; for, setting aside the youthful period in which it was produced, and the very imperfect instrument with which it was cut, the anatomy is strictly correct, the ribs and double bones are most minutely perforated, and the limbs, fingers, and toes, are connected by the slightest ligaments left in the wood; for in no instance has it the assistance of wires. It is carved from one piece of wood; and so beautiful is this specimen of Deare's correctness of eye and perseverance, that I can hardly think it was possible for him in his maturer age to have excelled this juvenile production. He continued most sedulously to amuse himself between school-hours, by making drawings from the best prints which his indulgent

[1] The *Dict. Nat. Biography*, evidently following Liverpool authorities, states that Deare was born in Castle-street, Liverpool, October 26th, 1759. His father was a jeweller and tax-collector.

father could procure; and as nothing less than the most elevated subjects engaged his attention, his mind became habitually illuminated by studying the Forge of Vulcan, the glittering Shield of Achilles, or the Thunderbolt of Jupiter; and when he has, in his maturer years, described his feelings as a lad, whenever the Siege of Troy was mentioned, I have seen his nostrils expand, as if he had been brandishing the mighty spear over tens of thousands of Grecian warriors.

He was articled to Thomas Carter, of Piccadilly, then residing in a small house on the site of No. 101; and at the age of sixteen he was employed in carving ornaments for chimney-pieces, in the exquisite performance of which he astonished the oldest practitioners. But Deare's ambition soared to the highest sphere, and soon burst into envied notoriety by his attention to the human figure and historical subjects; in which his natural abilities appeared so pre-eminent, that on the 28th of November, 1780, he received the gold medal at the Royal Academy, for a most beautiful model of Adam and Eve, as described by Milton: and, what was more extraordinary, he was at that time only in his twentieth year, and the youngest artist to whom that honour had ever been awarded.

John's eldest brother, Edward Deare, Esq. and Joseph, the youngest of his amiable nephews, have very kindly allowed me to make the following extracts from a series of his letters, written to his family at Liverpool; and, as they are arranged in strictly chronological order, the reader will be able to keep pace with our truly intellectual artist, from the time he was placed with Carter to the hour of his death at Rome.

To his Father, dated London, May 1st, 1776.

One of the men bid me tell you, that Mr. Carter would give me half-a-guinea, at least, a week, for the first part of my time, and fifteen shillings for the latter part; but you

will write to him, and ask him what he proposes: he is, just as they say, a blustering fellow, but a good man. I have seen two men hanged, and one with his breast cut open at Surgeons' Hall. The other being a fine subject, they took him to the Royal Academy, and covered him with plaster of Paris, after they had put him in the position of the Dying Gladiator. In this Hall there are some casts from Nature that are cut from the middle of the forehead down to the lower part of the body, one part excoriated, and the other whole.

To the same, dated London, June 3rd, 1776.

Nollekens got most of his money by buying and selling antiques. Van Gilder, who cut that large figure in our shop, and is considered one of the best hands in London at foliage, was seven years in saving a thousand pounds, by keeping men at work at his own house, while he got two guineas a week at Mr. Carter's; he has now set up for himself.[1] (In Riding-house Lane.)

To the same, dated 24th March, 1777.

In my last, I promised you a description of the Royal Academy. It is in Somerset-house, Strand, formerly a palace. There is one large room for the Plaster Academy; one for the Life, where two men sit two hours each night, by turns, every week; a large room, in which Lectures are given every Monday night, by Dr. Hunter on Anatomy, Wale on Perspective, Sir Joshua Reynolds on Painting, and Thomas Sandby on Architecture; and, among many other apartments, there is a choice Library. The plaster figures are placed on pedestals, that run on castors.

To the same, dated London, 19th May, 1777.

One of the men recommended his Doctor to me, and the clerk sets down the time; Carter gave me no more than for

[1] Evidently P. M. Van Gelder, of whom Redgrave says that he studied at the Royal Academy, and in 1771 gained the gold medal for a bas-relief of "The Choice of Hercules": "there is no trace of his further career." But in Westminster Abbey his name appears as the sculptor of the interesting monument to Major André.

the time I had worked, and I asked him for no more; for, like most others, touch his pocket and you touch his heart. We are on good terms, and I will go through the course of the antiques, of men, women, and children. Michel Angelo, at ten years of age, said he improved every day.

To the same, dated March 23d, 1778.

When Mr. Ralph called on me, I was working upon a monument for General Burgoyne's Lady, to be put up in the Abbey; which has got me into great credit with Carter.[1]

To the same, dated London, Nov. 28th, 1780.

[This year our young artist was employed, in his overhours, in producing a model for the Gold Medal, offered as a premium for the best historical design.]

There are two others oppose me; the German that worked at our shop formerly (you remember him) is one,[2] the other has much more merit, and they are both as old and big again as I am. The fifteenth of this month the German and I attend at the Royal Academy, as customary, to make a proof sketch, in clay, in five hours; the painters go likewise, but they have not the same subject. There are several put into a cup, the Painters take first, the Sculptors

[1] This letter must refer to a monument to the memory of Lady Charlotte Burgoyne, wife of John Burgoyne, the general and dramatist. She died in 1776, but there is no such monument in the Abbey.

[2] The name of this German Sculptor was Eckstein; he designed and carved the two figures and basso-relievo in Townsend's monument, erected by Carter, on the south wall of Westminster Abbey. It is a very extraordinary fact, that the late Mr. Flaxman said, he would give something to be in possession of the name of the artist who designed and executed the sculptured parts of this monument, which he considered as one of the finest specimens of Art in the Abbey. Nollekens, whenever this monument was mentioned, declared it to be a beautiful production; at the same time observing, that Tom Carter always had a clever fellow with him to produce his work. (S.)—See reference to Eckstein and the Townshend monument in Chapter VII.

next; so that we do not know, till we get there, what story we have to design.

The German has shamefully lost it, both in large model and sketch. He that I was afraid of was ill, and could not then attend, but will make his sketch this week. I have received the most intoxicating compliments from every body; I am told I shall beat them: and I also hear that my youth is against me, for, if they give it me, it will make me conceited and neglect my studies.

To the same, dated London, Dec. 13th, 1780.

I have carried my point, and suppose my antagonists never were beaten so shamefully before; the rooms rang with the compliments of my well-wishers. The President, Sir Joshua Reynolds, standing up, declared the medal adjudged to the model marked E, the production of Mr. John Deare. The Secretary calling John Deare, I bustled through some hundreds of persons, and received it from the hand of Sir Joshua.[1] The successful candidates stood before him and the Council till he had finished his Lecture; we were then dispersed. I am to return the medal, when I please, to have my name engraven round its edge. The models and paintings remain at the Academy, until they are carried to Buckingham-house for the inspection of the King and Queen.

To the same, dated London, Sept. 24th, 1781.

I beg of you, for my sake, not to part with that Devil, but keep him in the family whilst you live; then, either Joe or Ned, (two of his brothers,) should they survive, have ability and taste enough to think it a gem.[2]

[1] The subject of this model was from the Fourth Book of Milton's *Paradise Lost,* when the Angels surprise Satan in the bower of Eve at her ear. (S.)

[2] This head of the Devil is an admirable specimen of our Sculptor's feeling, and was actually modelled from his own features, distorted into his conception of the character he had worked his mind up to; like Garrick, who threw his face into so strong a likeness of Henry Fielding, that, when he put on a wig which had been worn by him, Ho-

To the same, dated London, June 16th, 1783.

As for Carter, I do him a job when he has it to do; the last was a rich tablet for a chimney-piece, I worked it task [*sic*] for twenty-four guineas. It is a custom with him to make large promises to young fellows, by which means he has gained grease to keep his carriage going.

To the same, dated July 19th, 1783.

I told you of a tablet which I worked for Carter, (a task job,) and so well have I done it, that I have had almost all the carvers in London to come and see it. It has pleased Carter so, that he is going to have another worked, although we disagree about the price, for he wanted to quirk me out of four guineas; but I told him I would not go on with it unless he would deal as a gentleman with me, well knowing he could get nobody else to finish it in the same style, which he thought proper to do.—I have had a good deal of modelling to do, and am promised more. By this you will see that I have been very lucky lately; and I find the amazing advantage of keeping up my consequence, for they don't dream of bringing me twopenny-halfpenny jobs. I have made a resolution lately of being very saving, for the purpose of furnishing apartments of my own to launch out more in style, to be able to introduce a gentleman to see my collection; for at present I have but one room, and that so filled with curiosities, that they must either stand or sit on the bed.—I can please your public spirit, by telling you how much I am talked of among the Sculptors, and those who know me. The Sculptors allow me to be the first young fellow in the kingdom, and sometimes come with a model, for me to do them the very great favour of giving it a touch. Next year I mean to shine forth in the Exhibition, but this will be a great expense to me. I have been trying lately to

garth, who was in want of his likeness for a bookseller, drew that excellent head which has been handed to us as a genuine portrait of the great Novelist. Little did Deare think, when he expressed a wish that this head of the Devil should remain in the family, that a nephew of his would be born to possess it, and one whose abilities have enabled him to receive a similar gold medal in the same Royal Academy.

get the Prince of Wales to sit to me, but he is very busy.—I keep company with none but gentlemen here; you will probably laugh; but this 'twixt you and me, for it would appear vanity to any body else.

To the same, dated London, August 16th, 1783.

Since I worked Carter's tablet, I have had seven guineas and a half worth of modelling to do; and last Thursday I got a job from a Proctor in the Commons, that came to twenty-two guineas modelling, it is to be cast in plaster, painted, and put into the pediment of his country-house at Hounslow. He is rich, a man of good taste, and of consequence among the citizens, so that should I please him I may naturally expect his interest. I made a drawing some time ago of a Spanish nobleman's arms, and it is gone to Spain for his inspection; as soon as we get an answer, that will be a job of eight to ten guineas for me: it is a very rich piece of work, three feet high, in brass, gold, and jewellery. I shall model the figures which they cast in brass. Only think of their sending from Spain to have such a thing done!

To the same, dated London, Sept. 15th, 1783.

I have left Carter for some time, but am on the best terms of friendship with him. Last week but one, I modelled a figure of Cupid, three feet three inches high, for Mr. Cheere;[1] and whilst I was there, Mr. Bacon came after me, and wanted me to model him some figures for a monument, which I agreed to do, at the rate of two guineas per week, but I would not tie myself down to any length of time. This you must think no small honour, for the first man in the kingdom in sculpture to come after me himself. With Bacon all my wits must be at work.

At this time, Deare's applications to his art were so incessant, that wherever he lodged, the good housewife was in perpetual anxiety as to his candles; as his hours of study were not confined to those usually occupied, and generally denominated regular. He seldom was known to sleep till

[1] For references to Cheere, see Index.

after the hour of three ; and I have of a morning frequently seen ten or twelve designs, which had been made between the time he reached home from the theatre, and a late period of night. He drew with precision and clearness of outline, and his dexterity was beyond belief. His choice of subjects, which at that time was too much neglected by artists, was from those contained in Shakspeare's soliloquies, an author with whom he was so delighted, that he rarely allowed an evening to pass when his plays were performed, without his attendance: and to indulge in this most edifying of all theatrical representations, he has acknowledged to me, when we were leaving the theatre, that he frequently went without his dinner.

Deare was an excellent anatomist, and paid particular attention to the workings of the human features in their expressions of the various passions ; but more particularly to those of malefactors, as they approached the gallows, and when they arrived at it. He once prevailed upon a relative of an executed criminal, to whom the care of the body had been consigned, to allow him the loan of his head for a night ; and he actually cut it off, and conveyed it to the back wash-house of a work-shop belonging to Mr. Cheere, the leaden figure-maker, then living next door to his master Carter's: where he resolved, by the connivance of the keeper of the yard, to sit up to mould it at midnight. After he had finished his task, he carried the head to the sink, and whilst he was pumping upon it to clear the clotted hair from some bits of plaster, he had so filled the head with water and relaxed its muscles, that the jaws opened. Deare was not at all frightened at this natural consequence, but he was most seriously alarmed when an immense and fierce yard-dog, who had heard the working of the pump, commenced barking: go out he durst not, so there he remained, after putting out his light, till the workmen arrived in the morning. The cast of this head I saw the next day, and the character was truly terrific.

He modelled four basso-relievos of the Seasons, measuring two feet eight inches long, by eight inches high, each consisting of eight naked boys, variously employed, according to the season they were designed to represent, being intended as tablets for chimney-pieces, and executed with the greatest rapidity; and though they are certainly by far the most inferior of Deare's productions, yet they are above the generality of things of their kind; for, at that time, England could not boast of an artist to compare with Fiamingo in any way. Sarti, of Greek-street,[1] is in possession of Summer and Autumn, two of the moulds of the above basso-relievos; and I may likewise add, that Sarti is also in possession of the moulds of fifty-two varieties of Fiamingo's children. Gainsborough's friend Collins, of Tothill-fields, was indeed the most famous modeller of chimney-tablets, of his day, but his figures were mostly clothed, and exhibited pastoral scenes, which were understood by the most common observer; such, for instance, as a shepherd's boy eating his dinner under an old stump of a tree, with his dog begging before him; shepherds and shepherdesses seated upon a bank, surrounded by their flocks; anglers, reapers, &c.—as may be seen in numerous chimney-pieces, executed in the early part of the last century, and which are still to be found in houses erected about that time.[2]

Deare also modelled two oval basso-relievos, measuring sixteen inches by fourteen, in his best manner; particularly the one of Cupid and Psyche, a cast of which is in the possession of Baily the Sculptor. The figures are so beautiful,

[1] Sarti was a figure-maker at 59 Greek-street, Soho. See Index for another reference.

[2] William Collins, who had been trained under Sir Henry Cheere, was intimate with Smith's father. He found many of his subjects in Æsop's fables. A good mantelpiece by him representing the fable of the Bear and the Beehives is in one of the offices in Ancaster House, Lincoln's-Inn-fields. Collins died in Tothill Fields in May, 1793, and was buried in the Old Ground, King's-road, Chelsea.

that our students would do well to follow the practice of their superiors, and study them as works of the most tasteful art.

Let us now resume the series of our artist's letters.

To his Father, dated London, Dec. 8th, 1783.

I left Bacon soon after I wrote to you, and am astonished at my own prosperity; one job comes in before I can finish the other. I have now fifty or sixty pounds worth of modelling to do, beforehand; and this week I got a chimney-piece, of sixty guineas value, to do for a gentleman of Manchester.

To the same, dated London, June 27th, 1784.

The job I was going to put up in the country, was a bas-relief in plaster of Paris, oiled and painted, twenty-one feet long, for a pediment of a gentleman's house, which his father had purchased from the Duke of Argyle. I have pleased him vastly with it: the subject is the Giants' war; the figures as large as life. I thought it would introduce something else, for I have since sold him ten guineas worth of models, and we are treating about a chimney-piece.—You would be pleased to see how I am respected; although there are numbers of workmen about the house, only I and my man are suffered to fish in the pond.—You, perhaps, would be wicked enough to laugh, were you to see me ring the bell, and desire the servant to bring me a bottle of wine out of my vault, where you would likewise see a chaldron of coals. Don't you think I have some merit in doing this so soon?

To the same, dated London, Dec. 14th, 1784.

I have given in my name as one who wishes to go to Italy, as the Academy intend sending one out next summer; but I find I cannot have an answer till after Christmas.—The students are sent out for three years, with an allowance of sixty pounds per annum, and sixty pounds to take and bring them back.

To the same, dated London, May 15th, 1785.

This morning I breakfasted with Sir Joshua Reynolds, who introduces me by letter to Sir Horace Mann, our Consul

at Florence ;[1] where I shall remain till the rains in September come on, and when the hot weather at Rome is over. I have just parted from my company, who are enjoying themselves in the next room, on purpose to write to you. It is now nine o'clock at night, and we set off at five for Dover.—I have been so busy that I have been obliged to work all this day.

To the same, dated Paris, May 25th, 1785.

To-day I went to the *Combat des Animaux Feroces,* or place where they fight all sorts of beasts against one another. I saw six battles between mastiffs and bull-dogs ; one between an ass and a bull-dog ; one between a wolf and a mastiff ; one between a bear and dogs ; ditto between a horse and an ass, with fireworks on their backs, and several large dogs ; ditto bear and mastiff ; and lastly, a display of fireworks, with an English *boule dogue,* as they spell it, who fastens to one of the fireworks and hangs an amazing time, swinging by his mouth amongst fire, twenty feet from the ground, until they take him down.

To the same, Rome, date torn off.

You will wonder at this letter being dated Rome, when I told you I should pass the summer at Florence ; but the rain and mild spring made me hurry to Rome. I took notice of a little child with a black thing round its head, to keep it from harm in falling.[2]——I live in the Corso, which is the principal street in Rome.——The middling and poor people of Italy dress their hair still in the antique manner, in circular plaits, fastened at the back of the head with a bodkin ; they all wear veils of different sorts, which have a pretty effect.——15th, arrived at Bologna, in the Pope's territories, a fine city : here I saw the statue of Neptune, by John di Bologna, in the principal square, reckoned his best work. I saw the Specolo, or Museum, in which is the

[1] Sir Horace Mann was appointed British envoy at Florence in 1740, and he held this office till his death in 1786.

[2] This was similar to those called puddings, noticed by Mr. Nollekens in the first volume of the present work. (S.)—See Smith's gossip about "puddings" in Chapter IX.

wonderful collection of natural curiosities, collected by Aldrovandus; the rooms are finely painted by Tibbaldi, the master of the Carracci.——I saw in the Zampieri Palace, three pictures painted in fresco, on the ceiling, by the three Carracci in competition; several fine ones by Guido; two fine groups of boys by Algardi, the famous Sculptor.——In the quarries about Sienna, they reckon there are thirty-two different sorts of marbles.——St. Peter's is a fine building, but I don't like the outside so well as St. Paul's, London; but the inside is covered with marble, mosaic, pictures, and fine monuments. I stared to see one of the Queen of Great Britain, France, and Ireland; and, on inquiry, found it to be the wife of the late Pretender, who was daughter of John Sobieski, the famous King of Poland.[1]

To the same, Rome, date torn off.

Rome is supposed to contain about 150,000 people, with very little trade or business amongst them, and a great deal of laziness, which the climate seems to produce: here indolence, or repose, itself is a luxury, but in England we must have good cheer added to repose before it amounts to luxury, so that the beggars here are very numerous and comfortable. Many of the nobility are very rich, and their palaces large and splendid beyond conception, and some of their galleries are filled with an astonishing collection of first-rate pictures, and others with sculptures; but this is nothing when compared to the ruins of the antique.

On the outside of modern Rome is the Palatine Hill, which was formerly covered entirely by the Imperial Palace, but at present it is a vineyard, with a few of the antique vaults and subterraneous passages, and on the top a great number of fragments of capitals, friezes, and cornices, admirably worked, which declare its ancient grandeur.

There are likewise the Baths of Livia; I could not see them the day I was there, but when I do, will give you an

[1] Maria Clementina, daughter of the King of Poland, who married the Old Pretender in 1719 and died in 1735. The Old Pretender had been acknowledged King of England by the Pope.

account of them. A little farther is the Colosseum, or Amphitheatre of Titus; it is so large and grand, that I don't know how to describe it; but I and an English architect climbed up to the top of it, and I will give you an account of the view from it as well as I can. A view from the top to the inside fills the mind beyond any thing that words can express; it is an oval, and open at the top, with three galleries or passages round it, and over these passages are rows of seats, descending from the outside wall down to the centre, so that the bottom row of seats is on the dens of wild beasts which run round the pit or platform, where the beasts and gladiators used to perform. In one of the best situations, we took notice of a small room that had been stuccoed and elegantly ornamented, which I suppose was for the umpire and his attendants; the workmanship is equally excellent as great. Titus, after he had conquered Jerusalem, brought over great numbers of captives, and 20,000 Jews worked at this for a great number of years. In the beginning of Christianity, many Christians were martyred here by wild beasts, or other cruelties, for the diversion of the Romans, which occasioned it to be consecrated (I believe) to All Saints; however, there are fourteen altars and pictures round it, at each of which they sing a prayer every evening with children, women, and pilgrims assisting, which sounds divinely in so large an oval space, confined by large stone walls; and this music is ancient, and of that melancholy turn, which, added to the serene sky, gives a charming enthusiasm. On the outside of it is a small circular building, which I have heard was a fountain or bath for the gladiators, after they had done exercising; and about ten yards farther is the Arch of Constantine, which is composed of the ruins of Trajan's Arch.

If you look out of Rome, you seem surrounded with beautiful views of the Apennine mountains, on the sides of which the ancient Romans used to have their villas or summer retreats. You distinguish Albano, Frescati, and Tivoli, with views of the Mediterranean in a clear day. At Tivoli, the Emperor Adrian had a villa, which is mentioned in history as one of the greatest curiosities that ever was seen, and replete with every thing rare in art. Here the antiquaries

have been digging for some time, and with various success; but history relates, that, when Christianity was getting the better of Paganism, they declared war against their gods, and accordingly mutilated all their statues, and threw them into rivers and ponds. An antiquary, on examining the ground, thought that there was an appearance of there having been a pond there anciently, so set about digging, and accordingly found vast treasures in sculpture, and some other things. All the statues and busts of their gods were mutilated, but not those of the Emperors and great men, for they had not time.

On going along the streets, I observed, every ten or fifteen feet, pieces of antique columns sticking out of the ground, which serve as our posts or stops, of all sizes and sorts: when I consider the vast quantity of these, and that all the modern buildings have antique columns, and those chiefly granite, it throws me into such commiserating reveries, that I become low-spirited in the cause. Then in the Capitol and Vatican are some curiosities of large columns in Oriental, and other valuable marbles and alabaster. I shall just mention the Pantheon, built by Agrippa; it is a prodigious circular building, with a dome at the top, and portico with granite columns before; and the inside of this is equally grand and simple, and now consecrated to modern Saints, instead of all the gods. But as to these general things, almost every history mentions them.

To the same, dated Rome, 7th Nov. 1785.

Please to make my compliments to Mr. Holland, and likewise those of his old friend Mr. Robinson, who wishes to know if he is married; tell him that we live on the same floor in a palace, and that B—— is much improved indeed. ——I have finished the large work I was about, but have been unsuccessful in the moulding; however, I have gained great credit, if I am not monstrously flattered. I have put it by to repair the plaster, till I have done Mr. Blundell's model,[1] which I am now about, and must send to the next Exhibition, or perhaps I may lose my pension; for I received a letter a long time ago, stating that, if I did not do

[1] Henry Blundell, of Ince Blundell. See Index

that, it would be stopped.[1]——In the Library is the finest collection of Manuscripts existing. There I saw the famous manuscript Virgil, with illustrations, or drawings in water-colours, and several letters of Henry VIII. In this Library, is the finest collection of Etruscan vases in Europe, with a vast number of antique curiosities.

To his Father, dated Rome, May 1st, 1786.

Mr. Blundell called on me here, and I dined with him several times. He gave me a commission to model him something to the value of twenty guineas.——All boys of common sense or virtue find the loss of home by leaving it. ——I. was introduced to my Lord Bristol, who called on me and offered me ten pounds per annum in addition to my pension, which I politely refused, as it was such a trifle; and as I thought he did it only to affront the King and Academicians, as he is an ex-ministerial man.——A little way out of Rome is the Fountain of the Nymph Egeria, with good part of the brickwork still remaining, where Numa used to consult the nymph. Here the country people

[1] My worthy friend, Rossi, the Academician, has favoured me with a letter sent to him when at Rome with Mr. Deare, of which the following is a copy.

"Royal Academy,
Somerset-place,
"London, 10th Nov.,
1785.

"SIR,—I communicated Mr. Deare's letter to the Council, informing me of the safe arrival of yourself and him at Rome, on 2nd July last.

"By order of the Council, I am directed to send you the following orders. That the Academicians may be satisfied of your attention and industry, and that they may see what progress you make in your studies, you are ordered to send home annually a performance for the Exhibition; beginning with that which will be in the year 1787. This if you neglect to do, I am ordered to acquaint you that your salary will be no longer continued.

"You are desired to notify to the Council (by letter directed to me) your acquiescence with these orders.

"I am, Sir, your most humble Servant,

F. M. NEWTON, R.A., *Sec.*

"P.S.—I hope this will find you enjoying your health. Accept my best wishes.

"Mr. Charles Rossi." (S.)

meet every May morning and drink the water, and bring something with them to eat and make merry. This is one of the great number of ancient Roman customs the modern Italians have, which has been handed down ever since the time of Numa, who constituted a festival on every May-day, in honour of the nymph.

To his Father, dated Rome, 1786.

I am now very busy about a large bas-relief, eleven feet by five, which I am ordered to send to the Exhibition of 1787. The subject is the Judgment of Jupiter, when Juno, Venus, and Minerva appeal to him to know who deserves the golden apple with the inscription "Let it be given to the fairest." Discord is flying off, who had thrown in the apple amongst the Gods, because they had forgot to invite her to the general feast on account of the marriage of Thetis, the sea-goddess, to Peleus. Jupiter points to earth, and sends them with Mercury to be judged by Paris, who gives it to Venus, which occasions the Trojan war. Behind the throne of Jupiter are the three Fates, in great agitation, pointing to Thetis and Peleus, who were the parents of Achilles. By their agitation, I suppose them to be telling that war would be the consequence of the decision; and by their pointing to Thetis and Peleus, that their son would be a principal agent in the Trojan war. Hercules, Mars, Neptune, &c. attending. In all, about thirty figures.

To his Brother Joseph, dated Rome, June 27th, 1788.

My doubt about coming home was, and is, owing to the uncertainty of the arrival of a piece of stone from the quarries of Carrara; on which I am to work my large bas-relief for Sir Richard Worsley, Bart. for which I am to have 470*l.*[1] The moment I am certain of this, I shall either stay a little longer to finish this, or come home immediately.

You will hardly believe me, when I tell you that I have had the desperate resolution to learn to dance since I have

[1] Evidently the "Marine Venus," of which Nollekens did not see "the wonderful merit that Sir Richard Worsley talks so much about" (see Chapter XVI).

been here, which I have often regretted I neglected to do when I was younger and had more philosophy. You would laugh if you could see me on a Sunday night dancing among the Roman ladies, with all the airs and graces of the Italians.

The 24th of this month my three years expired, which have been a severe apprenticeship to me. I assure you I never worked so hard in my life. I have laboured like a giant to pick up information and execution in my art. I mention this to encourage you not to sicken with labour and knowledge, till you are a leading man in your line, let it be what it may. Don't lose an hour without picking up information; keep your mind awake to knowledge till it becomes a habit, and of course a pleasure; and you will rejoice twenty years hence, when you will become more indifferent about every thing.

To his Father, dated Rome, May 15th, 1789.

I have been from day to day expecting the marble for Sir Richard Worsley's bas-relief; and I was determined not to write till it arrived, that I might the better explain my situation to you, which is, that the marble arrived two days ago, and is paid for, which cost me or him 427 crowns.

To the same, without date.

I am afraid you will think I put off writing for no other purpose than to gain time to find an excuse: first then, on the 20th of February, I received 50*l.* more from Sir Richard Worsley, Bart. which has at the same time confirmed the commission and enabled me to go on; secondly, I received commissions to the amount of 270*l.* from the Earl of Bristol, who had given a great many commissions besides to the different artists here; and just as we all expected orders on his banker, his Lordship suddenly (as usual) left Rome without giving any one orders; however, I am told he is gone to Venice to settle or adjust all the commissions he has given here, and will send us orders on his banker from Venice, by a person he has taken with him for that purpose, and when he does, I will not fail to let you know. I expect two other little things to the amount of 90*l.* in a week or

two. I have got the best study in Rome, and am doing very well.

To his Brother Joseph, dated Rome, July 13th, 1791.

As to my marrying here, 'tis true that I am very fond of a clever little Roman girl, who is at least my equal.[1]—— I have been so extremely fortunate this last winter, in getting commissions to execute in marble, that I have near 1200*l.* worth of work to do. I have received a great deal of money, with which I have purchased a good quantity of marble, which I mean to turn into gold as quickly as possible.

I have several men at work for me, and a boy who acts as my servant. I have the best study in Rome, and live like a gentleman; keep a handsome saddle-horse to ride out on of an evening after I am tired of application.——Since I wrote you last, Mr. Penn (the descendant of the celebrated Pennsylvania Penn)[2] took me to Naples in his own carriage, to see an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, and the antiquities in and about Naples, which are so wonderful, that I dare not attempt any description of them. I have 470*l.* worth of work to do for him.

To the same, dated Rome, May 19th, 1792.

All the English travellers have left Rome now, except the Duke of Manchester, Lady E. Monck, and Lady Hatton, with whom I have been to Tivoli for two days on a party of pleasure, and with Sir Robert Waller, Bart. who rode my horse (I might have said my grey stallion, as I am talking large). I have sold a basso-relievo I had finished for 120*l.* to Sir Corbet Corbet, Bart. This is a part of the marble I told you in my last I intended turning into gold.[3] I have a small group of Adam and Eve to execute in marble for a Mr. Boehm, of London, for which I am to have 250*l.*; and a small basso-relievo of Bacchus for Mr. Poore, for 45*l.*; and

[1] Deare married this young lady, who is said to have had much beauty.

[2] John Penn, of Stoke Park, eldest son of the Hon. Thomas Penn, who was the second son of William Penn by his second wife, Hannah Callowhill.

[3] The Edward and Eleanor bas-relief already referred to.

with these and several other little things I have received commissions to the amount of 537*l.* this winter. I can say now, what I never could say before, that I am worth several hundred pounds.——We Romans enjoy the appearance of religion and the reality of art.——We have a subscription paper once a week from London, for us artists ; but I observe that all articles from Rome are either false or wrong : no monument has been executed here for Collins the poet.[1]

To the same, dated Rome, July 11th, 1795.

I shall give you little account of myself, excepting that I have been very fortunate, having sold three rich chimney-pieces to the Prince of Wales, and one to the Earl of Bristol. I am now executing the bust of his Royal Highness Augustus Frederick, the King's fifth son, who is now here, and another of Lady Webster. I believe that I told you I was copying the Apollo Belvidere[2] and the Venus de' Medici, the size of the originals, in marble, for Lord Berwick.

To his Father.

I have my Edward and Eleanor to execute in marble, for which I have 100*l.*[3] I have modelled the bust (size of life, or little larger) of Madame Martinville, a Lancashire lady born, and one of the Dickensons, who, I understood, are, or have been, celebrated for their beauty. She left England at two years of age, and has lived in France, where she now is, ever since : this I have very near finished in marble, and I am to have 40*l.* for it. These two go to Paris, to be put in a house built by a Mr. Lattin, a young Irish Catholic gentleman, and a captain in the Irish Brigade in the service of France, who is my patron and employer in these two.

[1] A monument to William Collins, the poet, who had died in 1759, was under discussion in 1792. Three years later a tablet with medallion by Flaxman was placed in Chichester Cathedral.

[2] For this statue of Apollo, Lord Berwick paid Deare 700*l.* (S.)

[3] A copy, perhaps, of the work sold to Sir Corbet Corbet for 120*l.*, or the same.

I had two small basso-relievos to do for Madame Martinville, to the amount of 40*l.*; but I suppose the troubles of France will put a stop to these two last, as her property lies in France, and his in Ireland. I have to execute in marble a copy of the famous bust of Ariadne in the Capitol, size of original, for which I am to have 35*l.*, for Mr. La Touche,[1] son of the great Irish banker.——About a fortnight ago, the Duchess of Albany, natural and adopted daughter to the late Pretender, died at Bologna of an abscess in the side. She was an amiable woman, and beloved by every body. There is now remaining only the Pretender's brother, who is Cardinal York and Bishop of Frascati, an old man and a bigot, but who lives like a sovereign.

The reader, who has no doubt perused the preceding extracts with interest and pleasure, will join me in regretting that death so soon after deprived the Arts of one of their most brilliant ornaments, as will appear in the following letter, written to Mr. Joseph Deare, by one of his late brother's most intimate companions.

Rome, Aug. 20th, 1798.

SIR;—I flatter myself no apology will be necessary for my addressing you, though entirely unknown to you. 'Tis now many years since I first had the satisfaction to be known to your worthy brother, Mr. John Deare; indeed I may venture to assert, that I possessed a considerable share of his friendship. I was particularly induced to address you on this occasion, rather than either of his excellent parents, convinced that you would take upon you the brotherly and filial part of breaking to the rest of the family the misfortune that has befallen them. You will immediately imagine that this is no other than his lamented death, which took place on Saturday morning last, the 17th, at about ten

[1] The father was evidently James Digges La Touche, banker; the son, William George Digges La Touche, sometime British resident at Bassorah, and later a partner in La Touche's bank, Dublin, where he died November 7th, 1803.

and a half of the clock, after a very short illness of about eight days, of a bilious fever.

I make no comment on his merits as a man or artist; they are universally admitted by all who were acquainted with him. For the satisfaction of his family, I would wish them assured that he had every medical assistance, and that his remains were attended by a few select friends to the Protestant burying-ground in this city, where his body was deposited with the greatest decency, though without unnecessary expense. He has left a very young widow, six months advanced in her pregnancy, and a charming little daughter of about three years old. A few of his select friends thinking that there was the greatest propriety in his family in England being immediately acquainted with his demise, I have undertaken the melancholy task; likewise strongly induced to it by the unanimous opinion of those friends, that it was highly necessary that every precaution should be used that his effects should not be dissipated.

His widow being, as I before said, very young, unexperienced, and surrounded by poor relations of very little education; they conceive in consequence, that the most prudent steps would be, that his worthy father should furnish the person mentioned in the enclosed paper, (Signor Antonio Leonetti,) with a proper authority, agreeably to the tenor of that writing, to enable him legally to act, and to stop any improper proceedings that might be prejudicial to the interest of the infant children; not that we have any absolute reason to suppose that any such will happen, as the young woman always behaved towards her husband with extreme affection, and is infinitely afflicted at his death, and we have no doubt, *if left to herself*, will be equally affectionate towards her infants.

His friends are, however, unanimously of opinion, that the measure just mentioned will be prudent, especially in the present disturbed state of affairs; and cannot be productive of any but the most salutary effects. It way not be improper to mention the names of these friends: Edward Gordon, Esq. Mr. Christopher, Sculptor, and Mr. Robert Fagan, Painter:[1] the characters of these gentlemen are

[1] For a previous reference to Robert Fagan in connection with Deare, see Chapter IX.

well known, and will, I trust, sufficiently authorize the advice I have ventured to give.

The gentleman mentioned in the enclosed paper, into whose hands we have put our friend's papers, is an advocate, who has a very extensive acquaintance among the English of the best fashion that visited Rome, and is universally known for a man of abilities and integrity. You will, no doubt, see the propriety of favouring me as soon as possible with an answer. In the mean time,

I remain,
Your most obedient servant,

CHARLES GRIGNON.

Direct
Persicapito al Caffè
Di Giuseppe Giulj
Piazza di Spagna.

Deare's true character was that of a lively, open-hearted man, naturally generous; and always candid when other artists requested his opinion of their works.

His exertions were unremitting and unequalled, and his superior mind and historical knowledge as a modeller, was displayed in every thing he did; whilst his taste as a Sculptor greatly surpassed the other artists of his time. Perhaps no modeller was more rapid, nor ever possessed a more spirited touch, than Deare. His attention to the extremities was so much beyond any artist of his time, that it was frequently noticed by the late venerable West, when Visitor of the Academy, who directed the students to Deare's models, as examples of correct attention to hands and feet. He carried his admiration of beautiful hair to such an excess, that he has frequently been known to travel from twenty to thirty miles on foot, under a scorching sun, to mould an antique head of hair, of which no cast had been made; and when he had accomplished the task, returned to Rome the same day.

His temper was certainly sometimes considered rather

hasty, particularly by those with whom he occasionally differed, persons unquestionably, in some instances, jealous of his superior talent, and the encouragement he received in his art; for his extraordinary powers were noticed by visitors of the first rank for taste and fortune, as the preceding extracts clearly demonstrate. Deare was sometimes eccentric in his ideas: he considered persons wrong in offering their prayers with their clothes on: he insisted that our bodies should be entirely uncovered when engaged in addressing our Maker, and he strictly followed that practice when at his devotions. This is the custom of the religious sect called the Adamiani.

The author of the little work entitled *The Stranger in Liverpool* is under no small mistake in stating that Deare's works are little known in England, and that the best of them are abroad. His talents are well known in this country, where the finest of his productions are deposited. The only foreigner mentioned in the whole of his letters is Madame Martinville: in all other instances where his patrons are named, they happen, for the honour of our country, to be Englishmen. His Marine Venus, of which Canova spoke in ecstasy, is in the Isle of Wight; and his Landing of Julius Cæsar, unquestionably his finest production, is let into the wall over the chimney-piece of the dining parlour of John Penn, Esq. at his beautiful mansion at Stoke Park. The same author also erroneously states that he was neglected by those who sent him out; but this was not the fact. His merits were at all times acknowledged, and his rich talents were so highly noticed, that he died under the fullest protection of patronage by his own countrymen, and by no means in poor circumstances; since, to my knowledge, there was property at Rome at his death, waiting the arrival of his friends to claim. Mr. Cumberland's exclamation of "Such, alas! was the artist whom the Academy abandoned and forgot!" is unworthy of the writer. The Academy never abandoned him; and Sir

Joshua Reynolds, Mr. West, and numerous other leading members of that honourable body, spoke of Deare's powers in the warmest terms of approbation and respect. What he gained, too, was by his own labours as an artist, and not as a broker in antiques; his mind was too elevated to suffer him to descend to the grovelling speculations of fixing heads and arms upon trunks to which they never had belonged, purposely to amass money. If such *had* been his inclinations, he might, with his superior knowledge as a Sculptor, have pocketed thousands of pounds with the greatest ease.

Thomas Grignon, brother of Charles, in whose arms Deare expired, informed me that our Sculptor's death was occasioned by the following silly and most eccentric experiment. Among many blocks of marble which he had just purchased, there was one of a singular shape, from which he believed he could carve a figure in a peculiar and interesting attitude; but, in order to be quite certain of the possibility of the block affording the full extension of the limbs according to his imagination, he was determined to make it his bed for the whole of the night, so that he might receive fresh hints from the visitation of dreams, well knowing how inspiring their suggestions had been to some of the greatest men of talent. This determination he put into execution; but after remaining upon the stone all night, he found he had entirely chilled the whole of his frame: his death was soon apprehended, and in a few days was the consequence of his fatal experiment.[1]

Notwithstanding my predetermination not to glance at the many admirable works of living artists, who do not at present enjoy the degrees attached to our Royal Academy, I am sure all my contemporaries will pardon my noticing

[1] A quite different story of Deare's death is that his wife's beauty attracted the commander of the French troops in Rome, who imprisoned Deare and caused his death (*Dict. Nat. Biography*).

the high talent of their fellow-student Joseph Deare,[1] particularly as he is the nephew of the admirable Sculptor above-mentioned.

The young artist alluded to, after having gained the whole series of silver medals in the Royal Academy, had, like his uncle, the honour of receiving the gold medal for the best model of an original design of David and Goliah; casts of which may be had at his father's house, No. 12, Great St. Helen's, where several other of his productions may be seen.

[1] Joseph Deare exhibited at the Royal Academy 1826–1831, and then practised in Liverpool, where he died in consequence of an accident, August 5th, 1835.

THOMAS MAJOR

THAT very eminent collector of engravings, Thomas Wilson, Esq. son of Major's amiable daughter,[1] in a catalogue of his collection, of which he has had a limited impression for private distribution, has given the following account of this artist.

"Thomas Major was born in London, in 1719.[2] He was directly descended, as appears from a pedigree compiled by Mr. White, of Selborne, from that Richard Major, of Hursley, whose daughter was married to the Protector, Richard Cromwell.[3] Major went to Paris to study engraving under Le Bas,[4] and acquired great proficiency. Being there with Wilton, the Statuary, during the memorable battle of Culloden, it was determined to imprison the English as reprisals for the capture of an Irish regiment in the service of France. Wilton, being more alert or earlier informed, escaped over the roof of the house where they lodged; but Major was taken; and humorously describes the pomp with which he, a diminutive individual, about five feet high, was conveyed by a troop of *gendarmes* to the Bastile. In this prison he remained about three months,—

[1] This lady is mentioned as a visitor to Nollekens in Chapter XV, and her father as a collector of Hogarth prints in the sketch of Hogarth, *post*.

[2] The best authorities give 1720.

[3] Richard Cromwell married Dorothy Mayor, or Major, May 1st, 1649.

[4] Jacques Philippe Le Bas (1707–1783). This great artist, who was described as "the incarnation of the engraving of the eighteenth century" was the master also of Strange and Ryland.

long enough to taste the pleasures of solitary confinement, —till the Marquis d'Argenson, the governor, finding him to be a man of talent, procured his release. Major afterwards engraved several of the Marquis's fine pictures. On his return to England, he was appointed Engraver to the Prince of Wales, and subsequently to the King, and Die-engraver to the Stamp office. On the 24th of March, 1784, the Great Seal of England was stolen,—by whom it is not known,—and Major, being sent for by the Minister, offered to provide another in the shortest possible time. In twenty hours he furnished a perfect substitute of brass, and took it to the Minister's levee: it was not, however, paid for till after his decease.[1]

"Major afterwards made a Great Seal of Silver, which was in use till the union with Ireland. In 1792, the temporary seal of brass was returned to him, and was converted into a tea-urn, in which state it remains; and as it is seldom used, produces, perhaps, less *hot-water* than it would have done as a Great Seal.

"Our Artist was intimate with Hogarth, Strange, and all the men of talent of his day. There is a scarce portrait of him when young, engraved by himself, from a French drawing. Walpole pays him a just compliment in the last page of his Catalogue of Engravers in England. He died in 1799, at the advanced age of eighty."

In addition to the above notices by Mr. Wilson, who kindly permitted me to copy them for this work from a proof-

[1] The Great Seal was stolen from Thurlow's house, No. 45 Great Ormond-street (demolished), on the night of March 24th, 1784, by thieves who climbed the garden wall from the Lamb's Conduit fields. A Dissolution being imminent, the suggestion was made that the Whigs had incited the robbery to prevent it. Thurlow at once reported his loss to Pitt, a Council was called, and an order for a new Great Seal issued. The seal which Major made with so much dispatch was changed for a new one a few weeks later (Lord Campbell, *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*, Vol. V, p. 565).

sheet, before his own catalogue was printed, I insert the following particulars, which will probably be found, as well as numerous others in this work, useful to the future biographers of Artists.

Major, in the early part of his life, lived in West-street, St. Anne's, Soho; then in St. Martin's-lane; and afterwards in Tavistock-row, Covent-garden, now No. 5, where he died in the front room of the second-floor, and was buried in Camberwell church-yard. Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens, Mr. and Mrs. Major and family, were extremely intimate, until the latter family perceived legacy-hunters in Mortimer-street; and then, as they did not wish to be considered of that description, they, by degrees, declined their visits. However, they continued frequently to send to know how their old friends did, but with a full determination never to accompany their inquiries with presents.[1]

[1] The relations of the two families are described in Smith's chapter on St. Martin's-lane, *ante*.

GEORGE MORLAND

AS there is scarcely a work upon Art without anecdotes of George Morland, I shall only insert a few, confining myself to those which have fallen within my own knowledge, and which I am pretty sure have never appeared in print.

During the short time Morland drew at the Royal Academy, I was his fellow-student; and, as we were close neighbours, we frequently walked home together. He was, from a boy, naturally idle, nor would he exert himself but when closely driven. The late Mr. Franks, the Builder, was one of the first persons who encouraged his juvenile applications; and to that gentleman's house, whenever young Morland wanted half-a-crown, he would go to drink tea, and by drawing carts, horses, and dogs, by memory, he would thus provide himself. Mr. Franks's widow, late of Percy-street, Rathbone-place,[1] showed me several of these sketches; they were in black-lead pencil, and displayed considerable promise. His father, who lived in Chapel-street, Wardour-street,[2] was a clever painter of heads in crayons, representing Washerwomen, Clear-starchers, Bellmen, &c.; and for many years was a constant contributor to the early exhibitions. He was also a maker of most excellent crayons, which went by his name.

Young George was of so unsettled a disposition, that his father, being fully aware of his extraordinary talent, was determined to force him to get his own living, and gave him

[1] Mrs. Franks, 5 Percy-street and Hadley, near Barnet (*Holden's Triennial Directory*, 1805–1807). [2] Now Little Chapel-street.

a guinea, with something like the following observation: "I am *determined* to encourage your idleness no longer; *there*, take *that guinea*, and apply to your art and support yourself." This Morland told me, and added that from that moment he commenced and continued wholly on his own account.

I was at this time patronized by my honoured friend the late Sir James Winter Lake, Bart.[1] who very liberally attended to my wishes, by allowing young Morland to paint several small pictures for him, particularly one of a favourite dog. For many years after this, we lost sight of each other, in consequence of the money he gained, which led him into extravagance, and the company he kept being of the lowest description. His companions were jockeys, ostlers, and carters, money-lenders, abandoned women, and gipsies. However, I again became acquainted with him through his brother Henry, the Wine-merchant, in order to introduce him to my friends Mr. Wigston, of Trent-park, Enfield, and the late Mr. Townsend, of Bruce-castle, Tottenham.[2] For these gentlemen he painted several pictures; and they, by purchasing others, at the Morland Gallery, Bond-street, were enabled to fit up an apartment in their respective mansions, which they called the Morland-room. Most of these pictures were disposed of by Mr. Christie, during last June.

Morland married Miss Ward, a sister of the late William Ward, the Associate Engraver, and James Ward, the present Royal Academician.[3] She was a beautiful girl, and of the

[1] For Lake, see Index.

[2] John Wigston, of Trent Park, Enfield, was one of the many country gentlemen for whom Smith made topographical drawings.—Henry Hare Townsend, another patron, sold Bruce Castle in 1792, and it was afterwards the home of Rowland Hill, the founder of penny postage.

[3] William Ward, the engraver (1766–1826), married Morland's sister Maria.—His younger brother, James Ward, the painter (1769–1859), is represented in the Tate Gallery by his large "Landscape with

GEORGE MORLAND
From an engraving by T. Scott

most exemplary conduct; but could not live with him, from the shamefully-cruel manner in which he for a length of time continued to treat her; and yet he was a man by no means wanting in sense or information: and I am certain, had he embraced the friendship of those persons of intellect and sound integrity who wished to serve him, he might have been an ornament to society. But, in consequence of his associating with people of the lowest habits, he became equally vicious and an habitual drunkard; and I firmly believe that he was powerfully intoxicated with gin when he died, which he latterly took in half-pints at a time. It is a melancholy truth that he departed this life in a *spunging-house* on Eyre-street-hill, in the neighbourhood of Hatton-garden. This event occurred in 1804, when Morland was only forty-two years of age. His wife, whose health was most seriously impaired from his cruel treatment, was still attached to him, but was living by herself in the most private manner at her lodgings in Winchester-row, Paddington, when she heard of his wretched and disgraceful death, which afflicted her so powerfully, that in two days she died of a broken heart. He departed on Monday, and she on the Wednesday following. They were both buried in the same grave in St. James's burial-ground, Hampstead-road.

There is no inscription to their memory, though one had been prepared by Mr. Collins, the father of William Collins, the present Royal Academician.[1]

Morland was a man of true genius, and was the first artist who gave the sturdy oak its peculiar character in landscape-painting. There are several etchings attributed to this painter, of which a half-sheet plate of Pigs asleep is undoubtedly his, and is a truly spirited performance.

Cattle," painted in emulation of Paul Potter, and in the National Gallery by his "Regent's Park." —Morland married the Wards' sister Anne (Nancy) in July, 1786.

[1] Mr. Collins was also grandfather of Wilkie Collins, the novelist.

RICHARD WILSON, R.A.

MY father was well acquainted with Wilson, he having frequently met him at the house of Mr. Wilton, the Sculptor, who then possessed the Niobe, so nobly presented, with other grand pictures, to the National Gallery, by Sir George Beaumont. Wilson's nose had then grown to such an enormous size, that usually he held up his pocket-handkerchief to hide it; and I recollect that one morning when going to school, as I was about to cross Queen-Anne-street, Mr. Wilson was so infirm, that he called to me, "Little boy, let me lean upon your shoulder to cross the way." Before he went to Rome, and also on his return to England, he resided in the Piazza, Covent-garden; he also lived for some time in Charlotte-street, Rathbone-place, and afterwards in Norton-street.[1]

My father's play-fellow, the late Mr. Seguier, of laughing memory, assured me, that just before poor Wilson left London, he repeated his request respecting the sweepings of his garret. Mr. Seguier,[2] who had occasionally made a five guinea purchase of him, was then tempted, from Wilson's appearance, to go to him, and received as many of his sketches as he thought worth his money; and so

[1] According to John Green, the collector of Covent Garden traditions, Wilson lived in the house that had been Sir Peter Lely's, that is to say, the second house under the Piazza west from James-street. — Norton-street is now Bolsover-street.

[2] Peter Seguier, a sculptor, uncle of William Seguier, the art expert who is mentioned elsewhere.

RICHARD WILSON, R.A.
Painted by himself in 1768
From the original painting in the Diploma Gallery, Burlington House

trifling were the prices at that time given for modern pictures, that Mr. Seguier sold the best of that purchase for a guinea and a half to my father. I have also heard Mr. Nollekens state, that Wilson considered fifteen guineas a good price for a three-quarter picture.

Wilson was fond of playing at skittles, and frequented the Green Man public-house, in the New-road, at the end of Norton-street, originally known under the appellation of "The Farthing Pye House;"[1] where bits of mutton were put into a crust shaped like a pie, and actually sold for a farthing. This house was kept in my boyish days by a very facetious man of the name of Price, of whom there is a mezzotinto portrait: he was an excellent salt-box player, and he has frequently accompanied the famous Abel when playing on the violoncello.[2] Wilkes was a frequenter of this house to procure votes for Middlesex, as it was visited by many opulent freeholders.

Although much has been published upon the private and professional life of Richard Wilson, I shall venture to insert a few additional particulars. Mr. Wilson was originally a Portrait-painter of great merit;[3] and his pupil, the late Mr. Brooks,[4] had seen several of his pictures. I have one from his pencil of my great uncle Admiral Smith,

[1] The rebuilt tavern stands to-day in Euston-road near Portland-road station.

[2] This mezzotint portrait of Price is described by Bromley as that of Thomas Price, master, of the Farthing Pie House in Marylebone. It was engraved by John Jones from a painting by William Lawranson.—The salt-box, a somewhat mysterious instrument, was beaten with a rolling-pin in such a way as to produce sounds varying with the music.

[3] Wilson had studied portrait painting under Thomas Wright. His portrait group of Prince George Frederick of Wales (George III) and Prince Edward Augustus, Duke of York and Albany, with their tutor, Francis Ayscough, D.D., is in the National Portrait Gallery.

[4] Probably the artist referred to by Smith in his biographical sketch of Cosway (*post*) as "my old fellow-student, William Brooks."

better known for his daring bravery, under the appellation of "Tom of Ten Thousand," in memory of whom I have the honour to boast of the name of *Thomas*.[1] Wilson first painted landscapes in the manner of Marco Ricci[2] and Zuccarelli, with the latter of whom he was intimately acquainted.

In 1758, Mr. Wilson went to Rome, where he was liberally patronized by the late William Locke, Esq.[3] and his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, who purchased two pictures of him, viz. the Niobe and the Apollo, for each of which he received one hundred guineas. Mr. Nollekens informed me, that before he went to Rome, Wilson, who was a member of the Academy in St. Martin's-lane, always attended the meetings superbly dressed; and his waistcoat was particularly attractive, being of the richest green satin, ornamented with gold lace. Mr. Nollekens also stated, that on his return to England, he was invited by his old friend Hodges to accompany him to see Wilson, whose pupil he had been, and who then lived in the North Piazza, Covent-Garden. Hodges was the son of a man who kept an old iron shop in Peter-street, Wardour-street. He was hired by Shipley, the drawing-master in the Strand, as his errand-boy; and being a smart lad and remarkably civil, the students lent him their drawings to copy during his leisure hours. Richard Wilson afterwards received him

[1] Admiral Thomas Smith, who died in 1762, owed his popular fame and name to a trumpery incident in Plymouth harbour. The public credited him with having fired into a French corvette to compel her to salute H.M.S. *Gosport* on which he was lieutenant. But the affair was exaggerated. Smith, after his retirement in 1758, was described by Walpole as "a grey-headed man of comely and respectable appearance but no capacity." The portrait of the Admiral by Nelson possessed by Smith may be the one now in the Painted Hall at Greenwich, or a sketch for it.

[2] For Ricci, see Index.

[3] William Locke, of Juniper Hall, Norbury. See Index.

as a pupil; and under his instruction his improvement was so rapid, that his productions were much admired by his master's visitors.

In the course of his practice he was noticed by some of the Directors of the Honourable East India Company, from whom he received an appointment to India; and under his generous patrons he acquired considerable property. On his return to England he married the beautiful and musical Miss Carr, by whom he had several children; and at that time lived in Queen-street, May Fair; but he afterwards unfortunately left London, and became a country banker, in which occupation he died.[1] Nollekens stated likewise that they were much interested at Wilson's by a model made in wood, of a portion of the Piazza, the whole measuring about six feet from the floor, including the stand. This he used as a receptacle for his painting implements; the rustic work of the piers was divided into drawers, and the openings of the arches were filled with pencils, and oil bottles. This truly interesting toy of this celebrated artist, Mr. Brooks informed me, was sold to a broker, when Wilson finally left London for Wales, for the sum of about four pounds.

[1] According to Redgrave, the father of William Hodges, R.A., was a blacksmith in Clare Market. Hodges served three years as draftsman with Captain Cook. After his return from India in 1784 he was elected A.R.A., and five years later R.A. He married thrice, Miss Carr being his third wife. His banking venture (at Dartmouth) was a failure, and he died at Brixham in 1797.

WILLIAM HOGARTH

I HAVE several times heard Mr. Nollekens observe, that he frequently had seen Hogarth, when a young man, saunter round Leicester-fields, with his master's sickly child hanging its head over his shoulder; and whilst we are speaking of that eminent and eccentric artist, I may remark, that my Father once asked Barry, the Painter, if he had ever seen Hogarth. "Yes, once," he replied. "I was walking with Joe Nollekens through Cranbourne-alley, when he exclaimed: 'There, there's Hogarth.' 'What!' said I, 'that little man in the sky-blue coat?' Off I ran, and though I lost sight of him only for a moment or two, when I turned the corner into Castle-street, he was patting one of two quarrelling boys on the back, and looking steadfastly at the expression in the coward's face, cried, 'D—n him! if I would take it of him; at him again!'"

Some of our artists of the present day would perhaps increase their connexions, were they to follow the annexed precedent, as related by Dr. Cole,[1] in the 30th vol. of his Manuscripts, now in the British Museum. "One thing I omitted in relation to Mr. Hogarth, which deserves notice, and characterises his liberal and ingenuous turn of mind. When I sat to him, near fifty years ago, the custom was not introduced of not giving vails to servants. On my taking leave of him at the door, and his servant's opening it, or the coach-door, I cannot tell which, (for I had no servant

[1] The Rev. Witham Cole. See Index.

of my own,) I offered him a small gratuity; the man very politely refused it, telling me, that it would be the loss of his place, if his master knew it. This was uncommon, and so liberal in a man of Mr. Hogarth's profession, at that time of day, that it struck me the more, as nothing of the sort had before happened to me."

Hogarth, who was a great frequenter of houses supported by libertines, went to Moll King's, in Covent-garden,[1] accompanied by his friend Hayman, who was at all times highly delighted to see that "*moral* teacher of mankind" sketch from Nature. They had not been in the brothel ten minutes, before Hogarth took out his book to draw two ladies, whose dispute bespake a warm contest; and, at last, one of them, who had taken a mouthful of wine or gin, squirted it in the other's face, which so delighted the artist, that he exclaimed, "Frank, mind the b——'s mouth!" This incident, Hogarth has introduced in the third plate of his Rake's Progress.

I believe that in no instance has the name of a painter been so freely used as that of Hogarth. His reputation has become public property, and is considered fair game; since many a picture exhibiting a large white wig, a three-cornered Macheath-hat, an old apothecary's capeless coat, with immense basket-buttons on the sleeves, and flap-pockets, rolled up stockings and square-toed buckle-shoes, —has been, without hesitation, ascribed to his pencil, which, if examined, would very soon be proved the contrary. Mercier, Van Hawkin, Highmore, Pugh, or that drunken pot-house Painter, the younger Hemskirk, who was a singer at Sadler's Wells, are artists now rarely mentioned;[2]

[1] For fuller notices of Moll King, see Index.

[2] Philip Mercier, born in Berlin, became portrait painter to Frederick Prince of Wales, and lived in Covent Garden. His portrait of Peg Woffington is at the Garrick Club.

For Van Hawkin read Van Haeken, or Haaken. It is difficult to say whether the allusion is to Joseph Van-

though several of their performances have been elevated by the second-rate picture-dealers and brokers in old panels, as the works of Hogarth: and even a head from a picture by Rosalba has lately been engraven and published as the genuine production of that painter.

For myself I am decidedly of opinion, that several of the copies of prize-fighting and playhouse benefit-tickets, published in Samuel Ireland's Graphic Illustrations of Hogarth, are from plates neither designed nor etched by him.[1] They are, in fact, the vilest of the vile, being totally destitute of either talent or wit; both of which qualifications Hogarth possessed in a supereminent degree, even in his youthful days, when he engraved ornaments and coats-of-arms for his master Gamble:[2] and for his wit, where can we find any prints to equal most of the plates for the small set of Hudibras, which were some of his earliest productions? They are full of character, well drawn, spiritedly etched,

haeken, who died in London in 1750, or to his brother Alexander, but probably Joseph is indicated. J. Van Haecken painted draperies so admirably for Hudson, Allan Ramsay and others, that Hogarth produced a caricature representing the London portrait painter following his coffin to St. Pancras churchyard in despair.

Joseph Highmore has been noted under "Ware and his Companions." See also Index.

Herbert Pugh, who came from Ireland about 1758, "tried two or three pictures in Hogarth's manner, but they are only mean representations of low scenes" (*Redgrave*).

Egbert van Heemskerk was the son of the painter of London scenes, Quakers' meetings, etc.

[1] Samuel Ireland, father of William Henry Ireland, the Shakespearean forger, but no relation to John Ireland, the first sound biographer of Hogarth, produced his *Graphic Illustrations of Hogarth* in 1794, and a second volume five years later. John Ireland's work (*Hogarth Illustrated*) is of permanent value, but Samuel Ireland "is to be regarded rather as a 'snapper up of unconsidered trifles' than a contributor of serviceable information" (Austin Dobson *Hogarth*).

[2] Ellis Gamble, at the sign of the Golden Angel, in Cranbourne-street, or Alley.

and most of them possessing admirable effect; and I must say, as a supporter of the honour of Hogarth as an artist, that until Mr. Samuel Ireland raked up many of the wretched things, which he caused to be copied for a publication unquestionably with a view to raise money,—no collectors admitted the originals into their portfolios as the works of Hogarth.

Mr. Samuel Ireland was a gentlemanly man in appearance, of manners rather pleasing, who well knew that novelty would go a great way towards making money. I am also credibly informed, that there is even at this moment an artist who finds it rather a successful occupation to make spirited drawings from Hogarth's prints, which he most *ingeniously* deviates from by the omission of some figure or other object, or insertion of an additional one, in order to give his drawing the appearance of a first thought, upon which Hogarth is to be supposed to have made some alteration in his plate as an improvement. These drawings are discoloured, put into old black frames, and then, after passing them through several hands, are finally sold, accompanied with a very long story, to those over-cunning collectors destitute of sufficient knowledge to enable them to detect the forgery.

Having ventured in a former page to mention my own opinion as to Hogarth's want of morality, I must not for a moment allow the reader even to suppose that I am, in any degree, wanting in my respect for his powerful talents as an artist. His easy and perfectly natural mode of grouping, his sweetness and harmony of colouring, his exquisite pencilling and general brilliancy of effect, must be perceived and felt by every one possessing a single spark of taste, when viewing that inestimable series of pictures entitled "The Marriage A-la-mode," which forms a part of our National Gallery.

The prints by this Artist, in freedom of etching and vigour of tooling, display his powers to the highest ad-

vantage; though I think I may, without incurring the displeasure of my brother Burinists, consider the plates of Southwark Fair and the Cockpit as productions unrivalled in this or any other country. For the information of those who are not acquainted with the fact, I must observe, that the former of these displays most conspicuously the four classes of composition in Art, namely, the diverging, the S-like, or line of beauty, the festoon, and the triangle, or pyramidal. I remember, when I was a lad, asking the late venerable President West, what he thought of Hogarth's *Analysis of Beauty;* and his answer was, "It is a work, my man, of the highest value to every one studying the Art."[1] Hogarth was a strutting, consequential little man, and made himself many enemies by that book; but now that most of them are dead, it is examined by disinterested readers, unbiassed by personal animosities, and it will be yet more and more read, studied, and understood.

Stacey, the famous jockey, who kept the Bedford Arms in Covent-garden,[2] informed me that it was at his house that Hogarth and Churchill quarrelled, and that it was over a rubber of shilling whist.[3] Woodward, the Comedian, who

[1] Hogarth made his famous venture into art criticism in 1754. He had often been asked to explain the serpentine line which may be seen on the palette in the corner of his own portrait (now in the National Gallery) and which he called the Line of Beauty. "No Egyptian hieroglyphic ever amused more than it did for a time." His book, in which he was assisted by various literary acquaintances, was an attempt to explain and develop the ideas for which the symbol stood in his mind. His intentions were better than his execution: his friends praised the one and his enemies scoffed at the other. West's opinion has not been endorsed.

[2] Stacie, known as Black Jack and Honest Jack Stacie, kept the Bedford Arms when John and Henry Fielding, Hogarth, Churchill, Woodward, Lloyd, Oliver Goldsmith and many others met there and held a gossiping shilling rubber club. He died in 1815, and was buried at Paddington, aged about seventy-six.

[3] The true cause of this quarrel was the publication in 1762 of Hogarth's print "The

mostly resided at the Bedford Arms, was particularly intimate with Stacey; and gave him his portrait with a mask in his hand, one of the early pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Stacey, to whom I was introduced by old Watkins, a Barber, late of Tottenham-court-road,[1] gave me also the following anecdote. He was allowed to play an excellent game at whist. One morning, about two o'clock, one of his waiters awoke him, to tell him that a nobleman had knocked him up, and had desired him to call his master down to play a rubber with him for one hundred guineas. Stacey got up, dressed himself, won the money, and was in bed again and asleep, all within an hour.

Of the numerous collectors of Hogarth's plates, there are many who contaminate their volumes by stuffing in every sort of trash recommended to them; and there are some who totally disregard the state of impression, while others are perfectly satisfied with the touched-up plates. From a catalogue, however, which I have seen of the King's Collection, I conclude it must be a good one; and Lord Charlemont's and Lord Orford's, I understand, are very choice, particularly that of the former, who was one of Hogarth's

Times," which was politically obnoxious to Wilkes and Churchill, apart from the fact that in it they figured as a couple of garreteers.

[1] Joseph Watkins, of 121 Tottenham-court-road. Smith introduces his figure into his etching of houses on the south side of Leadenhall-street in his *Ancient Topography of London* (1810). Watkins had known Hogarth well, and told Smith that he was the last man in London to wear a scarlet roquelaure. Watkins had frequently shaved Hogarth's head, under which operation, says Smith, "he would often be merry. Once, whilst the lather was on his head, he flew to the window to look at a boy who had placed a hot pie so hard upon a post that the dish broke and the gravy ran down its sides. This Hogarth immediately drew, and has introduced it in his plate of Noon. . . . Mr. Watkins also informed me that about fifty-three years ago [i.e. about 1757] he gathered blackberries on the north side of the road now called Oxford-street, and that he recollected the triangular gallows at Tyburn."

best friends: but these I have not seen. The late Mr. Wyndham's, formerly Mr. Steevens's; Mr. Cricket's, made up by Mr. Ingham Foster; the present Mr. Willett's; and the one made up by Mr. Packer, of Great Baddow, purchased by the Honourable Trustees of the British Museum —all of which I have seen—contain their respective rarities, and are all highly valuable; but curious as these are, they are far exceeded by one lately formed by H. P. Standly, Esq. of the Temple. That gentleman has been extremely fortunate in selecting from four eminent collections made by Mr. Sayer, Mr. Moor, Mr. Baker, and Messrs. Colnaghi, of Pall-mall East. Mr. Standly has been particularly attentive to the brilliancy of impression, as well as to the rarity and variety of their states and condition. That gentleman has also been singularly fortunate in obtaining not only many fine drawings by Hogarth, but an immense quantity of his original manuscripts, illustrative of many of his most interesting works. Colonel Durrant has also some fine specimens of this favourite Artist; and Mr. Wilson has given, in his catalogue, a list of his Hogarths, many of which are extremely curious.[1]

[1] The history of these collections is for the most part given in brief notes by John Bowyer Nichols in his *Anecdotes of Hogarth.*

FRANCIS HAYMAN, R.A.

FRANCIS HAYMAN, Historical-painter, one of the first members of the Royal Academy, a native of Devonshire, and a pupil of Brown,[1] the artist, first resided in Craven-buildings, Drury-lane; next in Prince's-court, Westminster; then in St. Martin's-lane; and, finally, in Dean-street, Soho, in a house now divided into two, Nos. 42 and 43.[2]

In the early part of Mr. Hayman's life, he was employed at Drury-lane Theatre, as a scene-painter, and was afterwards engaged by his friend Mr. Jonathan Tyers, to decorate the Rotunda and other parts of Vauxhall Gardens; but his best works, and those by which he is most publicly known, are his designs for the Adventures of Don Quixote.[3] In 1755, Hayman etched a small quarto plate of Quin, the actor, in the character of Falstaff, seated on a drum, in a swaggering attitude, with his right elbow resting upon the hilt of his sword, by the side of the body of Hotspur. This is a truly spirited production, and is so rare, that the only impression known to collectors is the one the artist gave to his friend, the late President of the Royal Academy,

[1] Robert Brown, a decorative painter, who had been a pupil of Sir James Thornhill. He executed paintings for several City churches, and died December 26th, 1753.

[2] This site is now occupied by the Royal Ear Hospital.

[3] Hayman's designs for Smollett's edition of *Don Quixote* (1755), twenty-eight in number, are now in the British Museum Department of Prints and Drawings.

in 1770, and which was, by the liberality of Mrs. Benjamin West, presented to me.

The following anecdote of Hayman was related to me by the late venerable President West, who received it from Mr. Hayman himself. Quin and Hayman were inseparable friends, and so convivial, that they seldom parted till daylight. One night, after "beating the rounds," and making themselves gloriously drunk, they attempted, arm in arm, to cross a kennel, into which they both fell, and when they had remained there a minute or two, Hayman, sprawling out his shambling legs, kicked Quin. "Hollo! what are you at now?" stuttered Quin. "At? why endeavouring to get up, to be sure," replied the Painter, "for this don't suit my *palate*." "Poh!" replied Quin, "remain where you are, the watchman will come by shortly, and he will *take us both up!*"

The following is a copy of the undertaker's invitation to his funeral, the original of which was kindly presented to me by Raphael and Benjamin West, Esqrs.

To Benjamin West, Esq. R.A.

SIR,

THE favour of your company is desired to attend the corpse of Francis Hayman, Esq. from his late dwelling-house, in Dean-street, St. Anne's, Soho, to the parish church of the same, on Wednesday next, the 7th instant, at half-past six o'clock in the evening.[1]

[1] Hayman died February 2nd, 1776.

FRANCIS HAYMAN, R.A.
By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.
From the original portrait in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House

JAMES BARRY, R.A.

THE following anecdote was communicated to me by a gentleman who had received it from Mr. Burke, Barry's early and steady friend. This great orator, with whom the Painter had frequently dined, being aware of most of his eccentricities, and wishing much to see in what way he conducted his household concerns, requested to be asked to dinner. Barry replied, "Sir, you know I live alone, but, if you will partake of a steak, I can answer for your having it hot, and from the best rump in the most classic market in London."—"I will dine with you," replied Mr. Burke; "but mind, you must not let me put you in the least out of your way."—"You shall dine as I do, Sir," observed Barry: "there shall be no auxiliaries," turning his head to the sideboard of glittering plate and glass. A day was then fixed.

Upon Mr. Burke's arrival at No. 36, Castle-street, Oxford-market, his host conducted him into the painting-room, which had undergone no alteration whatever from the period when it had been used as a carpenter's workshop. It was partly occupied by his large picture of Pandora;[1] but principally with whole-length portraits of the persons who sat to him for his Adelphi pictures, together with

[1] The original drawing of this powerful design is in the possession of William Henderson, Esq. of No. 33, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, a gentleman whose taste can fully appreciate its merit. Mr. Henderson is also in possession of some of Barry's original drawings for the Adelphi pictures. (S.)—The "Pandora" painting was sold at Christie's in 1807 for 230 guineas, but in 1846 fetched only 11½ guineas.

numerous old straining-frames; a printing press, for he printed his own plates; and thousands of cobwebs, nearly as thick as those dowlas specimens formerlyshown to the visitors of the late wine-cellars under the Thames, near London-bridge, which belonged to what were called "The Shades."

Most of the windows of this painting-room were either cracked or broken; the tiles of its ceiling-less roof were as wide apart and as much mutilated as those which appear in the first state of Hogarth's print of the Strolling Actresses in a barn; and the small fire-place was filled with a grate large enough for the carpenter's glue-pot. However, it was under this roof that the great Burke was to dine. The fire burned clear, the steaks were put on, and Barry, who assumed no false pomp, though he had means of comfort within his reach, after spreading a towel upon a small, round, three-legged deal table, just large enough for two plates, the beer, and bread, put a pair of tongs into his visitor's hand, requesting him to turn the steaks while he went for a pot of porter; and, upon his return, with his usual consistency of bluntness, swore that the wind had taken off the head just as he was crossing Titchfield-street.—I have often thought that this scene alone was an admirable contrast between the stern and stubborn character of this diamond in the rough, and the eloquent author of the *Sublime and Beautiful*; who, upon any other occasion, would have been shocked at being so entrapped, even if requested to partake of *pot-luck* by a constituent when he was soliciting his vote,—a moment when greatness is generally discovered to be elastic.

Mr. T. Thornton, of Kennington, has favoured me with the following anecdote. Mr. Young, a particular friend of his, considering Barry's intended prints from his pictures in the Adelphi to be a national series which ought to be encouraged by the public, went to his house in Castle-street, Oxford-market, and paid half the subscription-money to ensure a set. When they were pronounced finished, he

THE RUINOUS HOME OF JAMES BARRY, R.A., IN CASTLE STREET, OXFORD STREET

Drawn and engraved by T. Prattent

called to pay the remainder, and receive his prints; but, upon his expressing himself with some surprise as to their coarseness of execution, Barry asked him if he knew what it was he *did* expect?—"More finished engravings," replied Mr. Young; who, after experiencing farther rudeness from the artist, took his departure, observing that he was very welcome to keep the money he had already received.

Barry, who had been, nearly all his life, accustomed to dine at Cooks'-shops, was taken ill at the French Eating-house, then on the right-hand side of Wardour-street from Oxford-street. He was conveyed to the dwelling of his steadfast friend Bonomi, in Titchfield-street, who took the greatest care of him.[1] As there is a most able Life of Barry, written by the late Dr. Fryer, I shall state only that he died February 22nd, 1806; not in a condition of pauperism, as some malignant people have thought proper to report, but with forty pounds in his pocket. His body lay in state in the centre of the great room in the Adelphi, surrounded by his pictures, which will, as long as canvass lasts, be the best monument to his memory.[2] He was

[1] The story goes that when Barry was brought in a state of collapse to his wretched house in Castle-street an entrance could not be made, because the keyhole had been plugged by the boys of the neighbourhood. A view of the house with every window broken is given in the *European Magazine* of April, 1806. He was therefore taken to the house of Joseph Bonomi the architect, at 76 Titchfield-street.

[2] These Adelphi pictures, six in number, were executed for the Society of Arts, and are to be seen to-day in the lecture hall in John-street, Adelphi. They are bewildering productions, though Barry saw in them a great logical scheme. Their titles are as follows:—

1. Story of Orpheus.
2. A Harvest Home, or Thanksgiving to Ceres and Bacchus.
3. The Victors at Olympia.
4. Navigation, or The Triumph of the Thames.
5. The distribution of Premiums in the Society of Arts.
6. Elysium, or the State of Final Retribution.

One might spend a day in

buried in Saint Paul's Cathedral, near the ashes of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with whom he died in peace, though he had upon some occasions violently differed with him. It is true, he was expelled the Royal Academy, for misconducting himself in a most outrageous manner; but it must appear an ungracious neglect of those artists with whom he parted on friendly terms, that not even one of his old friends, members of the Academy, attended his funeral.

A friend has obliged me with the following extract from the books of the Royal Academy relative to his expulsion :—

I have struck out the adjoining name, in consequence of the opinion entered in the minutes of the Council, and of the General Meeting, which I fully approve. April 23, 1799.

G. R.[1]

One evening, after I had related to Miss Welch, that

identifying the persons who make up Barry's amazing crowds. Cunningham, who does full justice to the merits of the series, writes in despair : "When Archimedes, Galileo, Sir Isaac Newton, regarding with awe and admiration a solar system," are jumbled with Columbus, Lord Shaftesbury, Marcus Brutus, William Molyneux, Aristotle, Zeno, Harvey, Alfred the Great leaning on the shoulder of Penn, Trajan and Edward the Black Prince, Charles I, Lord Arundel, Moliere, Homer, Pope, Mendelssohn, Sir Christopher Wren, Rubens, Hogarth, Apelles, Raphael, Dürer, Giotto, and a hundred others, taken as it seems at first in the same wild haphazard, it is difficult to understand the 'order of their going!'" The best description of the pictures is Barry's own, in *An Account of a Series of Pictures*, etc., published 1783. The present gilt frames are the original ones, designed by Barry himself.

[1] Barry's struggle with the Royal Academy came to a head when he published, in 1799, his *Letter to the Dilettanti Society*, attacking the Academy's administration of its funds and denouncing private combinations and jealousies. By a letter dated April 24th, 1790, signed by John Richards, R.A., secretary, Barry was deprived of his professorship and expelled.

Barry would not suffer Mr. Udney, of Teddington,[1] to take away a set of the etchings from the Adelphi pictures, before he put down the money for them, she observed, " My good Sir, Barry's politeness is as rare as a bit of Peg Woffington's writing." This observation, perhaps, amounts to an impossibility of his having been polite at any time, for it is said that Peggy could not even write her own name: that, however, was not the case with her formidable antagonist Catherine Clive, since I have seen several of Kitty's letters, and they are not only spiritedly written, but bumper-full of the most luxuriant wit.

[1] John Udney, a friend of Horace Walpole, and Consul at Leghorn for some years. He and his wife were intimate with the Cosways.

FRANCIS LEGAT

ALL that Bryan has said as to the biography of Legat is contained in the following sixteen words :—" If this artist *was not* a native of England, he resided in London *about* the year 1780." I must, therefore, conclude, that, if ever a second edition of Bryan's Dictionary should be called for, the Editor will be enabled, by the assistance of these pages, to insert the following particulars, which I have collected from several persons now living, with whom Legat had been particularly intimate.[1]

Francis Legat was a North Briton, and was educated at Edinburgh, under Alexander Runciman, an artist, intimate with John Brown, the designer, and highly esteemed by Fuseli.[2]

In 1780, Legat lodged in the second-floor of No. 22, Charles-street, Westminster ; and in 1789, declared himself to one of my informants, who lodged in the first-floor of the same house, to be then in his twenty-fifth year. Here he engraved Mary Queen of Scots resigning her Crown, for which plate Boswell applied by letter to Dr. Johnson for an

[1] The latest edition of Bryan's Dictionary, edited and enlarged by Dr. George C. Williamson, gives a sufficient account of Legat, founded on Smith's sketch.

[2] For Runciman, see Index. John Brown was his pupil. In Italy he was employed by Charles Townley, and in Scotland by Lord Monboddo. In 1786 he took up black-lead portraiture in London. A year later he voyaged to Leith, was terribly sea-sick, and died on his arrival, aged thirty-five.

inscription.[1] In these lodgings he also engraved that fine plate from Northcote's celebrated picture of the Children in the Tower, now in the possession of the Earl of Egremont.[2] By the success of this engraving, and the liberal manner in which Boydell remunerated him, he was enabled to send to Scotland for his mother, to whom through life his filial conduct was truly exemplary.

About the latter end of 1790, he left Charles-street for Sloane-square, taking with him the plate of the death of Cordelia, after a picture by Barry. Here he remained till 1797, when he moved with the plate of Lady Hamilton, as Cassandra, to No. 21, Pleasant-row, Camden-town; where, about the year 1799, his mother died. From thence, he went to lodge in the first-floor of Mr. Proctor, at No. 2, Charles-street, Middlesex Hospital, where he engraved

[1] This picture was painted for Boswell by Gavin Hamilton in Rome. See Boswell's letter to Johnson dated December 18th, 1773, in which he submits two Latin inscriptions which had been suggested, and asks for a better with a translation. Two years seem to have elapsed before the Doctor produced the following, which was inscribed on Legat's plate by Alderman Boydell, the publisher. "Maria Scotorum hominum seditiosorum contumeliis lassata, ruinis terrata, clamoribus victa libello, per quem regno cedit, lacrimans trepidansque nomen apponit." "Mary, Queen of Scots, harassed, terrified and overpowered by the insults, menances and clamours of her rebellious subjects, sets her hand, with tears and confusion, to a resignation of the Kingdom."

[2] Of this well-known picture, painted for Boydell's Shakespeare Gallery, and exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1786, Allen Cunningham remarks: "The murderers, accompanied by torch-bearers, are represented carrying the naked children down a steep and difficult stair; and instead of conveying them the easiest and readiest way, they have laid them upon long cloths, and are lowering them into the dungeon with an excess of trouble which shows them to have been sad dolts in the way of their business. All this, however, was done in order to give the painter an opportunity of showing how well he could manage his colours."

Ophelia before the King and Queen, after West's picture; which plate procured him the honour of being appointed Historical-Engraver to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

As the burin of Legat had always been employed by publishers who lived in splendour, he was induced to conclude, that he would make more money by engraving plates on his own account. By way of trial, he bespoke a picture of Stothard, the subject being the death of General Sir Ralph Abercrombie; then popular not only from his ever-memorable battle, but also from the song which Braham still continues to sing in full vigour. In this plate Legat was far advanced, before he discovered that the public, like the Mayor of the City of London, was accustomed to be spoken to only by the Recorder, and that print-collectors were not accustomed to subscribe to engravers.

Under this disappointment, his spirits gradually gave way, and, after burying his aunt, he died, in the back-room of the first floor of Mr. Proctor's house, in Charles-street, on the 4th of April, 1809, in the fifty-fifth year of his age, and was buried in the church-yard of Saint Pancras Old Church; Stothard, the Academician, was one of the mourners. The father of the present General Kemp, who was his steady friend, paid his debts, and took possession of the plate of Abercrombie. It became the property of Mr. Bowyer, of the Historic Gallery, Pall-mall, who has had it finished for publication.[1] Bryan mentions only the three following plates from the graver of Legat, viz.

Mary Queen of Scots resigning her Crown, after a picture by Gavin Hamilton.

The Continence of Scipio, after Poussin; and,

[1] Robert Bowyer, the miniature painter. At Schomberg House, in Pall Mall, he formed a large collection of pictures with a view to illustrating a superbly embellished edition of Hume's History. This was never completed, and a loss of 30,000*l.* was incurred.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS RESIGNING HER CROWN

Painted by Gavin Hamilton for James Boswell, engraved by Francis Legat, and supplied with a Latin inscription by Dr. Johnson

The King, Queen, and Laertes, in *Hamlet*, after a very fine picture by West.

To the above may be added the following plates, equally large, the first two of which are generally considered, by persons well qualified to judge of their merit, as the finest of his works, viz.

The Murder of the Princes in the Tower, after a picture by Northcote.[1]

Cassandra, after a picture by Romney.

The Death of Cordelia, after a picture by Barry.

Though all the above engravings are upon a large scale, and in a grand style, he executed two very pretty vignettes for Bell's British Theatre: one for *The Hypocrite*, after a design by Smirke, the other for *Tancred and Sigismunda*, after a design by Fuseli.

Mr. Legat was a sensible intelligent man, gentle in his manners, and serious, except when enlivened by the conversation of his friends. On such occasions, he was remarkably cheerful, and seldom objected to join any party of pleasure, provided the company was such as he approved. He wrote several short pieces of poetry on various subjects, which were considered good specimens; but there is much doubt whether any of them are now preserved. His style of engraving is powerful and clear, particularly in the figure of Cassandra; but I do not mean to compare any of his works to Strange's extraordinary prints after Guido, Venus attired by the Graces, or Woollett's La Hogue, or Sharpe's John Hunter, after Sir Joshua Reynolds; but next to those specimens, I know of no work of engraving executed with more skill and effect, than the head and helmet of one of the murderers, from Northcote's picture,

[1] Northcote painted three pictures of this composition; for one of which Boydell gave him forty pounds, and for which the Earl of Egremont afterwards gave 200*l.* at an auction. (S.)

the chiaro-'scuro of which, unquestionably, is most admirably calculated for a fine print.

Although Legat drew better than engravers in general, he had inclination to improve himself still farther; and argued differently from those engravers who endeavour to cloak their ignorance, by insisting that an accurate eye in copying was quite enough. "No," said he, "a line-engraver's business in copying a picture, goes beyond that of a mere copyist. The engraver should understand the anatomy of the human figure, to enable him to arrange his lines, from the origin, the direction, and insertion of the muscles. What would an engraver of a piece of architecture make of his buildings, without a knowledge of lineal perspective? A painter may make a good copy of a picture, but a thorough knowledge of lineal perspective is indispensably necessary in an engraver."

I ought, perhaps, to apologize for thus exposing a negligence or want of ability in many of our engravers, a valuable class of artists, though at the same time it is my duty to declare, that the most eminent of the present day are far better draughtsmen than their predecessors; and I am sure, that all who know what Art is, will join me in the assertion, that an indifferent engraver, who draws well, cannot produce a plate wholly destitute of merit. Several instances of this may be seen in the whole of Barry's Etchings; which, coarse as we know they are styled by persons in general, are in possession of a grand depth of knowledge, as to the direction of the lines so admirably describing the origin and insertion of the muscles of the human figure. In this respect they are much better than the metallic manner in which the flesh parts of Wille's plates are effected; which are still cried up by foreigners as the finest specimens of the engraver's art.

Legat made repeated applications to his neighbour Nollekens for the loan of some of his casts from the antique. "What!" said the Sculptor, "do you suppose I can relish

a head when it comes home with its nose off? No, no; I brought most of mine with me from Rome, when I was in Italy. You may hire casts at Papera's and Genelli's."[1]

There is a small engraved portrait of Legat, by T. Prescott, after a drawing by Runciman, published by C. Dyer, Printseller, St. James's-street, near the Thatched House.

[1] These were plaster-cast figure-makers. Papera's was at 16 Marylebone-street, Gianelli's (Genelli's) at 33 Cock-lane.

OZIAS HUMPHRY, R.A.

MR. HUMPHRY, who was descended from an ancient and highly honourable family of the time of Edward III., was son of George and Elizabeth Humphry, and was born at Honiton, in Devonshire, on the 8th of September, 1742.[1] He was christened Ozias, and was educated at the Grammar-school of that town. Having a strong natural talent for drawing, he was placed with Mr. Samuel Collins, a very indifferent Miniature-painter, and what was worse, a man of gay and expensive habits; with whom he stayed only two years, though his master had received a considerable premium for three. This man fled from his creditors, and left his pupil Ozias without a protector.

Young Humphry, when his master left him, returned to Honiton, and after remaining a short time, requested his mother to furnish him with a guinea, observing, that he had resolved with that small sum to begin the world.[2] His

[1] For information bearing on Humphry's family history, see an interesting communication by Mr. Aleck Abrahams in *Notes and Queries* of August 27th, 1910.

[2] These statements require correction. Before studying under Collins (at Bath), Humphry attended Shipley's drawing school in the Strand, and the Duke of Richmond's gallery in Privy Gardens, for about three years. It was during this period that his father died, and his return to Honiton preceded his connection with Collins. Smith's sketch should be compared and corrected by the biographical account of Humphry written, probably at his dictation, by his natural son William Upcott, the collector, and first printed in

OZIAS HUMPHRY, R.A.
From an engraving by Caroline Watson after Romney's original portrait

mother complied with his request, and with it he proceeded to Exeter, where he took lodgings of Jackson, the author of that charming composition, "Time has not thinned my flowing hair."[1] Here he made beautiful Nature his only mistress; and, by applying steadfastly to her fascinating allurements, he soon found encouragement, and was enabled to visit London.

With a view to further his improvement, he became a student in Shipley's Drawing-school, in the Strand, where his talents procured him the intimacy of Mortimer, and, indeed, all those who stood high in the Academy, which was then the best in England. Having a wish to try his fortune at Bath, he went thither, in 1762, and took lodgings with Lindley, the Musician, whose lovely daughter, Eliza-Ann (afterwards Mrs. Sheridan, the Saint Cecilia of Sir Joshua), was then in her ninth year.[2] She knew all the songs in *Thomas and Sally, The Beggar's Opera, The Chaplet,* and *Love in a Village,* and these she would sing so sweetly, that many a day, at the young Painter's solicitation, she chanted them, seated at the foot of his easel, looking up to him, unconscious of her heavenly features: with such features and such looks, as prevailed upon the motley visitors of Bath, when she so gracefully held up her little

Notes and Queries of May 27th, 1899. — The miniatures of Samuel Collins were more highly esteemed by many connoisseurs, in both Bath and Dublin, than by Smith. Collins died in 1780.

[1] William Jackson, known as "Jackson of Exeter" (1730–1803), composed the successful opera "The Lord of the Manor," was a member of the Madrigal Society, and wrote the music of many songs of a refined character.

[2] It was during this sojourn at Bath that Humphry worked under Collins. His landlord, Thomas Linley, was then a singing-master at No. 5 Pierrepont-street. His long connection with Drury-lane came later, and he died in Southampton-street, Covent Garden, November 19th, 1795. In Wells Cathedral, where he was buried, there is a monument to himself and his daughters, Elizabeth Ann (Mrs. Sheridan) and Mary (Mrs. Tickell).

basket, with her father's benefit-tickets, at the door, as they passed in and out of the Pump-room.

After remaining some time at Bath, Mr. Humphry again visited London, and being a great admirer of Mr. Reynolds (afterwards Sir Joshua), he ventured to show him some of his miniatures. The great Painter was so much pleased with his talent and gentlemanly deportment, that he received him with the utmost cordiality, and requested to know from what county he came, and what his parents were. When Reynolds heard that he was from Devonshire, and that his mother was a lace-maker, he exclaimed, "Born in my county, and your mother a lace-maker! why, Vandyke's mother was a maker of lace!" at the same time adding, that he should be welcome to copy any of his Vandykes. "Or perhaps," said he, "you had better allow me to lend you some of mine, as they are better suited by their dress to answer your present purpose."

This generous offer was accepted with the greatest ecstasy, and after copying several pictures, which highly improved his natural taste for richness of colouring, he produced a miniature from Reynolds's famous head of King Lear in the storm, which so highly pleased him, that he exclaimed, "This is a beautiful copy; it is so finely painted, that you must allow me to purchase it. What is your price? it will enable me to serve you." The Artist, glowing with modesty, begged of his patron to accept of it. No; that, he said, he could not think of. "Three guineas then, Sir, is the price," replied he.—"That is too little," observed the great Painter: "I shall give you five, and let that be your price for such a picture." At the same time, he advised him to take lodgings near him; and accordingly, in 1768, he took the house now No. 21, in King-street, Covent-garden.[1] It is in the corner opposite Setchell's,

[1] J. F. Setchel, bookseller, 23 King-street (*Pigot's Directory*, 1826–1827).

where he remained till 1771; during which time he fell sincerely in love with the daughter of James Payne, the Architect, at that time living in Saint Martin's-lane;[1] though she, poor girl, was obliged, by her father's shuffling, sordid, and dirty conduct, to marry Tilly Kettle, the Portrait-painter, who practised his art in Old Bond-street.[2] In consequence of this shameful treatment of himself and the girl of his heart, Mr. Humphry resolved to leave his house and go abroad; he therefore sold off all his household furniture, reserving his plate, which he never parted with; and, for a short time, in 1772, took lodgings at the Golden-head, the usual sign of artists, in Great Newport-street; and, on the 20th of March, in 1773, accompanied by Romney the Painter, left London for Rome.[3]

Our artists passed their first night at Seven-oaks, and on the next day were entertained by their mutual friend the Duke of Dorset at Knole. They resided in Paris three weeks, and, after having nearly been lost in the Gulph of Pisa, arrived at Rome on the 18th of June. Humphry, after an absence of four years, increasing his friends wherever he went, once more settled in London; where, in 1777, the postman rapped at his door, No. 29, Rathbone-place, with a letter from Dr. Wolcot (alias Peter Pindar,) dated October 25th, from Truro, in which, after complimenting—or flattering, I should have said—the Painter upon his high talents, the satirist asked that which he declared he should

[1] For Payne, see Index.

[2] Tilly Kettle, born in London about 1740, painted portraits and Indian subjects. His portrait of Warren Hastings is in the National Portrait Gallery. He died at Aleppo in 1786, while proceeding on a second visit to India.

[3] Humphry himself (*vide* the Upcott memorandum already mentioned) says that his Italian tour was undertaken in consequence of a fall from his horse which shattered his nerves, and from a wish to deepen his knowledge of art. For details of his ambitions and studies in this tour, see this memorandum (*Notes and Queries*, May 27th, 1899).

consider as an indelible obligation if granted. The application, he said, was in favour of an uncouth, raw-boned country lad, about fifteen years of age, with whom, by the by, he found he had encumbered himself, and who, to use the Doctor's own words, had "run mad with paint." This youth offered his services to Mr. Humphry, to clean his brushes and palette, and make himself useful in the common concerns of his house, and all for the pleasure of being with a painter of his knowledge and eminence. He said, that "he wanted no wages, for that if he would give him his food and a little money to keep the devil out of his pocket, he would be perfectly contented." This interesting letter, which is curious in other particulars, is in the possession of Mr. Upcott, who, with his accustomed liberality, furnished me with many of these particulars relating to his godfather Ozias Humphry. But I think I hear the reader ask, "Who was this aspiring youth?" Reader, believe thine ears, he was no less a person than John Oppy, alias Opie, afterwards an Esquire and R.A., and Lecturer on Painting to the Royal Academy. This eminent artist's society was sincerely enjoyed by his second wife, the authoress, now residing at Norwich, and who is in possession of some of his best works. He was honoured with a most splendid funeral; and his ashes are now mingling in St. Paul's Cathedral with those of Vandyke, Wren, Sir Joshua, Barry, and West.

My honoured friend, James Northcote, Esq. R.A., with his usual kindness, gave me two original letters of Mr. and Mrs. Opie; and, as epistolary correspondence from persons of eminence is at all times gratifying to the public, I shall here insert a copy from the one by Opie, and an extract from that of his friendly widow, who has entered that silent and most respectable community denominated Friends, commonly called Quakers.[1]

[1] Mrs. Opie was much influenced in this step by Joseph John Gurney, brother of Elizabeth Fry.

Sunday, August 23.

DEAR SIR,

Without pretending to feeling or sentiment, I am really grieved at my treatment of you, but by G—d! I cannot help it:—I am served by others worse.

I am now in the state of a losing gamester, and must consent to throw away all my journey if I do not put a day or two more to it. To attempt to make any more engagements would be ridiculous and contemptible; if you should not go the day you propose, and will let me have a line of information, I will endeavour to meet you, but I cannot desire you to place any confidence in one who has none in himself. I am your humble servant,

J. OPIE.

———That I ever familiarly associated with Mr. Hoare and you, seems now a sort of traditionary history to me; a pleasant dream, which, like many others, is passed away for ever; but while I regret that it is so, I have at least the satisfaction of knowing that while I *did* enjoy the society of Mr. Hoare and yourself, I most fully felt and appreciated its value.

With my compliments to Miss Northcote,
Believe me, Dear Sir,
Respectfully yours,

AMELIA OPIE.

Norwich, 7th of Oct. 1814.

In 1785, Mr. Humphry went to India, where he painted numerous persons of the highest rank; but in 1788, he returned again to England, and took lodgings at the north-west corner of St. James's-street, in Piccadilly, a house made still more fashionable by Hoby, the Bootmaker.[1] In 1790, he was chosen a member of the Royal Academy, and afterwards resided in Newman-street, and latterly in Thornhaugh-street,[2] at Mrs. Spicer's, No. 39, where he

[1] Hoby, of whom good stories are told by Captain Gronow and others, was bootmaker to George III, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Wellington, etc., and died worth 120,000*l.*

[2] Thornhaugh-street is now Huntly-street; Thornhaugh Mews perpetuates the old name.

died, in the front room of the second floor, on Friday, March 9th, 1810, between the hours of five and six in the morning. He was buried in the ground behind the Chapel-of-Ease to St. James's, Piccadilly, in the Hampstead-road, but without any grave-stone; his death and place of burial being most respectfully recorded by his brother, on the family tombstone at Honiton. To this gentleman, the Duke of Dorset, Ozias's honoured patron, gave a living.

There is a remarkably fine likeness of Mr. Humphry at Knole, painted by Romney. Of this picture there are two engravings: one in mezzotinto, by William Pether, of a large folio size; the other quarto, by Caroline Watson, a private plate. After Mr. Humphry's return from India, his manner, at times, was considered rather pompous; but, however that may have been, true it is, that he recollected with the sincerest gratitude every favour conferred upon him, and never designedly hurt the feelings of any one. His sympathetic tenderness extended itself to objects slighted by others, and frequently in silence softened the sufferings of the most neglected and necessitous; and I am quite certain that no one could retain a higher circle of friends to the hour of his death than Ozias Humphry.

Much against his inclination, he once agreed to accompany Mr. William Pether, the Mezzotinto-engraver,[1] to whom he had always been extremely liberal, to second his application to Mr. Nollekens for permission to engrave a plate from his celebrated bust of Mr. Fox, which was then a topic of conversation in all the fashionable circles. Mr. Nollekens, who at that time, notwithstanding his natural imbecility, seldom spared a man when he had taken a

[1] William Pether (1731–1821) was a master of mezzotint. He was particularly successful in rendering the chiaroscuro effects of Joseph Wright of Derby and of Rembrandt.

dislike to him, fell upon Humphry immediately that he discovered what had brought him into his house. He wished, with his accustomed bluntness, to know what had induced him to expect any favour. "You," observed Nollekens, "who are always crying up Flaxman here, and Flaxman there, and coddling close to him at the councils; you know very well that you told me, Mr. Townley, and Mr. Owen Cambridge, that you thought Flaxman the greatest sculptor that had ever lived; you know very well you did. I told Mrs. Nollekens what you said, when I came home from Mr. Blundell's;[1] you said the same to him of the *great* Mr. Flaxman: do you think I can like it?" Mr. Humphry observed, that he had never made those observations to offend him; but that he certainly was still of the same opinion, and wished him a good morning, leaving Mr. Pether to present a letter of introduction which he had brought from Mr. West. "Well, Mr. Pether," said Nollekens, "I'll do it for him;" to which acquiescence Mrs. Nollekens, who had hitherto sat silently engaged in stringing a few French-beans with her silver-bladed fruit-knife, observed, as she was cutting them into a basin of water, "Mr. Nollekens, you act, Sir, with the most perfect rectitude, and I am sure that Mr. West will fully appreciate the favour you have conferred upon his recommendation. Won't you sit down, Mr. Pether? I believe, Sir, Mr. Edridge was your pupil? he gave Mr. Nollekens a very pretty miniature of Sir Joshua Reynolds. He is a very clever young man; his brother, I believe, was a butcher in Saint James's Market?"—"Yes, he was. Mr. Edmonds, the Upholsterer, of Compton-street, bound him to me. Dayes, the Draughtsman, was also one of my pupils."[2]

[1] Doubtless Henry Blundell, for other mention of whom see Index.

[2] Henry Edridge, the miniature painter (1769–1821), was the son of a tradesman, and was Pether's pupil at the age of fifteen. He practised in

The most fascinating of all the lovely women painted by Ozias Humphry, was the famous Kitty Frederick, who at that time lived in the house the Duke of Queensbury furnished for her, near Park-lane, in Piccadilly, now No. 133; and of one of Mr. Humphry's portraits of "charming Kate Fred," we have an exquisite engraving by Ryder.[1] The late Mr. Udney related the following anecdote of Mr. Humphry, with whom he was extremely intimate, to Mr. West.

One morning, on the arrival of Ozias at Teddington, Mrs. Udney accosted him with, "Well, Mr. Humphry, I am glad you are come to-day, for we are to have the Stadholder[2] to view our gallery of pictures."—"God preserve me, you

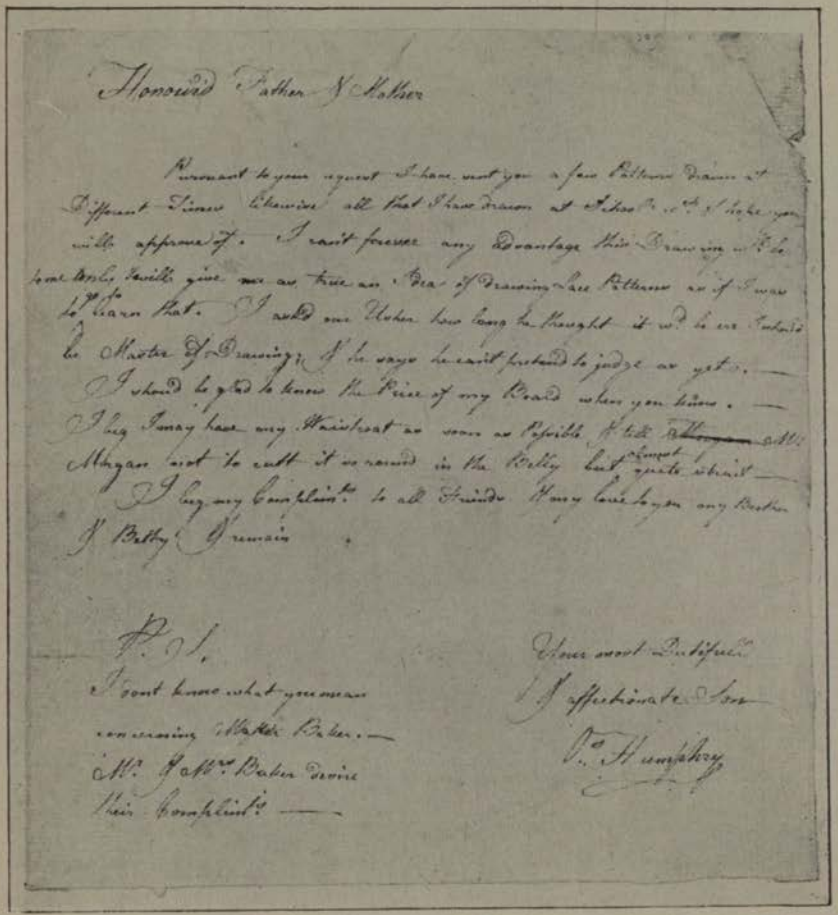
Dufour's-place, Golden-square, and died in Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, April 23rd, 1821. The British Museum Print Department has a large number of his portraits, including a three-quarter bust portrait of Nollekens in pencil. He was buried in Bushey churchyard near to his friend and patron, Dr. Thomas Monro.

Edmonds was John Edmonds, cabinet-maker, 96 Old Compton-street, Soho (*Kent's Directory*, 1802).

Edward Dayes (1763–1804), the water-colour painter, taught Girtin and influenced Turner's early style. He committed suicide in May, 1804. Examples of his work are in the South Kensington Museum.

[1] Thomas Ryder (1746–1810), a pupil of Basire, an early student at the Royal Academy. His stipple engravings after Angelica Kauffmann, Cosway, Cipriani and others have great merit. — Kitty Frederick was one of a group of "Amazonian whips" and "female Phaetons" of the last two decades of the eighteenth century. Mr. Horace Bleackley refers to her (*Ladies Fair and Frail*, 1909) as "a buxom lady with the keenest sense of humour, of whom it is recorded that, being summoned before a magistrate when at the height of her fame for obtaining goods under false pretences, she pleaded in defence that she was 'not of age.'"

[2] William Frederick, Prince of Orange, who visited England in 1795. Humphry painted (or drew in crayon) his portrait, and that of the Princess; and these, on account of his failing eyesight, were his last works.



Honoured Father & Mother

Pursuant to your request I have sent you a few Patterns drawn at different Times likewise all that I have drawn at School & hope you will approve of. I can't forbear any Advantage this Drawing will give me as time as I am capable of Drawing I will Learn that. I asked our Usher how long he thought it would be me before he Master of Drawing; he says he can't pretend to judge as yet. — I should be glad to know the Price of my Board when you know. — I beg I may have my Waistcoat as soon as Possible & tell Mr. Morgan sent to rattle it up round in the Belly but Compt. quite strait — I beg my Compliments to all Friends & my Love to you my Brother & Betty I remain

P. S.
I don't know what you mean concerning Master Baker. —
Mr. Jabez Baker drove their Compliments —

Your most Dutifull & affectionate Son
O. Humphry

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER FROM OZIAS HUMPHRY TO HIS PARENTS CONCERNING HONITON LACE DESIGNS FOR HIS MOTHER
In the possession of Mr. John Lane

don't say so!" exclaimed Mr. Humphry. "Well, then, if that's the case, I will go and take a nap, that I may be brilliant in the evening." He then retired to the room usually allotted to him, and fell fast asleep. At night, when the yard-dog was about to be let loose, Mrs. Udney, whose mind had been continually running upon the Stadholder and his suite, recollected, for the first time, the morning arrival of Mr. Humphry, and sent a servant to look for him. The man, after repeated knockings at his chamber-door, receiving no answer, went in. Mr. Humphry, who had taken as long a dose as Falstaff's, awoke, and upon the servant's drawing back the curtain, his first question was to know if the Stadholder was come? "Come, Sir!" replied Andrew; "Lord bless ye, why he has been gone these six hours; it's eleven o'clock!"

Another anecdote of this eminent Miniature-painter I received from the late Sir George Beaumont. When Mr. West was engaged in painting his beautiful picture of Achilles for Thomas Hope, Esq.[1] Mr. Humphry, who was then declining in life, upon entering the painting-room, bending his knees and throwing his head and shoulders back, exclaimed "Hoighty-toity! what have we here?" Mr. West replied: "Sir, this is epic."—"Heaven preserve me! you don't say so;" and upon seeing a lady seated by the fire, took no farther notice of the picture, but cried out, "Well, Mrs. West, how do you do, Ma'am?"

Hayley, in his *Life of Romney*, thus mentions Mr. Humphry:—

> Thy graces, Humphry, and thy colours clear,
> From miniature's small circle disappear.
> May their distinguish'd merit still prevail,
> And shine with lustre on the larger scale.

[1] For other references to Thomas Hope, see Index.

The truly benevolent Owen Cambridge, Esq.[1] addressed lines to Ozias Humphry, two of which are :—

> But, Humphry, by whom shall your labours be told,
> How your colours enliven the young and the old?[2]

[1] Richard Owen Cambridge, one of Horace Walpole's neighbours at Twickenham, was famous in his day as a poet, wit, essayist, and social gossip. As "Cambridge the Everything" his portrait has been drawn by Mr. Austin Dobson in his *Eighteenth Century Vignettes*, and he is the subject of a lively sketch in Mr. F. C. Hodgson's *Thames Side in the Past* (1913). Cambridge's writings were collected and published by his son, Archdeacon Cambridge, in 1803.

[2] See Archdeacon Cambridge's edition of his father's works, page 319. (S.)

BENJAMIN WEST, P.R.A.

BENJAMIN WEST, Sir Joshua Reynolds's successor as President of the Royal Academy, was born on the 10th of October, 1738, at Springfield, in Chester County, Pennsylvania, and was the youngest of thirteen children.[1] To Mr. West's well known liberality I owe the best portion of the little knowledge I possess in the art of Painting; which, small as it is, has qualified me to see with mine own eyes; the independent exercise of which I often find useful. Mr. West, whose name ought never to be mentioned but with grateful respect, often, in the kindest manner possible, gave up whole mornings to the instruction of those students who solicited his opinion of their productions. I have frequently known him correct their errors with his own hand; and I am clearly of opinion, that there are very few artists now basking in the sunshine of patronage, who have not benefited essentially by his generous and able communications. Mr. West's numerous works are too well known to the man of true taste to need any encomiums; I shall therefore observe only, that Woollett's engraving of his "Death of General Wolfe"[2] has been sold for more money, in this and every

[1] West was the youngest of the *ten* children of John and Sarah West, of Springfield, Pennsylvania.

[2] This picture was the first in which modern military costume was substituted for the classic garb of convention. The painting is now in the Duke of Westminster's collection at Grosvenor House, and there is a duplicate at Hampton Court.

other country, than any modern print whatever; and that I have frequently heard Wilkie declare, that the Battle of La Hogue was, in his estimation, a complete work of Art. Certain it is that Woollett considered his engraving of it in every respect his masterpiece.

Ever anxious to exert his rare talent as an Engraver to its fullest stretch, upon every subject on which he was engaged, Woollett, after repeatedly presenting proof-impressions of this famous plate to the Painter of the picture, (fully trusting each time that Mr. West could render it some assistance,) once more, and, as he was told, for the last time, submitted another proof to the Artist, when they were mutually of opinion that nothing more could improve it. However, Woollett modestly solicited Mr. West to reconsider the effect, and also requested him to mark, according to his usual custom, those parts with white and black chalk which he considered might still be improved. Mr. West, well knowing the danger of overworking a subject, was fearful of disturbing effects so fortunate, and therefore commenced cautiously by strengthening and lowering parts, till, by degrees, he had worked upon it about a quarter of an hour, when he put down his port-crayon, and said, "There, Sir, I can now do no more for it; but I much fear the alterations will give you some little trouble."—"Sir," exclaimed Woollett, "you have given me six months' work! but, as my print will be so wonderfully improved by your corrections, I am determined, were they to take me twelve months, most cheerfully to go through the task:" which he did conscientiously, and with that persevering patience and pleasure inseparable in artists of true feeling for their future fame.

I was at Mr. West's one morning, when the following observations were directed to Mr. Nollekens: "We, Sir," said the President, "have not many good works of statues to refer to. I believe, after Bishop's are mentioned, it will be impossible to name another of equal merit. That artist

THE DEATH OF WOLFE

Painted by Benjamin West, P.R.A. Engraved by William Woollett

was a good draughtsman and an excellent etcher, so that he knew perfectly well how to execute that which he had undertaken: and every artist's shelf should support and protect his book as an inestimable treasure. Believe me, Sir, our friend Townley did wrong in employing young students and inexperienced artists to make drawings of his statues. Such fine specimens of art should have been attended by the experienced physician—artists of the highest talents. How is it possible for a tyro to translate Dante like Carey? No, Sir, such artists as Howard," continued Mr. West, "those who have arrived at the pinnacle of excellence, are the men to be employed:[1]—men, who can not only feel the beauties of the Antique, but produce an uncontaminated outline for the Engraver; whose business it is to attend to the nicely-delineated discrimination of the original parts, in contrast to the harsh, and often unmeaning modern botchings, of those jobbing carvers who would do any thing for money. And, Sir, the Engravers in general, I am sorry to say, pay as much attention to the finishing of the vile modern additions, as they do to the antique parts. Sir, it would give me great pleasure to see a work of statues drawn in outline by Mr. Howard, in his chaste and honest manner, discriminating the superior excellence of the fine antique parts, and the vulgar additions, and then I would have them steadfastly etched by Moses.[2] This, Sir, would be a most desirable and valuable work, and by being in outline only, like those which he has done from my pictures, might be published at a cheap rate; so that artists as well as collectors might possess the book, and the publisher be better and sooner reimbursed."

[1] Henry Howard, R.A. (1769–1847), was employed by the Dilettanti Society to draw antique sculptures for their publications. He was West's neighbour in Newman-street.

[2] Benjamin Moses, who engraved mostly in outline, lived till 1870. He was attached to the British Museum. See a note on him in Smith's chapter on Flaxman, *post*.

I fully trust the eminent English Engravers, whose productions are the pride of our country, and the universal envy of foreigners, will not be offended at my promulgating the above observations; as the confinement of the works of Sculpture to outline delineations will not at all interfere with their more elevated pursuits. Their talents may be more properly called for, and confined, to the engravings of fine pictures by our modern English Artists, in water-colours, as well as in oil, from whose easels we have annually a copious choice of subjects, both in Historical and Landscape-painting, as well as in Portraits. If an associated body of the most eminent of our Engravers were to proceed with a publication of some of the works of our best Historical, Landscape, and Portrait-painters of the size of West's "Death of Wolfe," Wilson's "Niobe," and Sir Joshua's "John Hunter," prints which would alone immortalize those great men, I am quite certain such an undertaking would succeed in a commercial point of view, and thereby enable them to found an unprecedented School of native talent.

When the late venerable President was sitting to Mr. Nollekens for a bust, which the Members of the British Institution had requested to have, His Royal Highness the Duke of York arrived, accompanied by his Royal brother, the Duke of Cumberland. The Duke of York, at that time, was also sitting for his bust, when Mr. West heard Nollekens inquire of him, "How's your Father?"—on which the Duke, with his usual condescension, smilingly informed him that the King was better. The Duke of Cumberland then asked Mr. Nollekens, why a man of his years wore so high a toupee to his wig? Mr. Nollekens, instead of answering, wished to know, why His Royal Highness wore those *mustaquies?* The Duke of York smiled and said, "You have it now, Cumberland."

To return, however, to Mr. West, the following is a translation, by a friend, from a letter written in Italian, by the President, to Canova at Rome.

London, May 1st, 1816.

Three English ladies, sisters, of the name of King, animated solely by the desire of admiring Italy,—that Italy, which constitutes the delight of civilized nations for every species of perfection in the Fine Arts,—will do themselves at once the honour and pleasure to present to you this letter.

The high esteem and value in which the Fine Arts are held at Rome, and in the other cities of Italy, are the principal motives to this attraction; since, to those of a refined taste, it forms, as it were, a source from whence the cultivated mind derives additional refinement, nutrition, and vigour. It is with this view that the three sisters visit Italy; and your name being celebrated, not only in England but elsewhere, for excellence in your Art, you will render them a great favour by any kindness you shall please to show them, and at the same time will lay me under an obligation, of which I shall ever retain a deep sense.

Through the medium of our Secretary of State, I have received a paper, announcing to me the honour conferred on me at Rome, by the honourable Academy of St. Luke, in electing me one of its members; for which honour I shall ever hold myself indebted to your friendship. I shall not fail, through the same channel, to express to the Academy in adequate terms, my gratitude for the distinguished mark of approbation with which it has honoured me, and also to return my cordial thanks to all the Academicians. Lastly, I beg you to be assured of my very great respect, and of the many obligations I owe you.

Permit me, with every sentiment of entire friendship, the honour of subscribing myself,

Your friend,
BENJAMIN WEST, President R.A.

I trust that I shall ever remember, as I ought, Mr. West's kindness to me upon my being appointed Keeper of the Prints and Drawings in the British Museum. He shook hands with me upon that occasion; and requesting me to wait a little, he went into the next room, and on his return, he put a morocco-case into my hand, saying, "That contains a medal of me; keep it for my sake, and remember I

gave it you upon your appointment. You know I exerted myself in your favour when you were candidate for the Drawing-master's situation in the school of Christ's Hospital." [1]

Here I begin to blush, but as I am really proud of what the venerable President said of me in my testimonial, presented to the Governors of Christ's Hospital, I shall here insert it, since the friendly reader will, I trust, bear with my weakness; and as for my enemies, I shall console myself against what they may say, by the recollection of an observation made by the late facetious George Phillips, of George-yard, Lombard-street,[2] when hearing the lamentations of an author who had been roughly treated by the Reviewers.

"Never mind, friend, what they say; words will neither break thy bones nor bruise thy skin."

My testimonial runs thus.

We, whose names are subscribed, having seen specimens of drawings by John Thomas Smith, are of opinion that he is qualified for the office of Drawing-master in the school of Christ's Hospital.

I not only think him qualified as an artist, but greatly to be respected as a man.

BENJAMIN WEST, President R.A.

It also gives me infinite pleasure to have it in my power to select the two following subscriptions, from the numerous set of names of the most eminent artists, which farther honour my testimonial.

I have long been acquainted with Mr. J. T. Smith's merits as a good artist and a worthy man.

JOHN FLAXMAN, Jun. Sculptor,
Associate R.A., R.A. of Florence and Carrara.

[1] Smith's application for the post of drawing-master at Christ's Hospital, on the death of Benjamin Green in 1798, was not successful, but in his *Book for a Rainy Day*, under 1798, he quotes all the testimonials he received.

[2] The bookseller.

I have known him from a child, and think him an honest man, and well qualified for the office.

JOSEPH NOLLEKENS, R.A. 1798.

Mr. West may justly be considered the founder of Historical Engraving in England; for, beautiful as Woollett's productions from Wilson's sublime landscapes must be considered, yet his plates of the Death of General Wolfe, and the Battle of La Hogue, from West's pictures, stand unrivalled. The fame of Mr. Hall, the Engraver,[1] a pupil of Ravenet, was not completely established until he produced his plate of Oliver Cromwell dissolving the Parliament, from West's picture; though the engraving of Penn's Treaty with the Indians possesses great merit. One observation more I can safely make from my own knowledge: that no Engravers could possibly be more cheerfully attentive to the remarks of the painter whose works they were copying, than Woollett and Hall were to those of Mr. West, as I have been present whole mornings when he has been touching upon their proofs. All the collectors of exquisite engravings know what I assert to be true, that no prints from the works of one master surpass, or even equal, those by the two Historical-Engravers abovementioned; though Sharp's Witch of Endor, and Lear in the Storm, are wonderfully fine things, and are also both from pictures by West.

The career of this excellent man and great Painter was not closed till he was full of years and honour. Mr. West died, in the presence of his sons Raphael and Benjamin, on the 10th of March, 1820, between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, on the sofa, on which he was accustomed to sleep, in the front drawing-room, at his house, No. 14, Newman-street, surrounded by some of the choicest specimens of ancient Art, both in pictures and drawings.[2] He

[1] See Smith's supplemental biography of Hall, *post*.

[2] West's residence was at No. 14 Newman-street from 1777 until 1820. The gallery, famous for its lighting, re-

was in his eighty-second year. He continued his fondness for his two volumes of Frà Bartolomeo's drawings with such zeal, that within four days of his death, when I last felt the warm pressure of his friendly hand, one book lay open upon, and the other resting against, a small settee within his reach, so that he could conveniently turn them over and enjoy them from his pillow.

Mr. West's family having witnessed the profound respect paid to their late father, by personages of the highest rank and eminence in this country, empowered Mr. Henderson, the professional gentleman who then managed their affairs, to send invitations to all the noblemen and gentlemen then in town, with whom the President had been on terms of intimacy; of which the following is a copy of the one addressed to Sir George Beaumont, Bart.

The honour of your presence is requested at Somerset-house, on Wednesday morning, the 29th of March, at half-past ten o'clock, to attend, with the Members of the Royal Academy, the interment of their late President, Benjamin West, Esq. in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The favour of an answer is desired on or before Friday, the 24th of March, to be addressed to J. H. Henderson, Esq. 23, John-street, Bedford-row.

The members of the Royal Academy, anxious to pay every possible respect to the remains of their late venerable President, voted the following circular to be sent to all the members of their Institution.

Royal Academy, 20th March, 1820.

SIR;—It being the intention of the Royal Academy to attend the funeral of their late President, you are requested

mained for some years after the painter's death in the latter year; it was open to the public but not much frequented. The stately old house still stands, and West's exhibition room, now styled St. Andrew's Hall, is used for concerts, rehearsals, etc.—West's elder son, Raphael Lamar West, was a painter of talent but no great industry; he died at Bushey Heath in 1850.

to inform me, by the 22d inst. whether it will be convenient to you to join the rest of the Members on that occasion.

The procession will leave the Academy at half-past Ten in the morning of Wednesday, the 29th inst.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
HENRY HOWARD, R.A. *Sec.*

After lying in state at the Royal Academy with all possible academic honours, he was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, near the honoured dust of Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the Professors Barry and Opie. Mrs. Benjamin West, to whom I am indebted for many communications, has enabled me to lay the following order of her father's funeral, with the names of the mourners, before the reader.

Six Constables, by threes.
Four Marshalmen, two and two.
City Marshal on horseback.
Undertaker on horseback.
Six Cloak-men on horseback, by twos.
Four Mutes on horseback, by twos.
Lid of feathers, with attendant pages.
Hearse and Six, with rich trappings, feathers, and velvets, attended by eight pages.
Two Mourning Coaches and four, with attendant pages, conveying the Pall-bearers.
Mourning Coach and four, with attendant pages, conveying the sons and grandsons of the deceased, as
CHIEF MOURNERS.
Mourning Coach and four, with attendant pages, conveying the family Trustees and Executors of the deceased.
Mourning Coach and four, with attendant pages, conveying the Reverends the Vicar of Mary-le-bone, the Chaplain to the Lord Mayor, and the medical attendant of the deceased.

Then followed sixteen Mourning Coaches and pairs, with attendant pages, conveying the Right Reverend the Chaplain, the Secretary for Foreign Correspondence, and the Members of the Royal Academy and Students.

Twenty Mourning Coaches and pairs, with attendant pages, conveying the Mourners and Private Friends of the deceased.

The private carriages attending were those of the following persons of rank:—The Lord Mayor, the Archbishop of York, the Dukes of Norfolk, Northumberland, and Argyll; the Marquesses of Lansdown and Stafford; the Earls of Liverpool, Essex, Aberdeen, Carlisle, Dartmouth, Powis, Mulgrave, Darnley, and Carysfort; Viscount Sidmouth; the Bishops of London, Salisbury, Carlisle, and Chester; Admiral Lord Radstock; the Right Honourables Sir William Scott, Charles Manners Sutton, and Charles Long; the American Ambassador; the Hon. General Phipps, Augustus Phipps; Sir George Beaumont, J. Fleming Leicester, Thomas Baring, and Henry Fletcher; the Solicitor-General, Sir Robert Wilson, Dr. Heslop, Dr. Bailey, Aldermen Birch and Wood, Mr. Chamberlain Clarke, Henry Banks, Esq. M.P. Richard Hart Davis, Esq. M.P. George Watson Taylor, Esq. M.P. Jesse Watts Russell, Esq. M.P. Henry Fauntleroy, Esq. Archibald Hamilton, Esq. Thomas Coutts, Esq. John Penn, Esq. Thomas Hope, Esq. Samuel Boddington, Esq. Walter Fawkes, Esq. George Hibbert, Esq. John Yenn, Esq. John Soane, Esq. Francis Chantrey, Esq. Henry Sansom, Esq. John Nash, Esq. John Edwards, Esq. George Sheddon, Esq. James Dunlop, Esq. Joseph Ward, Esq. Henry Meux, Esq. &c. &c.

The Hon. and Rev. Dr. Wellesley performed the service.

Pall-bearers.

Earl of Aberdeen	The Corpse.	Right Hon. Sir W. Scott
H. E. the American Ambassador		Hon. Gen. Phipps
Hon. Augustus Phipps		Sir George Beaumont
Sir Thomas Baring		Sir Robert Wilson

Chief-Mourners.

Raphael Lamarr West.
Benjamin West.
Benjamin West, Jun.
Robert Brunning (the old servant).
Henry Fauntleroy and James Henry Henderson, Esqrs.
Rev. Dr. Heslop, Rev. Mr. Borradaile.
Joseph Hayes, the Medical Attendant.
Bishop of Salisbury.
Prince Hoare, Esq.
Academicians and Associates, two by two.
Students, two by two.
Alderman Wood, Alderman Birch, Rev. — Est.
Rev. Holt Oakes, Henry Banks, Esq. M.P. W. Smith, Esq.
M.P. Richard Hart Davis, Esq. M.P.
George Watson Taylor, Esq. M.P.
Jesse Watts Russell, Esq. M.P.

Archibald Hamilton, Esq.	John Taylor
Samuel Boddington, Esq.	C. Muss
Thomas Lister Parker, Esq.	J. Green
John Nash, Esq.	W. Carey
Major Payne	W. Behnes
Capt. Francis Halliday	John Young
Henry Sansom, Esq.	W. Delamotte
George Sheddon, Esq.	J. M. Davis
Thomas Hope, Esq.	N. Ogle, Esq.
Richard Payne Knight, Esq.	William Wadd, Esq.
George Hibbert, Esq.	Christopher Hodgson, Esq.
John Edwards, Esq.	Leigh Hunt, Esq.

Capt. Henry Wolseley	J. Holloway
James St. Aubyn, Esq.	Henry Edridge
— Magniac, Esq.	W. J. Newton, Esq.
James Dunlop, Esq.	T. Bonney
Joseph Ward, Esq.	J. Martin
George Repton, Esq.	John Galt
Henry Woodthorpe, Jun. Esq.	— Leslie
— Cockerell, Jun. Esq.	George Samuel
P. Turnerelli	Christopher Pack
Charles Heath	E. Scriven
A. Robertson, Esq.	C. Smart.

As I cannot possibly select from the pens of West's numerous and able biographers a more sincere and eloquent eulogy than that which the present President, Sir Thomas Lawrence, passed upon the high talents of his predecessor, when he delivered an Address to the students of the Royal Academy, in 1823; I shall here insert the following extract from a privately-printed copy of that Lecture, which Sir Thomas did me the honour to give me; and I most sincerely hope that it may induce the religious part of the Kingdom to visit the Historic Gallery, now open in Newman-street. The President, at page 7 in his Address above alluded to, says:—

The elevated philosophy of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in those golden precepts, which are now acknowledged as canons of universal taste; and that illustrious Society, of which he was the centre,—combined with his genius to give a dazzling splendour to his name, which seemed to leave him without competitor; yet the powers and knowledge of Mr. West deserved not the contrast in their present fortunes.

At an æra when Historical Painting was at the lowest ebb, (with the few exceptions, which the claims of the beautiful and the eminent permitted to the pencil of Sir Joshua), Mr. West, sustained by the beneficent patronage of his late Majesty, produced a series of compositions from sacred and profane history, profoundly studied, and executed with the

most facile power, which not only were superior to any former productions of English Art, but, far surpassing contemporary merit on the Continent, were unequalled at any period below the schools of the Carracci.

The picture of "The Return of Regulus to Carthage," preserved with gracious attention in the Palace of Buckingham-house, and of "the Shipwreck of St. Paul," in the Chapel of the Royal Hospital at Greenwich, are examples that may securely be adduced in testimony of the fact. Towards the close of an honoured and laborious life, and when his advanced age might reasonably have deterred him from exertion, he produced a large and interesting work, which, meeting with liberal reward, so forcibly excited the admiration of the public, as even by its attraction to add new means of patronage to the prompt benevolence that secured it. This was succeeded by others, of still more arduous subject, of greater magnitude, and, if possible, more powerfully impressive.

The display of such astonishing ability in age (for he was employed on them in his eightieth year), combined with the sacred importance of his subjects, gave him celebrity at the close of his life, far greater than he had ever before enjoyed; and he became (almost to forgetfulness of deceased greatness) the one popular painter of his country. Yet, what slight circumstances may retard the effect usually produced by death on the fame of the eminent and good! It is now more than three years that we have witnessed at his own residence an exhibition of the accumulated labours of this venerable and great artist, whose remains were honoured with a public funeral, and whose loss was felt as a national calamity—totally neglected and deserted! the spacious rooms in which they are arranged, erected in just respect to a parent's memory, and due attention to the imagined expectations of the public, as destitute of spectators as the vacant halls of some assembly; and but for the possession of other property of known value, threatening to injure the remaining fortunes of the filial love that raised them. But though unnoticed by the public, the gallery of Mr. West remains, Gentlemen, for you, and exists for your instruction; while the extent of knowledge that he possessed, and was so liberal to convey; the useful weight of his opinions, in

societies of the highest rank; the gentle humanity of his nature, and that parental fondness, with which youth, and its young aspirings, were instructed and cherished by him, will render his memory sacred to his friends,—and endeared to the schools of this Academy, while respect for worth, and gratitude for invaluable service, are encouraged in them.

For myself, indebted to his friendship for no inconsiderable portion of that service, I can truly say, that I never estimated the comprehensive ability of that great Artist so highly, as when comparing his labours in my memory, with many of the most celebrated compositions, then before me, of the revivers of modern art: and were the revered friend now living, to whom my letters were addressed, his report would be evidence of that impression.

I hope it is impossible that the Nation should long continue its neglect; and seem to prove by this indifference, that the general enthusiasm so recently excited by those fine productions, and the respect then shown to their venerated author, were but the impulse and fashion of an hour, dependent on the mere convenience of place and distance, instead of the rational tribute of the judgment, and the feeling protection of an enlightened and just people. Yet, whatever, in extent of fame, had been the successful rivalry of Mr. West with his illustrious predecessor, the integrity of your late lamented President would still have yielded the chief honours of the English school to our beloved Sir Joshua! of whose works, character, and conversation, he often spoke, in the last years of the intercourse I had the honour to have with him, with that pleased and proud remembrance, which great minds always hold of the competitor who had most severely tasked their powers, of the genius that had surpassed them.

From the year 1768 to 1801, Mr. West had the honour of executing sixty-four pictures and other designs for our late most gracious Sovereign King George III. amounting to 34,187*l.*[1] Though this sum is certainly a great one, yet

[1] Many of these pictures now cover the walls of Hampton Court Palace. The National Gallery has lent all its Wests to provincial galleries.

it must be recollected that Mr. West was thirty-two years engaged upon them, and that his private and public commissions were very trifling until the year 1811, when his Royal Highness the Prince Regent and thirty-nine of the leading Members of the British Institution, subscribed the sum of three thousand guineas for a picture from the easel of Mr. West; by far the largest sum ever given for a picture by a modern artist, in this or any other country. To prove to the world how warmly Mr. West felt this flattering and most distinguished mark of favour, he presented each of the subscribers with a medal, struck at Birmingham, from a die sunk purposely by Mills, from a bust modelled by Chantrey. The obverse of this medal, which is the size of a crown piece, consists of the likeness in profile, round which is inscribed, "Benjamin West, President of the Royal Academy, M.D.C.C.C.XV." The inscription on the reverse is as follows:

"Respectfully to perpetuate the names of those who, in M.D.C.C.C.XI, subscribed to purchase the picture of 'Christ in the Temple' for the Gallery of the British Institution."[1]

Within the inscription are the following names, in eight compartments, running in circles to the centre, commencing with

H. R. H. P. Regent	D. of Devonshire
M. of Stafford	E. of Egremont
B. of Durham	E. of Darnley
R. P. Knight	L. Dundas
M. Camden	J. Nash

[1] West painted this picture in 1811 to help his fellow Quakers in Philadelphia to provide a hospital, but the British Institution bought the picture for three thousand guineas, allowing West to make a copy for his native American city, where it was exhibited with excellent financial results. The original painting was presented by the British Institution to the National Gallery.

George Mills, of whose work West held a high opinion, died in Birmingham in 1824, aged thirty-one.

J. J. Angerstein	E. of Ashburnham
E. of Carlisle	Sir T. Bernard
L. Brownlow	Sir T. Baring
E. Spencer	R. H. C. Long
H. P. Hope	T. Coutts
E. of Aylesford	C. J. Cholmondeley
D. of Bedford	Sir G. Beaumont
Lady Lucas	J. Hinckley
L. G. L. Gower	Sir A. Hume
Tho. Hope	W. Smith
D. of Bridgewater	E. of Hardwicke
Sir W. W. Wynne	Claude Scott
C. Duncombe	L. Kinnaird
W. Morland	Rev. W. Long
R. H. Davis	D. P. Watts.

In the centre of this reverse, within a wreath of oak-leaves and acorns, are these words, " Under the Regency."

About three hundred of these medals were struck in bronze, round the edge of one of which was engraven, " Presented by Mr. West to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent."

Upon reflection, Mr. West considered this bronze, though thus inscribed, an improper offering to so noble a Prince; he therefore had one struck in the purest gold, which he had the honour of presenting. The discarded bronze medal, intended for his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, Mr. West gave to his daughter, Mrs. Benjamin West, who treasures it as an *unquestionable unique.*

About twelve of the bronzes were gilt, which were distributed to his own family, and one or two ladies of distinction.

JOHN HALL

JOHN HALL, when a lad, painted ornaments upon china for the manufactories then in high estimation at Chelsea, under the direction of Sir Stephen Janson. Ravenet,[1] Hall's master, was employed also to engrave copper-plates, from which the articles were stamped, consisting of scrolls, foliage, shells, pastoral subjects, and figures of every description. Of some of these productions, I have seen impressions on paper, and they, as well as every thing from the hand of Ravenet, do him great credit. Hall remained with Ravenet about two years beyond his stipulated time; and after gradually advancing in his Art, he married Miss Gilles, a lady of French extraction, by whom, as he acknowledged to Philip Audinet, the Engraver, (his pupil,) now living at No. 56, Great Russell-street,[2] one of my informants, he had thirteen children; of which number only six were then living, two sons and four daughters. His eldest son, George William, was educated for the Church, and is now Master of Pembroke College, Oxford. His daughter Mary married that delightful composer Stephen Storace, by whom she had one child, now deceased.

In thus noticing Storace, I may observe that his bio-

[1] For the Chelsea china works and Ravenet, see Index.

[2] Philip Audinet was born in Soho in 1766, and came of a French refugee family. He was educated by his uncle, the Rev. Samuel Audinet, of the French Protestant Church, Soho. He engraved Wales's illustrations for an edition of Walton's *Angler*, 1808. Living as a bachelor for many years at 56 Great Russell-street, he died there December 18th, 1837, aged seventy-one, and was buried in the vaults of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields.

graphers are wrong as to his first public piece: it was *The Doctor and Apothecary: The Haunted Tower* was his second.[1] A monument has been erected to his memory in Marylebone Church, the epitaph of which was written by his sincere and valuable friend, Prince Hoare, the Dramatic author, and Secretary for Foreign Correspondence to the Royal Academy. Mr. Hall, when he quitted his house in Berwick-street, where he had resided for a number of years, took one in Cumberland-street, near the New-road, where it is said he never enjoyed his health, from suffering so much for the loss of his son-in-law Storace.[2] Mr. Hall was buried in his wife's family-vault in Paddington Old Church-yard, upon the tomb-stone of which is the following inscription:—

MR. JOHN HALL, died April 7th, 1797,
Aged 57.

Mr. Hall, like his friend Woollett, arrived at the summit of his Art; and upon the production of a proof of his plate from West's picture of Oliver Cromwell Dissolving the Parliament, the late King George the Third appointed him his Historical-Engraver. By possessing a superior mind, and always associating with persons of worth and high literary talents, and being a man of the strictest integrity, Mr. Hall was highly respected through life by every one who knew him. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester, was one of his best friends; of whom he engraved a most exquisite portrait, from a drawing in black and red chalk, which he made from a picture then at Buckingham-house, in the possession of the late Queen. He also engraved a portrait of Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester, for his patron, Dr. Hurd.

[1] Stephen Storace (1763–1796) wrote many operas. *The Doctor and the Apothecary* was adapted from Dittersdorf's opera *Doktor und Apotheker*. *The Haunted Tower* was his first English work. He wrote about twenty operas, and died in Percy-street, Tottenham-court-road, in 1796, leaving Hall's daughter a widow.

[2] Hall, according to Redgrave, died in Berwick-street.

RICHARD COSWAY, R.A.

RICHARD COSWAY, when a boy, was noticed by Mr. Shipley, the proprietor of the Drawing-school in the Strand, already mentioned, who took him to wait upon the students, and carry in the tea and coffee, which Mr. Shipley's housekeeper was allowed to provide, and for which she charged three-pence per head.

The students, among whom were Nollekens and my father, good-temperedly gave Dick, for so he was called, instructions in drawing, and also advised him, finding him to have some talent, to try for a prize in the Society of Arts; and in 1755, he obtained a premium of 5*l.* 5*s.* for a drawing. In 1757, he gained another premium of 4*l.* 4*s.*; in 1758, one of 4*l.* 4*s.*; in 1759, a premium of 2*l.* 2*s.*; and in 1760, when he was under the age of twenty-four, another premium of 10*l.* 10*s.*

Soon after this, he left his master, and became a teacher in Pars' Drawing-school, in the Strand.[1] He was also employed to make drawings of heads for the shops, as well as fancy-miniatures, and free subjects for snuff-boxes for the jewellers, mostly from ladies whom he knew; and from the money he gained, and the gaiety of the company he kept, he rose, from one of the dirtiest boys, to one of the smartest of men. Indeed so ridiculously foppish did he become,

[1] Pars' School, kept by Henry Pars, draughtsman and chaser, was for many years established at 101 Strand, on the site of Simpson's restaurant. Here pupils were prepared for the more advanced drawing academy in St. Martin's-lane.

that *Mat* Darley, the famous caricature printseller, introduced an etching of him in his window, in the Strand, as "The Macaroni Miniature-painter." He also was satirized by Dighton, whose drawing was engraved in mezzotinto, by the celebrated Earlom, when a beginner, though without the names of the artists; and the print, which is entitled "The Macaroni Painter; or, Billy Dimple sitting for his Picture," is now extremely rare.[1] At the time this print was published, Mr. Cosway lived in Orchard-street, Portman-square, whence he removed to the house in which Shackelton, the Portrait-painter, had lived, of whom there is a rare engraving in mezzotinto.[2] In this house, No. 4, Berkeley-street, opposite the Duke of Devonshire's wall, I first saw Mr. Cosway; and at that time he kept a black servant, who published an octavo work upon Slavery. I have often seen Mr. Cosway at the Elder Christie's Picture-sales, full-dressed in his sword and bag; with a small three-cornered hat on the top of his powered toupee, and a mulberry silk coat, profusely embroidered with scarlet strawberries. It was in this house that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and Royal brothers first noticed and employed Cosway; which brought his very tasteful works into

[1] The "Macaroni Painter" was drawn by Dighton and engraved by Earlom. It is described in the British Museum *Catalogue of Prints and Drawings*, Division I, Vol. IV, p. 712. A caricature, similar in subject, entitled "The Paintress of Macaronis," appears to have Angelica Kauffmann for its subject. Matthew Darley published, or sold, a great number of pictorial satires on the Macaronis not omitting a picture of his own premises in the Strand under the title "The Macaroni Print Shop."

Robert Dighton, the prolific caricaturist, died 1814. His series of City and West End characters have a permanent value.—Richard Earlom(1743–1842) was the distinguished mezzotint engraver of Claude Lorraine's "Liber Veritatis," and of many British portraits.

[2] John Shackleton succeeded Kent as portrait painter to George II, and his portrait of the King is in the National Portrait Gallery. He died in 1767.

THE MACARONI PAINTER (RICHARD COSWAY, R.A.), OR BILLY DIMPLE SITTING FOR HIS PICTURE. BY ROBERT DIGHTON

From a rare mezzotint by Earlom in the Collection of Mr. John Lane

THE PAINTER OF MACARONIS
(MARIA COSWAY)
From a very rare caricature in the Collection of Francis Wellesley, Esq.

high estimation. He also collected old pictures, in which he dealt with no inconsiderable advantage; and he was fond of ancient armour, and particularly old household furniture, of which he possessed a prodigious quantity.

At this time, Cosway married Maria Hatfield, one of two daughters of a native of Shrewsbury, who kept an English hotel a short distance from Florence; she was married at St. George's, Hanover-square, and her mother then lived in the house now occupied by Thomas Phillips, Esq. R.A., and Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy. The late Charles Townley, Esq. the collector of the Marbles now in the British Museum, gave the bride away.[1] The other daughter, Charlotte, was a most amiable woman, and upon quitting her husband, the late Mr. Combe, (the author of *Dr. Syntax's Tour,*)[2] whom she had unfortunately married, was invited into the agreeable society of her steady friend, Mrs. Curtis, of King's County, Ireland; a lady remarkable for her benevolence, literary attainments, and most elegant manners; with whom she still resides, and is treated with all the kindness of a sister.

From Berkeley-street, Mr. Cosway removed to Pall-Mall, and for many years resided in the centre of three houses, which originally were only one; being erected for the Duke of Schomberg. In the middle part, as it is now divided, lived Jarvis, the Painter, immortalized by Pope, whose whole-length portrait he painted, without exposing much of his deformity; next by Astley, the Painter, who married

[1] Maria Cecilia Louisa Cosway was the daughter of an Irishman named Hatfield, or Hadfield, a hotel-keeper at Leghorn. She became a distinguished miniature painter and London hostess, but was never acclimatised to England, and indulged in long absences in Italy, where she died at an uncertain date after her husband's death in 1821.—Thomas Phillips, A.R.A., was living at 8 George-street, Hanover-square, when Smith wrote.

[2] She was the second wife of the spendthrift William Combe, and the marriage ended in a separation.

Lady Duckenfield; after him by Nathaniel Hone, Esq. R.A., who kept a famous black woman in it as his model; and then by the "Celestial Doctor" Graham, the Lecturer; and in this house it has been said the Doctor exhibited Emma Lyon, afterwards Lady Hamilton, as the Goddess of Health; though this has been expressly and positively contradicted by persons of the strictest veracity. In this residence, Graham was succeeded by Cosway; and when he left it, the Polygraphic Society occupied it for the exhibition of their wretched copies of good pictures. They put up the figures at the porch, and then Bryan, the Picture-dealer, adorned it with old pictures, for the most part extensively retouched by my old fellow student William Brooks. After him came the friendly Peter Coxe, the Auctioneer, and Author of that beautifully embellished Poem entitled *The Social Day:* Mr. Payne, the owner of the house, came to it from his father's premises at the Mews-gate, so well known to the literati of the day. He still, with his partner Mr. Foss, not only occupies it as one of the most valuable bookseller's shops in the Metropolis, but also enjoys it under the friendly and enviable appellation of "Honest Tom Payne's."[1]

[1] Peter Cunningham thought that Schomberg House was merely named after the great Duke of Schomberg, and that it was built by his son, the third and last Duke, who died in 1719. After accommodating the Duke of Cumberland in the first year of George III.'s reign it was bought in 1765 from the Earl of Holdernesse (who had married into the Schomberg family) by John Astley, the beau and portrait painter. Astley had been a fellow pupil with Reynolds under Hudson. He married, not Lady Duckenfield, but Lady Duckenfield Daniel, who shortly died and left him an income of 5000*l.* a year. His friends were wont to recall his days of indigence when on one occasion, in Italy, he took off his coat at a picnic and displayed a waistcoat back cut from one of his old canvases with a waterfall painted on it. After dividing Schomberg House into three parts, Astley occupied the middle one himself.

It is impossible that Jarvis (or Jervas) could have lived

A VIEW FROM MR. COSWAY'S BREAKFAST-ROOM, PALL MALL, WITH PORTRAIT OF MRS. COSWAY
The landscape painted by Wm. Hodges, R.A., and the portrait by Rd. Cosway, R.A., and engraved by W. Birch, enamel painter
Published Feb. 1, 1789, by Wm. Birch, Hampstead Heath, and sold by T. Thornton, Southampton St., Covent Garden
From an engraving in possession of Francis Wellesley, Esq.

When Cosway lived in Pall-Mall, his Maria, of whom there are several engraved portraits, held her concerts in it, which were sanctioned by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and some of the highest fashionables of the day; the professional talents were of the first class, and Pall-Mall, upon Sunday evenings, was hardly passable. Amongst the numerous letters received by Mrs. Cosway at this time, she was honoured with the two following from her Grace Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire.

DEAR MRS. COSWAY,

I AM extremely sorry that my Mother's illness prevents my going out and coming to you to-night.——If you have the harp-woman, (I forget her hard name,) I wish you would tell her that I hope to see her as soon as my Mother is better. Believe me, yours ever,

G. DEVONSHIRE.

DEAR MRS. COSWAY, Thursday.

PRAY send to Mademoiselle Carotine, and tell her I was sent for out of town on Election business, which will prevent my seeing her at five to-day.

I am, dear Mrs. Cosway,

Yours, G. DEVONSHIRE.

"in the middle part as it is now divided," seeing that he died many years before the division took place.

Nathaniel Hone's tenancy seems to lack other authority.

Dr. Graham's "impudent puppet show of imposition," as Walpole called it, was moved from Adelphi-terrace to Schomberg House in 1781.

On Graham's flight to Scotland in 1786 the Cosways settled in the middle portion.

The Polygraphic Society seems to have left no other trace of its existence than the sculptures over the entrance.

Bryan, the picture-dealer, was Michael Bryan (1757–1821), whose *Dictionary of Painters and Engravers*, completed in 1816, has been several times enlarged and is now a standard work in C. N. Williamson's edition.

Peter Coxe, the auctioneer, published his *Social Day*, in four cantos, in 1823. See Index.

Thomas Payne the younger, son of "Honest Tom Payne" of the Mews Gate, moved into Schomberg House in 1806, and some years later took his apprentice, Henry Foss, into partnership.

The following complimentary letter is from the celebrated Mrs. Cowley,[1] one of the numerous literary characters who also attended Mrs. Cosway's concerts.

MY DEAR MRS. COSWAY,

THIS morning I was informed by Mr. Mathew, who received it from Mr. Hutton, that you have been extremely ill. I am—how foolish to say "I am very sorry!" that phrase is in the mouths of all the children of indifference. I am myself very ill, or, instead of my daughter, you would have seen me.

But how can you, whom I saw last Tuesday at Somerset-house, so well,—how can you have been a long time ill? Yes, I saw you, yourself! If you can draw every body, as justly as the fair Maria, you will be the first portrait-painter in the kingdom. It is identically you, without subtraction or addition.

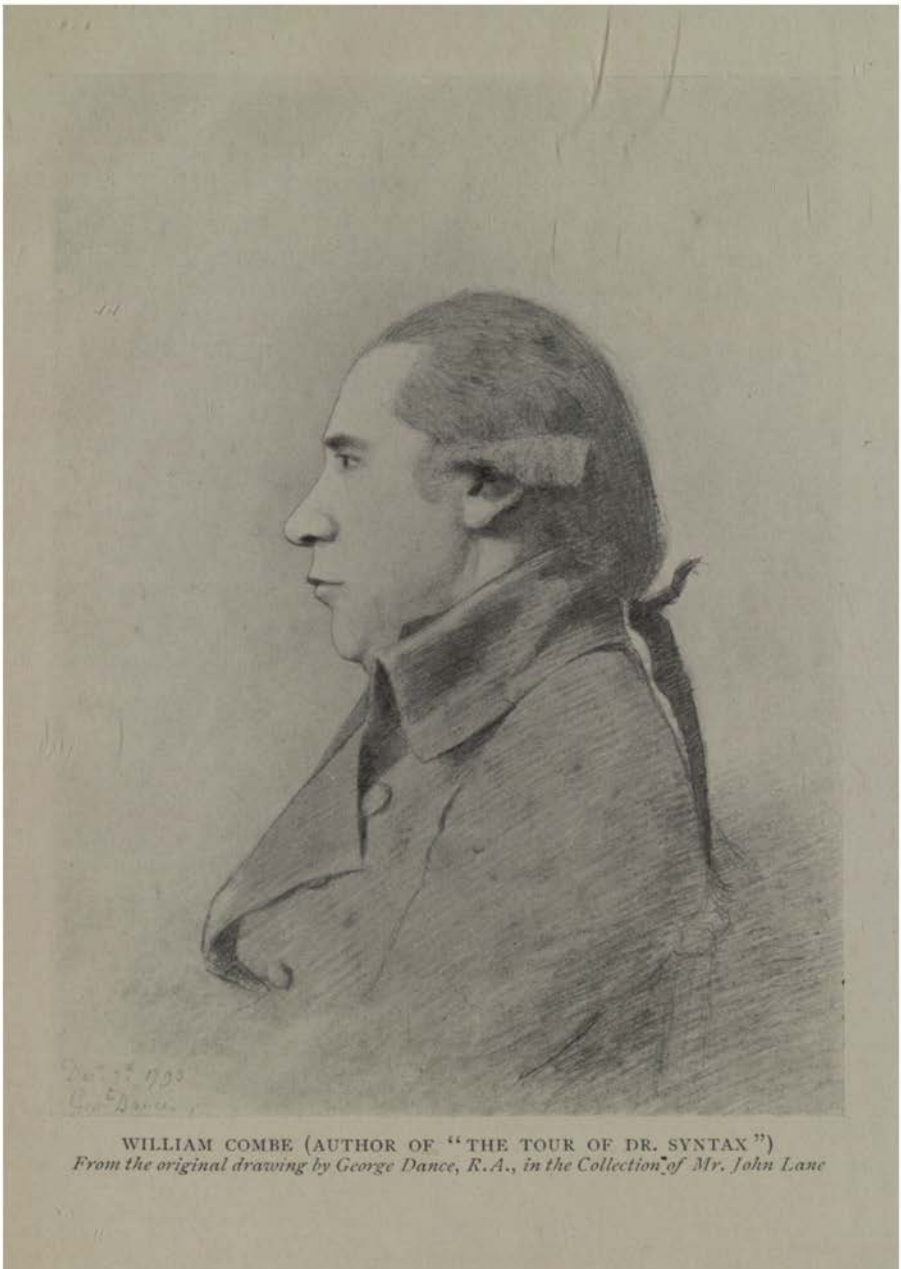
Your Ossian is charming! the Maid of Arragon is placed too high;—but 'tis a sweet, elegant picture! I could not find the Love-sick damsel of the Sun;—but I must go again. Pray let me know how you are;—and tell me that some morning of the coming week I shall be a welcome visitant. Your ever affectionate,

Powis-place H. COWLEY.
Sunday evening.

The next house inhabited by Cosway, was one of those, with a lion by its side, at the entrance of Stratford-place, Oxford-street, and was situate at the south-west corner. No sooner, however, were his stoves fixed, but an unlucky wight stuck the following lines upon his door, said to have been written by Peter Pindar:—

> When a man to a fair for a show brings a lion,
> 'Tis usual a monkey the sign-post to tie on:
> But here the old custom reversed is seen,
> For the Lion's without—and the Monkey's within!"

[1] Hannah Cowley (1743–1809), the dramatist, poet, and "Della Cruscan" writer who, to the advantage of satire, signed herself "Anna Matilda." Her letter to Mrs. Cosway obviously refers to that lady's exhibits at a Royal Academy exhibition at Somerset House, but its interest is negligible.



WILLIAM COMBE (AUTHOR OF "THE TOUR OF DR. SYNTAX")
From the original drawing by George Dance, R.A., in the Collection of Mr. John Lane

Cosway, though a well-made little man, was certainly very much like a monkey in his face; and therefore, to avoid a repetition of this attack, he left this lion-guarded mansion for No. 20, in the same street. I there recollect seeing him stand at the fireside, upon one of Madame Pompadour's rugs, leaning against a chimney-piece, dedicated to the Sun, the ornaments of which were sculptured by Banks, giving instructions to a picture-dealer to bid for some of the Merly drawings, at the memorable sale of Ralph Willett, Esq.[1] His new house he fitted up in so picturesque, and, indeed, so princely a style, that I regret drawings were not made of the general appearance of each apartment; for many of the rooms were more like scenes of enchantment, pencilled by a poet's fancy, than any thing, perhaps, before displayed in a domestic habitation. His furniture consisted of ancient chairs, couches, and conversation-stools, elaborately carved and gilt, and covered with the most costly Genoa velvets; escritoires, of ebony, inlaid with mother-of-pearl; and rich caskets for antique gems, exquisitely enamelled, and adorned with onyxes, opals, rubies, and emeralds. There were also cabinets of ivory, curiously wrought; mosaic-tables, set with jasper, blood-stone, and lapis-lazuli, having their feet carved into the claws of lions and eagles; screens of old raised oriental Japan; massive musical clocks, richly chased with or-molu and tortoise-shell; ottomans, superbly damasked; Persian and other carpets, with corresponding hearth-rugs, bordered with ancient family crests, and armorial ensigns in the centre; and rich hangings of English tapestry. The chimney-pieces were carved by Banks, and were farther adorned with the choicest bronzes, models in wax terracotta; the tables covered with old Sévre, blue, Mandarin, Nankin,

[1] Ralph Willett (1719–1795) was a wealthy collector of books and prints at his seat at Merly, Dorset. He had a town house in Dean-street, Soho. His pictures were sold May 31st, 1813, by Peter Coxe & Co.

and Dresden china; and the cabinets were surmounted with crystal cups adorned with the York and Lancaster roses, which might probably have graced the splendid banquets of the proud Wolsey. His specimens of armour were truly rich, but certainly not to be compared with those in Dr. Meyrick's splendid collection, of which the public can form but little conception from the work lately published:[1] highly interesting and useful as it most unquestionably is, particularly to the antiquary, the historian, and above all, to artists and theatrical managers.

Being in possession of three original letters, addressed to Cosway by Henry Tresham, R.A., Sir Peter Francis Bourgeois, and Fuseli, I shall venture to present the reader with the following copies:—

Ramsgate, Oct. 11th, 1801,
No. 6, Chapel-place.

DEAR COSWAY,

BEING detained here much longer than I had originally intended, and not being, at present, able to determine the time of my departure, I take up the pen to congratulate you as an Artist, and humane man, on the pacification that has taken place between rival nations, under the auspices of Lord Hawkesbury and Buonaparte. Peace, peace, peace, is echoed along the cliffs from this spot to Dover, from which place I have just returned, and where I received much gratification from visiting the Castle, and every thing interesting in the neighbourhood: this has been my second visit. Your friend Mr. Smith's house is situated in a most delightful and dangerous spot. I am in love with a tenement that he lets for two guineas a-year, cut out of the rock, and at present inhabited by a healthy-looking man, who exults in, and practises the art of drying flounders in the Dutch style. If this tenant should make a fortune and

[1] Sir Samuel Rush Meyrick (1783–1848) formed his great collection of armour at 20 Upper Cadogan-place. He was employed to arrange the collections at the Tower of London and Windsor Castle. His *Critical Inquiry into Ancient Armour* was published in three quarto volumes in 1824, and is still highly valued.

retire from business, Mr. Smith shall have an increase of rent, (indulging me with a preference in the lease.) I long to have possession, remove my colour-box and books, suffer my beard to grow, and by becoming the Dover Hermit, retire into celebrity: until this event takes place, we must pursue the beaten-track; therefore I request you will favour me with a letter, replete with information on Academical surmises, plans, arrangements, intended elections, Thatched-house dinner-parties, and every thing that tends to gratify a greedy inquirer. My intention is to be in London, at farthest, on the first of November. An accident, which has brought on a violent inflammation in my aunt's leg, attended with alarming symptoms, has very much deranged our party, and, waiting for favourable symptoms, detains me. The surgeon that attends, hopes in a fortnight to be able to check the progress of mortification.

'Tis curious to observe the vicissitudes in the human mind. My aunt now says that I am her only friend, and that my leaving her would be her death; that she expects from my affection what she never could purchase; and attentions on my side are the more meritorious, as she no longer has it in her power to reward them. Thus, my dear friend, am I situated: with regard to health, the sea air and warm sea-baths have done me a great deal of service. I am firmer on my legs, and think I am so fortified, that I shall be able now to hold out a very long siege. If my name is not totally forgotten by Mrs. Cosway, present her with my best compliments. *Sir William Beechey* and *Sir Francis Bourgeois* have my very good wishes; when you see them, tell them I hope they sometimes think of me; and inform our excellent friend, honest *Paul Sandby*, that I have a budget of verses for his perusal; tell him they were inspired by love, and are most delectable trifles. Believe me to be with sincerity, Your friend, obedient, &c. &c.

H. TRESHAM.

My best compliments to Miss Cosway.

MY DEAR SIR,

I BEG you will attend to-morrow the General Meeting of the Royal Academy, ordered by Mr. West, contrary to

the laws of the Institution, which prohibit any one *to enter the rooms before the Exhibition opens, the Council and necessary servants excepted.*

You know, that by the laws, no picture can be admitted after it has been rejected by the Council, and that the said Council has the entire direction and management of all the business of the Society.

I hope you will, on this occasion, prove, as usual, a steady friend to the laws of our Institution; and I am,

Dear Sir,

Yours truly,

April 24, 1803. F. BOURGEOIS.

SIR,

Permit me to inform you that, after long consideration, I venture to offer myself a candidate for the place vacated by the demise of Mr. Wilton.[1]

I am not vain enough to imagine, that the familiarity with which you have honoured me, and the suffrage which, on a former occasion, you have given in my favour, will enable me at present to expect your vote in preference to other claimants. My hopes of some attention to my request, must solely arise from your conviction that those persons whose claims you might be inclined to support, cannot be successful candidates.

I am, Sir,

With the highest esteem,

Berner's-street, Your obedient, humble servant,

Dec. 7th, 1803. H. FUSELI.

Unfortunately for Mr. Cosway, he had the reputation of *shooting with a long bow*, and sometimes his stories were in the wildest spirit of supernatural agency, to which he was a devotee, as will appear by the following anecdote. One day, at the Royal Academy dinner, he assured a brother Academician, that he had that morning been visited by Mr. Pitt, who had then been dead about four years. "Well,"

[1] The Keepership of the Royal Academy, to which Fuseli was appointed in 1804.

RICHARD COSWAY, THE ARTIST, INSIDE HIS WIFE'S HOOP, WITH ONLY HIS HEAD AND SHOULDERS SHOWING

On the wall is a picture of him climbing up a ladder placed against a figure intended to represent either Miss Kauffmann or the Duchess of Devonshire, with some lines from Julius Cæsar beginning: "Lowliness is young Ambition's Ladder," etc.

From an etching in the Collection of Francis Wellesley, Esq.

asked the brother member, "and pray what did he say to you?"—*Cosway.* "What, upon entering the room, he expressed himself prodigiously hurt that, during his residence on this earth, he had not encouraged my talents."—*Academician.* "How can you, Cosway, utter such trash? You know all you have now uttered to be lies, and I can prove it; for this very morning, after Mr. Pitt had been with you, he called upon me and said, 'I know that Cosway will mention my visit to him at your dinner to-day; don't believe a word he says, for he will tell you nothing but lies.'" —I have heard Cosway relate conversations which he has held with King Charles I. so seriously, that I firmly believe he considered every thing he uttered to be strictly true.[1]

When Mrs. Cosway left England, Mr. Cosway had the care of their daughter, of whom he was so doatingly fond, that he drew her portrait several times, and actually painted a picture of her when asleep, with a guardian angel rocking her cradle.

Upon Mrs. Cosway's return to England, after an absence of several years, she caused the body of their departed child, which her husband had preserved in an embalmed state within a marble sarcophagus, which stood in the drawing-room of his house in Stratford-place, to be conveyed to Bunhill-row, where it was interred; sending the sarcophagus to Mr. Nollekens, requesting him to take care of it for a time.

It is a curious coincidence, that at the same hour this sarcophagus was removed from Mr. Nollekens's residence, Mr. Cosway died on the road to Edgeware, in the carriage of his old and most disinterested friend, Miss Udney, who had been accustomed during his infirm state occasionally to give him an airing.

[1] Hazlitt wrote of Cosway: "Happy mortal! Fancy bore sway in him, and so vivid were his impressions that they included reality in them. The agreeable and the true with him were one."

Mrs. Cosway employed Mr. Westmacott to erect a mural monument to the memory of her husband; in the centre of which he has placed a medallion portrait of the Artist, surrounded by three children, as Painting, Poetry, and Nature. The following inscription was written expressly for it by Syntax Combe :—

To the Memory
Of RICHARD COSWAY, Esquire,
Royal Academician;
Principal Painter
To His Royal Highness George Prince of Wales.
He died July 4th, 1821, aged 80 years.
His Widow, Maria Cosway,
Erects this Memorial.

Art weeps, Taste mourns, and Genius drops the tear,
O'er him so long they lov'd, who slumbers here:
While colours last, and time allows to give
The all-resembling grace, his name shall live.

The monument is on the North wall under the gallery of Marylebone New Church.

GEORGE HENRY HARLOW

GEORGE HENRY HARLOW was placed by his mother with Henry De Cort, a Landscape-draughtsman, of slender abilities, but like such people, rather conceited; whose remains rest in the Eastern part of Old St. Pancras Church-yard; he was a native of Antwerp, and died June 28th, 1810, aged 71.[1] He next became the pupil of Samuel Drummond, the portrait-painter, now A.R.A.[2] under whose instruction he studied assiduously and improved so rapidly, that Sir Thomas (then Mr.) Lawrence, being highly pleased with his productions, employed him to prepare some of his pictures in the dead colouring, to advance copies, &c. but whose repeated kindnesses, I am sorry to acknowledge, were ill-requited.

Harlow, naturally vain, became ridiculously foppish, and by dressing to the extreme of fashion, was often the laughing-stock of his brother artists, particularly when he wished to pass for a man of high rank, whose costume he mimicked; and that folly he would often venture upon without an income sufficient to pay one of his many tailor's bills.

As he was not accustomed to drinking, two or three glasses of wine would take such an effect upon him, that in that state he held no curb upon his licentious conversation;

[1] Henry Francis De Cort (1742–1810) exhibited at the Royal Academy between 1790 and 1806.

[2] Samuel Drummond (1765–1844) painted naval subjects, one of which, "Admiral Duncan receiving the sword of the Dutch Admiral De Winter," is in Greenwich Hospital.

which was at times so gross, that many persons who had for his rare talent invited him to their tables, were so disgusted that they never asked him again. However, notwithstanding all his foppish foibles and several great improprieties, I must own I feel the strongest impulse, when viewing his uncommon powers as a painter, displayed in his ever memorable picture of the Kemble family,[1] to join his numerous admirers, who endeavour to obtain him the longest possible respite from condemnation. His pencil was so rapid, and his eye for copying so quick, that when at Rome, he actually commenced and finished a copy of Raffaelle's Transfiguration, of the size of the original, in only eighteen days.

Of the immense number of portraits painted of Northcote, perhaps the one by Harlow may fairly be appreciated as the best likeness, particularly of those taken in that veteran's latter days: and of which there is an engraving, executed in an uncommonly fine style, by Lewis, so eminently successful in his fac-simile imitations of Sir Thomas Lawrence's chalk portraits of several persons of distinction;[2] of which those of the late Duchess of Devonshire surpass the rest. Harlow also made a highly-spirited beginning of a portrait of Nollekens, which is now honoured with a place in the Duchess of St. Alban's dressing-room, opening into the garden at her Grace's mansion in Piccadilly.

The same Painter likewise produced one of the most dignified and characteristic likenesses of Fuseli, for which that artist threw himself into a position, and gave the Painter every possible advantage, by affording him numerous sittings. This truly brilliant and invaluable picture is now

[1] This, Harlow's most famous picture, represents the trial of Queen Katharine of Aragon, in *Henry VIII.*, with Mrs. Siddons as the Queen and other members of the Kemble family in various parts. It is well known by Clint's engraving.

[2] Frederick Christian Lewis (1779–1856). He was engraver by appointment to George IV., William IV., and Queen Victoria.

GEORGE HENRY HARLOW
From an engraving by B. Holl after Harlow

in the possession of Mr. Knowles, one of Fuseli's most intelligent as well as best friends;[1] and it may, from its richness of colouring, grandeur of effect, and exquisite finishing, be fairly considered as the *chef-d'œuvre* of that highly-talented Artist, though perhaps most improvident of men.

Mrs. Benjamin West has favoured me with Harlow's letter addressed to her father-in-law, the late President of the Royal Academy, of which the following is a copy.

SIR,

THERE is a grand opening for me in Pall-Mall, wherein I may exercise the Art, having a great desire to make a copy of the celebrated head by Vandyck, and others, which will require your kind recommendation; if you think well of it, a few words from you will be sufficient for my admittance there. My being a pupil of Mr. Lawrence, bound me to ask it of him, but his being out of town prevented me. You may, perhaps, have forgot me; I was the person who painted Sebastian Grandi's head, which was shown to you. Excuse the liberty I have taken—a few words will be enough, and the act shall be considered a lasting obligation by him that has the honour to remain,

With much respect,
GEORGE HARLOW.

The reader will, however, be better pleased with the following copy of a most interesting letter, kindly communicated to me by my friend Mr. Watts, Secretary to the Philharmonic Society, to whom the gentleman addressed had presented the original.

4, Piazza Rosa secondo Piano
in casa di Polidori,
Rome, November 23, 1818.

MY DEAR SIR,

I OUGHT to have thanked you before this for the receipt of both your letters, which I assure you gave me great pleasure; you might probably have expected a letter be-

[1] John Knowles, Fuseli's biographer.

tween this and then, and my reason for not writing was, as you will easily suppose, being continually engaged from morning to night; however, the major part of my labours are now at an end, having, since my arrival, made an entire copy of the Transfiguration; the next was a composition of my own, of fifteen figures, which created no small sensation here. Canova requested to have the picture at his house for a few days, which was accordingly sent, and, on the 10th of November, upwards of five hundred persons saw it; it was then removed to the Academy of St. Luke's, and publicly exhibited.[1]

They unanimously elected me an Academician, and I have received the diploma: there are many things which have made this election very honourable to me, of which you shall hear in England. You must understand, that there are two degrees in our Academy, one of merit, the other of honour; mine is of merit, being one of the body of the Academy: the same night of my election, the King of Naples received his honorary degree (being then in Rome on a visit to the Pope) in common with all the other Sovereigns of Europe; and I am happy to find the Duke of Wellington is one also. West, Fuseli, Lawrence, Flaxman, and myself, are *the only* British Artists belonging to St. Luke's, as Academicians. This institution is upwards of three hundred years standing. Raffaelle, the Carracci's, Poussin, Guido, Titian, and every great master that we esteem, were members. I had the high gratification to see my name enrolled in the list of these illustrious characters.

Now, my dear friend, as this fortunate affair has taken place, I should wish it added to the print of Katherine's Trial; you would, perhaps, have the kindness to call on Mr. Cribb, the Publisher, in Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, and have it worded thus: *Member of the Academy of St.*

[1] Harlow achieved a professional triumph in Rome, when he was warmly befriended by Canova, to whose astonishment he completed his copy of Raphael's Transfiguration in eighteen days. The "composition of my own" which he mentions was "The Presentation of the Cardinal's Hat to Wolsey in Westminster Abbey"; this he presented to the Academy of St. Luke's in return for the unusual honour of his election.

THE TRIAL SCENE IN HENRY VIII. WITH PORTRAITS OF MRS. SIDDONS AND THE KEMBLE FAMILY
Painted by George Henry Harlow. Engraved by George Clint

Luke's, at Rome. I mention this, as it is a grand plate, and indeed ought to be added. I expect to be in England by Christmas-day, or near it ; I shall have an immensity to talk over.

I was much pleased with Naples ; stayed ten days ; went to Portici, Herculaneum, and Pompeii, and ascended Mount Vesuvius ; this was a spectacle, the most awful and grand that I had ever witnessed, the fire bursting every two minutes, and the noise with it like thunder ; red hot ashes came tumbling down continually where I stood sketching, many of which I brought away, and different pieces of the old lava, which I hope to show you ; the eruption took place a week or two after I left. But Pompeii exhibits now the most extraordinary remains of antiquity in the world ; a whole city laid open to view ; the habitations are unroofed, but in other respects are quite perfect. The house of Sallust, the Roman historian, was particularly gratifying to me, unaltered, and in every respect, except the furniture, (which I believe is now in Portici,) the same as it was eighteen hundred and fifty years ago, when inhabited by him. There are many shops ; in one, the amphoræ, which held the wine, are curious, and marks of the cups they used, upon the slabs, are distinctly seen : a milk-shop, with the sign of a goat, is perfectly preserved with the vessels, and also several other shops in the same perfect state.

Rome has been a scene of the utmost gaiety lately, during the stay of the King of Naples. I was at three splendid balls given at the different palaces ; we were obliged to appear in court-dresses, and the Cardinals added much to the richness and grandeur of the party. The ladies looked peculiarly striking, but they did not wear hoops, as in the English Court. We had French and English dances, &c. and the fire-works surpassed all my expectations. Upon the whole, the entertainments were very novel and very delightful.

I am to be presented to the Pope either on the 2d or 3d of next month. Cardinal Gonsalvi will let me know when the day is fixed, and I leave Rome directly after ; perhaps the next day—a day that I most sincerely dread, for I have become so attached to the place and the people, that I expect a great struggle with myself. I should be the most ungrateful of human beings, if I did not acknowledge the

endless favours they have bestowed on me. It is the place of all others for an artist, as he is sure to be highly appreciated if he has any talent; and I shall speak of the country to the end of my days with the most fervent admiration.

I forgot to thank you for your kindness in calling on Mr. West, and the trouble you so very kindly took for me. The Transfiguration, I think, will make a stare in England: there are other pictures, sketches, and prints, also two large Roman casts of figures, and some porphyry and Egyptian granite slabs, &c., which will be directed to Mr. Tijou, in Greek-street; and I hope you will remember me very kindly to him and to all my friends.

Your's very sincerely,

G. H. HARLOW.

Thomas Tomkison, Esq.
Dean-street, Soho-square,
London.[1]

Mr. Harlow, after lingering under the severest bodily affliction, departed this life at his house, No. 83, Dean-street, Soho, on the 4th of February, 1819, in his 32nd year. His funeral was attended by the Rev. G. Vardon, C. M. Cheere, Esq. M.P., Messrs. Cockerell, Fisher, Andrews, Goldicutt, White, and *his steady friends*, Messrs. Tijou, of Greek-street, &c.[2]

[1] Thomas Tomkison was an eminent pianoforte-maker, and was esteemed a fine judge of pictures. It is said that Turner's father, the barber of Maiden-lane, used to dress his hair (Dr. Rimbault: *Soho and its Associations*, p. 98).

[2] Harlow, whose fatal illness was short, was buried under the altar of St. James's Church, Piccadilly. His "steady friends, Messrs. Tijou, of Greek-street," were gilders and carvers.

To Smith's slight sketch may be added the following anecdote of Harlow from a periodical of the day: "Walking with his mother once in Piccadilly, she pointed out to him, knocking at the Duke of Devonshire's gate, Mr. Hare, the well-known associate of his Grace, of Mr. Fox, and other celebrated persons, and a Gentleman of whom she had often spoken as having been an intimate friend of his father and family. No further attention was paid to the matter at the time; but Mr. Hare dying shortly after,

HENRY FUSELI, R.A.

HENRY FUSELI considered the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds unequal. He said that a great many of them were indifferent, though some were so wonderfully fine, that nothing could surpass them; but he observed, that even the most inferior picture from the pencil of Sir Thomas Lawrence was excellent. Sir Joshua Reynolds and Doctor Armstrong were Fuseli's best friends; the latter of whom frequently noticed him in the newspapers.[1]

Fuseli, speaking of Nollekens to me, said, "He thinks himself a very cunning little fellow in his plagiarisms, but he can be detected as well as other artists. Why, the principle of the position of the Mercury he modelled from

it became a subject of deep regret to the Duchess of Devonshire and others, that no likeness had been taken, to preserve the memory of one so much valued. This, by accident, reached the ear of Harlow, who told his mother, that he thought he could execute a portrait of Mr. Hare from recollection. He accordingly set about it, and with very slight assistance, produced a picture which was universally acknowledged to be an admirable likeness. This extraordinary faculty never left the Artist, and he could almost invariably retrace from memory such portraits as he had formerly copied. In one case, when he did so for Mr. Lawrence, the work was so perfect, that that gentleman refused to credit the possibility of its being performed without the original."

[1] Dr. John Armstrong, whose *The Art of Preserving Health*, a blank-verse poem in four books, was deservedly popular. Reynolds painted his portrait. He died in Russell-street, Covent Garden, in 1779.

you, he took from Stella's print after Poussin's picture of the 'Accusation of Peter.'"[1] This accusation reached the ear of Nollekens, who observed to me, that Fuseli had no occasion to make such a remark; "for I know," said he, "he frequently steals things himself. Why, do you know, he stole the idea of one of the figures for Sewards' Anecdotes, from a female in the background of Pesne's print after Poussin's Woman at the Well.[2] He sketched it in my parlour, one evening, from my print, and showed it to Mrs. Nollekens, and said it would do very well for a figure in deep meditation; so that I am sure Fuseli need not talk of my taking a hint for my Mercury. But he's always for ever ridiculing me." As to the extent of the truth of this, I shall not venture a remark: but this I do know, and Mr. Knowles is my authority, that when his friend, the late Mr. Coutts, requested him to recommend a Sculptor to execute a bust of him, Fuseli immediately answered, "Go to Nollekens for a bust."

It is well known that Fuseli could put forth his sting when he indulged his wit, as will appear in the following anecdote. Fuseli, hearing that Northcote, the Painter, kept a dog, immediately exclaimed, "What? Northcote keep a dog! what must he feed upon? Why he must eat his own fleas."[3]

Severe as Fuseli was, I should be sorry to merit the lash of Northcote, for his thong would make any man's back tingle who dared to kick him viciously; indeed Fuseli has been known to smart at even the twitch of Northcote's retort-courteous. As for the dog alluded to, I will answer

[1] Claudine Bousonnet Stella, born at Lyons in 1636: she engraved subjects by her father, James Stella, the painter, and Nicholas Poussin.

[2] James Pesne, the French engraver, born at Rouen, 1623. See Index.

[3] Northcote, says Allan Cunningham, "was mean in his apparel: his house seemed the abode of a sloven or a niggard; and in his conversation he hovered between the satirist and the miser."

for Duke, that he, poor fellow! was one of the most sagacious, faithful, best-bred, and best-fed animals I ever knew. His very eyes smiled at his master and mistress's friendly visitors. As I have said master and mistress, it is proper that the biographer of a century to come should not be misled, and conclude that Mr. Northcote had been a married man. His sister keeps his house, and their happiness seems to exist in the society of each other; they listen to each other's anecdotes with the pleasure of old friends, and receive their visitors with true hospitality.

A late worthy friend, who would now and then make my fireside-party smile, has declared, that Mr. Northcote's sister appeared to him like Northcote in petticoats; and they certainly are wonderfully alike. There is, indeed, one most honourable circumstance which this celebrated artist has to boast of, namely, that his pictures, whenever they have been resold at auctions, have always been knocked down for more than *four* times their original price; and what is more, they have generally been purchased by persons of high rank and taste. Lord Egremont has, perhaps, the finest specimens of his pencil.

One day, as Fuseli, Northcote, and Legat, the Engraver, were walking from Hampstead to London, the two latter gentlemen were extolling the talent of Brown, the Draughtsman,[1] who was so much noticed by Mr. Townley. Fuseli, after having listened to the Artist's praise, exclaimed, "Well Brown, Brown, we have had enough of Brown; let us now talk of Cipriani, who is in hell!" Cipriani had been one of Fuseli's best friends when he first came to England. Fuseli, whose wit was at all times spirited and unexpected, upon entering the Antique Academy one evening, bruised his shin against one of the student's boxes which stood in his way, but, instead of chiding the student who had left it there, he very good-humouredly cried out, drawing his leg up to his body, "Bless my heart! bless my heart! well, I

[1] John Brown, the pupil of Alexander Runciman.

see one thing, I must now wear spectacles upon my shins as well as upon my nose."

The students, whilst waiting to go into the schools one evening, were making so great a noise, that Fuseli came out of his office into the hall, and called out in a voice of thunder, "By G—d! you are a pack of d—d wild beasts, and I am your bl—st—d keeper!" upon which some of the students laughing at the singularity of the expression, the old gentleman was put into so good a humour, that he went back without saying any thing more.

Upon his entering the Model Academy, he observed the pieces of a figure on the ground; "Who the devil has been doing this?" A tell-tale of a student, wishing to ingratiate himself with the Keeper, told him it was Mr. Medland, who had broken it by jumping over the rail. However, the mischief-maker was disappointed by the good-tempered manner in which the communication was received by Fuseli, who observed, "Well, if Mr. Medland is so fond of jumping, I would advise him to go to Sadler's Wells; that is the best academy I know of for the improvement of agility."[1]

Rembrandt, who painted and etched his own portrait oftener than any other artist, in one of his pictures, represented himself with so large a nose, that Fuseli exclaimed, upon seeing it, "What a nose! why his nose is as big as his face! Well, he was a fine fellow; I like to see a great man with a great nose. Richard Wilson had a great nose."

A person wishing to see Mr. Fuseli upon business wholly concerning himself, was so close upon Sam Stowger's heels, that he announced himself, hoping that he did not intrude. "You do intrude," observed Fuseli.—"Then, Sir, I will come to-morrow, if you please."—"No, Sir," replied Fuseli, "I don't wish you to come to-morrow, for then you

[1] This athletic student may have been Thomas Medland, who became an engraver in good practice, and executed Stothard's designs for the illustration of *Robinson Crusoe*. He died at Hertford in 1833.

HENRI FUSELI, R.A.
From the engraving by J. Rogers after George Henry Harlow

will intrude a second time; let me know your business now."

Mr. Northcote is in possession of a letter, which he received from Fuseli when at Rome, in 1778, concluding with "Love me,—Fuseli." Northcote, in his dry manner, when noticing this epistle, was heard to remark, "A pretty creature to love, indeed! but I admire his talents." Mr. Northcote recollects one of Armstrong's newspaper paragraphs running something like this: "Parry may learn from Reynolds, but there is one now unknown and unpatronized, who will astonish, terrify, and delight all Europe," &c.

Upon one of the private days for viewing the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, Fuseli coming in contact with Nollekens, who at that time had a scorbutic eruption on half his mouth and chin, fell back, and said, "Why, Nollekens, what the devil's the matter with you? you look like Valentine and Orson united; one half shaved and the other not at all."

The two following anecdotes were communicated to me by my worthy friend Mr. Cooper, the Academician. Mr. Nollekens greatly annoyed the members of the Academy by coughing incessantly when they were engaged in retouching their pictures, before the opening of an Exhibition. As he was passing Fuseli, after coughing several times, he muttered, "Oh! dear, I am sure I shall die!" to which Fuseli humorously replied, "While you have a cough, Nollekens, you can never die!"—A student of the Academy, when showing his drawing to Mr. Fuseli, assured him that he had finished it without using a crumb of bread. "Take my advice," said Fuseli; "go and buy a two-penny loaf, and I think with that you will be able to rub it all out."

Mrs. Fuseli being in a great rage, was advised by her husband to swear. "Harriet, my dear, why don't you swear? it will ease your mind."

Fuseli thus reprimanded one of the porters in the hall,

for calling the students fellows. "Fellows! I would have you to know, that those fellows, as you call them, may one day or another be Academicians."

One morning, two members of the Royal Academy, who had been disappointed in their wishes for the election of Fuseli as a member on the preceding evening, agreed to repeat their assurances of their future exertions in his favour. Accordingly they made him a visit; and as soon as the door was opened, Fuseli, who stood in the passage, knowing how the election had gone, with his accustomed humour, fiercely exclaimed, "Come in, come in!" but finding they continued to scrape their shoes, he again cried out, "Why the devil don't you come in? if you don't come in, you will do me a great injury." "How?" asked one of them. "Why, if you stand there, my neighbour over the way will say, 'I saw two blackguards stand at Fuseli's door; I dare say he is going to prison!"

Fuseli's severe criticisms upon the works of his brother artists were often so pointedly witty, that in some instances he rendered his best friends both uneasy and ridiculous; but as he good-naturedly bore many sarcasms from Doctor Wolcot and other critics of his time, so he thought his friends would receive, with equal good temper, whatever he said of them or their productions. I must, however, do him the justice to say, that I firmly believe his observations were not kept in reserve to show off in the presence of great people —a practice too common with men viciously inclined; for sometimes his most stinging remarks were made to those of the least perception: and I firmly believe that many of his best are now entirely lost, though now and then Sam Stowger[1] would relate a few of them. One I recollect hearing respecting Northcote's picture of the Judgment of Solomon, in which the King's right hand was raised, as ordering the executioner to divide the living child. Mr. Northcote, to avoid vulgarity, employed two fingers of the hand to accom-

[1] An attendant at the Royal Academy.

pany the commands; but, unfortunately, these fingers Fuseli considered, as they were wide apart, to be so much like an open pair of shears, that he was heard to make the following observation; "Ay, King Solomon suits his action to his words, he is saying, with his fingers, *cut him in two.*"

One year, during the time the artists were touching up their pictures in the great room at the Royal Academy, previous to the opening of the Exhibition, Northcote was looking at one of Fuseli's pictures, in which a man was represented in the attitude of shooting at another seated upon a throne. Fuseli, who observed Northcote to stop at this performance, went up to him, and said, "Well, Northcote, what do you think of it?" To which the answer was, "*He'll never hit him.*" Fuseli, without returning thanks for this pointed remark, sullenly ascended the ladder, and after working upon it for nearly an hour descended, and going to some distance to view it, was heard to utter, emphatically, "*He will hit him! I say he will hit him!!*" However, "Tit for tat." Northcote had hit Fuseli in the wing, for he could not fly, no, not even after the attempted struggle, as the marksman's arrow was drawn parallel to the top of the frame, perfectly horizontal, and the man he wished to shoot was seated in an inward angle of the composition! and so the picture remained during the whole time of exhibition.

Fuseli seeing a person for some time looking steadfastly at one of his pictures in the Academy, went up to him and said, "He must be a devilish clever fellow who painted that picture!" at which the gentleman smiled, knowing it to be the production of the artist who accosted him.

Fuseli was heard to relate, that he begged a curious fly of his friend Lady Guildford, for a collector, to whom he had been under some obligations; her Ladyship gave him the insect, upon condition that his friend should not kill it. Fuseli observed that *he* should not kill it; but, as a mental reservation, he got somebody else to do it.

Fuseli once asked Cooper, who is an Entomologist, "Well, have you taken *Fraxina?*"[1]—"No," said he, "I have not been so fortunate."—"You can get it in Yorkshire," observed Fuseli; "why don't you walk there?"

All Fuseli's family had been Entomologists; and so attached was he to the pursuit, that one evening, late in life, when descending from the rostrum, after he had delivered a Lecture on Painting in the Royal Academy, which had almost exhausted him, he was so revived by the sight of Cooper, who stood near him, that he said with a smile, "What! is it you, Cooper? well, how goes on entomology?"[2]

Fuseli has seldom been spoken of as a Painter beyond a chiaro-'scurist, nor was it until I saw his picture of the Embrace of Sin and Death, that I had any idea of his knowledge of colouring; but, in that performance, he most certainly has proved that he could colour most beautifully, and why he neglected so essential a branch of his art, after producing so brilliant a specimen, is most extraordinary. This treasure is in the possession of Mr. Knowles, who has withstood every temptation to part with it, even from his dearest friend Fuseli himself; who, upon all occasions, declared it to be by far the best picture in every respect that he had produced. In my opinion, it possesses a combination of the style of Rembrandt and Titian; and is altogether, though not of so brown a cast, not unlike the usual effect of Sir Joshua Reynolds; in particular, the right arm of the female figure, which is altogether admirably drawn, is a rich, clear, and perfect specimen of flesh. There is neither name nor date upon this picture; nor was it, Mr. Knowles informs me, ever his custom to put his name either upon his pictures or drawings; the latter he would date, and state where they were made, as "at Rome," "Putney-hill," &c.

[1] One of the Underwings. (S.)

[2] Fuseli reared insects in his house, and loved to introduce moths and butterflies into his pictures.

I shall now close the few anecdotes respecting this great man, with a sincere wish that Mr. Knowles may soon favour the public with his intended Life of him, for the composition of which his close intimacy with Mr. Fuseli afforded him such excellent opportunities; indeed I am convinced, that no one is better qualified for the work, nor in possession of a richer mine of materials; as I understand that he has six unprinted Lectures, an abundance of papers of the most interesting kind, and two hundred original aphorisms, which, if we may judge from Fuseli's pungent wit, would alone make an entertaining volume. Mr. Knowles and Fuseli were inseparable, and bosom friends; and as a convincing proof how highly he is respected by Mrs. Fuseli, that lady, who has so much in her power to communicate, has presented him with the splendid silver cup, so liberally designed by Flaxman for the Students of the Royal Academy, who presented it to their Keeper by subscription; for, however strange it may appear, though his manner was at times so repulsive to them, they all seemed to love him. Mr. Knowles kindly complied with my request to insert, in this work, the following inscriptions engraven upon it.

TO
HENRY FUSELI, ESQ. R.A.
KEEPER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY,
FROM
THE STUDENTS;
1807.

To the above inscription Mrs. Fuseli caused the following to be added.

GIVEN TO
JOHN KNOWLES, ESQ. F.R.S.
AT THE REQUEST OF
HENRY FUSELI, ESQ. R.A.
BY HIS WIDOW.

The cup is a splendid one, and was executed by Messrs. Rundell and Bridge.

Another favour I now publicly ask of Mr. Knowles, namely, that he will allow an engraving of his friend's portrait, painted by Harlow, to accompany his life.[1] For this picture, Fuseli placed himself in a studious position, and the Painter, who had numerous sittings, has succeeded beyond expression; for it is not only a fine specimen of colouring, but of most exquisite finishing: he was two days engaged upon his right hand only, which accords most admirably in character with his face. Fuseli, severe as he certainly was in his remarks upon modern art, was extremely serviceable to Harlow, particularly in his picture of the Kemble Family, which gained him so much fame, in consequence of its extensive dissemination in the print so beautifully engraved by Clint.[2] When Fuseli first saw this picture, which then contained thirty-one figures, they were all without feet, but by his advice, Harlow immediately altered it, and also introduced the back figure of a boy in a diagonal direction across the picture, suggested and actually drawn for him by Fuseli, which immediately produced a connexion, and perfected the composition.

Harlow was unquestionably an artist of very high talent, but owing to some circumstances, he did not make his way into the Royal Academy, though he, like all other Waltonites attempted to tickle the trout, by painting portraits of some of its members. In addition to the one already mentioned of Fuseli, he produced a capital likeness of Northcote, of which Lewis[3] has made an admirable print: he also painted

[1] This portrait, engraved by Dean, is the frontispiece of Knowles's biography.

[2] See Smith's chapter on Harlow. Redgrave mentions that Clint's mezzotint print was so popular that it was re-engraved three times.

[3] Harlow's portrait of Northcote is now in the National Portrait Gallery. Its engraver, Frederick Christian Lewis (1779–1856), was much employed by Lawrence.

the one of Stothard, so well engraved by Worthington ;[1] and he began one of Nollekens, which was never completed. Harlow, unlike the generality of his brother artists, was so ridiculously foppish in his attention to dress, that I have known him to follow the height of Fashion's follies so closely, that in consequence of the enormous length of his spurs, he has been inevitably obliged to walk down-stairs backwards, to save himself from falling headlong.

Fuseli, when in company, was frequently teased by persons, who asked him what he thought of such a work ? how he held the talents of such a man ? and, indeed, some would go so far as to observe, " I wonder you can suffer such trash to be praised."

To one of these persons he put the following question : " Pray, Sir, do you think I am to carry a shovel wherever I go, to clear away every dunghill I meet with ? "

When Northcote was touching upon his celebrated picture of the lowering the Princes down the steps to their place of burial, so spiritedly engraved by Skelton for Boydell's Shakspeare, Fuseli objected to the hands belonging to a figure below, raised to receive the victims. " You should not," observed the critic, " have the fellow's hands so employed ; he ought to be digging the hole for them : only think how awfully grand it would have been had you made him with a pick-axe—dump—dump—dump ! " Upon which Northcote, who was fully aware of his man, requested to know in what way he would paint the sound of dump—dump—dump.

Fuseli, upon hearing that a figure had been broken in the Antique Academy, entered the room with the following vociferation. " Which is the man who broke the cast ? where is he ? which is he ?—Well, Sir, it is you who have broken the cast. Will you look round the room, and see

[1] William Henry Worthington, born in 1795, worked chiefly in line, and engraved the portraits of British sovereigns for Pickering's *History of England* (1826).

if there be any other you would wish me to order out for you to break ? "

Fuseli, for a length of time, had been teased by an idle and stupid student for his opinion of his drawing. " It is bad ; take it into the fields and shoot at it, that's a good boy."

When Morton, the Portrait-painter,[1] first studied at the Academy, he commenced drawing the sandal of a foot before he got in the toes. Fuseli, after turning his drawing in every direction, asked him what he intended it for. " Is it a horse's bridle ? " The assiduous student, though he had considered his mode no bad way of drawing the foot, found, by the admonition of the Keeper, that it was not the best way of doing it. Some students would have been displeased at the remark, but upon Morton's exertions it acted with so strong a stimulus, that he had the honour of gaining two medals in the Royal Academy for drawings of the human figure.

It has been reported that Fuseli and Lavater, whose friendship commenced in their childhood, were obliged to quit Switzerland when very young, for most seriously and premeditatedly frightening a young lady, by attempting to produce the apparition of her deceased lover.[2] True it is, that no persons could more mutually regard each other than Lavater and Fuseli, nor was their attachment lessened till the death of the Physiognomist, who certainly had paid every compliment to the Artist ; for he not only introduced his portrait in his work, of which he spoke in the highest terms, but placed the English translation of that interesting book entirely under his direction.

Lavater, speaking of Fuseli, says : " The curve which

[1] Andrew Morton, born at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1802. A portrait by him of William IV. is in Greenwich Hospital.

[2] This story is unsupported. Fuseli and his friend Lavater were advised to quit Zurich after their violent and successful attack on the methods of a magistrate named Grebel.

describes the profile in whole, is obviously one of the most remarkable; it indicates an energetic character, which spurns at the idea of trammels. The forehead, by its contours and position, is more suited to the poet than the thinker. I perceive in it more force than gentleness; the fire of imagination rather than the coolness of reason. The nose seems to be the seat of an intrepid genius. The mouth promises a spirit of application and precision, and yet it costs the original the greatest effort to give the finishing touch to the smallest piece. His extreme vivacity gets the better of that portion of attention and exactness with which Nature endowed him, and which is still distinguishable in the detail of all his works. You will even sometimes find in them a degree of finishing almost over-curious, and which, for this reason, affords a singular contrast with the boldness of the whole. Any one may see, without my telling it, that this character is not destitute of ambition, and that the sense of his own merit escapes him not. It may also be suspected that he is subject to impetuous emotions; but will any one say that he loves with tenderness, with warmth, to excess? There is nothing, however, more true: though, on the other hand, his sensibility has occasion continually to be kept awake by the presence of the beloved object: absent, he forgets it, and troubles himself no more. The person to whom he is fondly attached, while near him, may lead him like a child; but, quit him, and the most perfect indifference will follow. He must be roused, be struck, in order to be carried along. Though capable of the greatest actions, to him the slightest complaisance is an effort. His imagination is ever aiming at the sublime, and delighting itself with prodigies.

"The sanctuary of the Graces is not shut against him, but he has no great skill in sacrificing to them, and gives himself very little concern about it. Though formed to feel it, he seldom reaches the sublime. Nature intended him for a great poet, a great painter, a great orator; but, to borrow

his own words, 'inexorable fate does not always proportion the will to our powers; it sometimes assigns a copious proportion of will to ordinary minds, whose faculties are very contracted; and frequently associates with the greatest faculties, a will feeble and impotent.'"

Fuseli was short in stature, his eyes full, prominent, and, like the eagle's, piercingly brilliant. He dressed well, and at all times looked like a superior man. His remarks were generally witty, and sometimes severely cutting: but to the ladies, particularly those who were qualified to give him the retort-courteous, he was cautiously and precisely polite. In early life, he suffered each of his many female admirers to suppose herself the favourite fair. Miss Moser, at one period, drew that conclusion, and for a long time he flirted with Angelica Kauffmann; but he found at last that that lady's glances were directed towards Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. Parker. In Fuseli's marriage state, Mrs. Wollstonecraft fell desperately in love with him;[1] and many other ladies were extremely delighted with his conversation, even to the extent of a long life, for his company was much courted.

One evening, when Mr. Nollekens accompanied Fuseli to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Coutts, the lively hostess, who had dressed herself as Morgiana, went round the room, after dinner, presenting a dagger to the breast of every one of her visitors, as if she intended to stab them;[2] and when she came to Nollekens, Fuseli was heard to cry out, "You may strike with safety; Nolly was never known to bleed."

[1] In his memoir of his wife, Godwin says that Mary Wollstonecraft's visit to France in 1792 arose out of her untimely affection for Fuseli, which had become "a source of perpetual torment to her."

[2] This was what Fuseli told Nollekens was "play-acting." (S.)—Mrs. Coutts was Harriet Mellon, the actress.

JOHN FLAXMAN, R.A.

JOHN FLAXMAN was born in York, July 6th, 1755,[1] and when a boy, was not, like other children, fond of toys; but took the greatest delight in every thing pertaining to sculpture. I have heard my father relate, that little John, when only six years of age, while standing between his knees, made the following request: "Mr. Smith, will you let me take a squeeze from your blue seal? My father has given me several impressions, and allows me to look at them when I am not engaged with my Latin books." To this anecdote I also subjoin the following, as it may be useful to some future biographer, who may be inclined to favour the public with a classic life of the inimitable Flaxman.

I have heard my late friend, the Rev. H. Mathew,[2] relate, that in consequence of an accident which befel a model in his possession, he applied to M. Flaxman, a plaster figure-maker, who then lived in New-street, Covent-garden, to have it repaired. After he had conversed with him for some time in his shop, he heard a child cough behind the counter, and looking over, saw a little boy seated in a small chair before a large one, upon which he had a book. Mr. Mathew asked him what book he had. "It is a Latin one, Sir,"

[1] Flaxman's father was a maker of plaster casts in New-street, Covent Garden, but he often worked in the provinces, and his second son, John, was born at York during a brief visit of his parents to that city.

[2] The Rev. Henry Mathew, of Percy Chapel, Charlotte-street; he is introduced more fully in Smith's sketch of Blake, *post*.

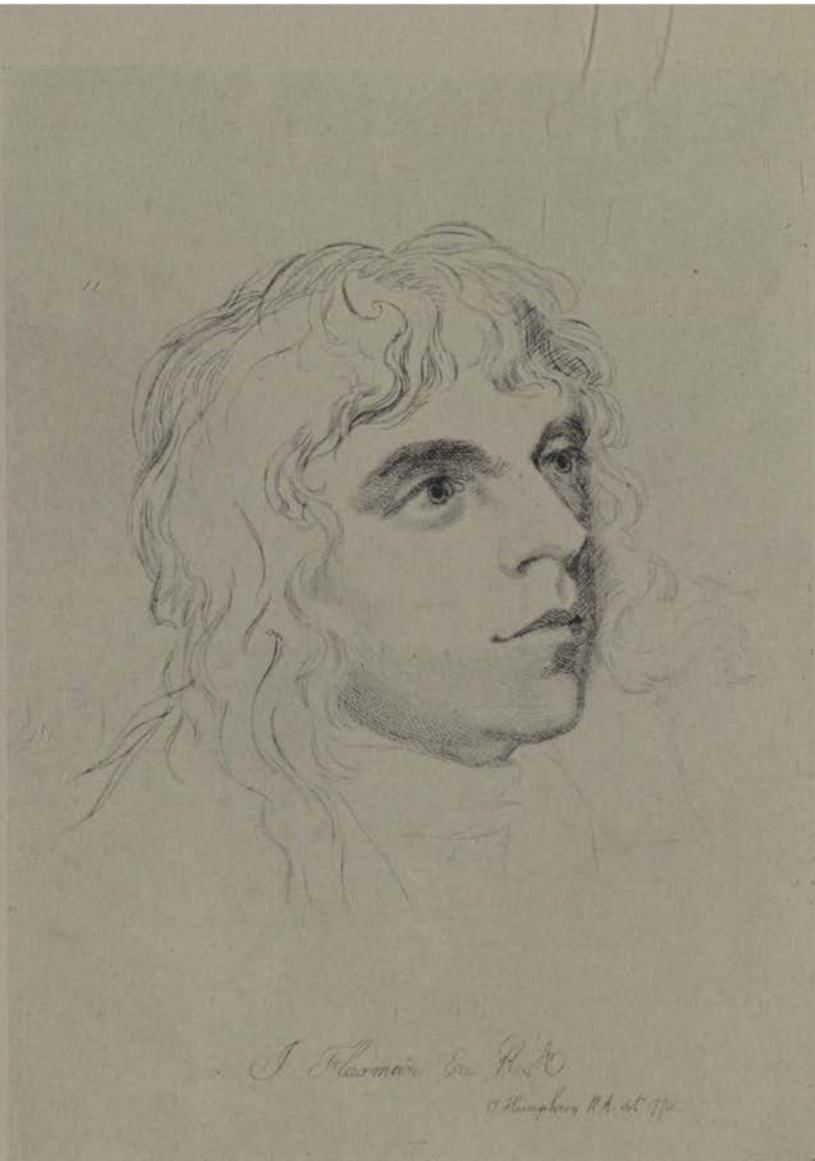
replied the interesting little fellow, raising himself by the assistance of his crutches: "I am trying to learn Latin, Sir."—"Indeed!" observed the Divine: "then I will bring you a better book when I come to-morrow;" and from this incident Mr. Mathew continued to notice him, and, as he grew up, became his first and best friend.

When the boy could walk as far as Rathbone-place, (for, in consequence of a weak state of body, it was many years before he could take much exercise,) he was introduced to Mrs. Mathew; who was so kind as to read *Homer* to him, whilst he made designs on the same table with her at the time she was reading. These were noticed by her friend Mr. Crutchley, of Sunning-hill-park, who gave him a commission to make a set of historical drawings for him in black chalk, consisting of figures nearly two feet in height, which now are in the possession of my worthy friend Dr. Mathew, to whose mother they had been given by Mr. Crutchley,[1] upon his leaving his town-residence in Clarges-street. They are six in number, and the subjects are:—

1. Œdipus conducted by his daughter Antigone to the Temple of the Furies; in which the uncertain step of Œdipus admirably expresses his blindness. 2. Dolon arrested as a spy by Diomedes and Ulysses. 3. The Death of Hector, in which are eight figures mourning over his body. 4. Alexander taking the cup from Philip, his physician, to whom Alexander has handed the accusation of an intention to poison him; wherein the Philosopher and aged Soldier are finely delineated. 5. Alceste about to preserve the life of her Husband, of whom and her Children she is taking leave; and the 6th represents her release from the Infernal Regions, and her restoration to her Husband by Hercules.

The costume of the above drawings, and their effect of light and shade, prove the Artist's great attention to his

[1] Jeremiah Crutchley, who sat in Parliament for Horsham, was one of the executors of Henry Thrale, the brewer. There are many references to him in Madame d'Arblay's Diary.



JOHN FLAXMAN, R.A.
From a drawing by Ozias Humphry, R.A., 1778, in the Collection of Mr. John Lane

subjects, even in his youth. Mrs. Mathew also introduced young Flaxman to the late Mr. Knight, of Portland-place,[1] who became his first employer as a Sculptor. For this gentleman he modelled a statue of Alexander the Great; and it is very remarkable, that my father, between whose knees little Flaxman had stood to request an impression of his seal, was the Sculptor selected by him to carve it. Mr. Flaxman's father had removed from New-street to a house in the Strand, opposite to Durham-yard,[2] where Mr. Flaxman, Jun. became his lodger; but after his marriage, he took a small house in Wardour-street, now No. 27, and there he executed, as a Sculptor, many works for his friend Mr. Knight, who generously supplied him with money.

During his residence in this house, he was chosen by the Parish of St. Anne, in which he resided, as one of the Collectors for the Watch-rate; and I have often seen him, with an ink-bottle in his button-hole, collecting the rate. I also recollect reading in some newspaper the following paragraph: "We understand that Flaxman, the Sculptor, is about to leave his modest mansion in Wardour-street for Rome." In 1787, he left England, and studied in Rome, where he increased his friends and his fame, and returned to England in 1794. Upon his arrival, he took the premises in Buckingham-street, Fitzroy-square, where he died;[3] and perhaps no man of such high and distinguished abilities had fewer enemies, nor a greater number of friends.

I cannot suffer the uninformed reader to conclude, that the carver's powers are not absolutely requisite to the fame of the designer and modeller; for, without his tasteful finishing, the most exquisite model may be totally deprived

[1] Mr. Knight, whose patronage of Flaxman was so valuable, does not seem to have been identified by the sculptor's biographers, but a Mr. Edward Knight lived at this period at No. 52 Portland-place.

[2] No. 420 Strand.

[3] Flaxman's house was No. 6 Buckingham-street, Fitzroy-square.

of its feeling, by the want of that fleshiness, which must ever charm the eye accustomed to dwell upon the fine productions of ancient Sculpture. The expression of a feature,—an eye for instance, so fascinating to the beholder, in which the very focus and soul of the modeller is seated,—if carelessly finished, might be lost for ever, particularly if too much of the stone were cut away. What an acquisition, then, an excellent carver must be in the studio of the classic Sculptor of high fame, whose mind must necessarily be engaged upon his designs ; and whose hand, had it once been master of the tool, for the want of practice, could not manage it with so much ease as that of the artist who is continually employed on the marble only ; nor, indeed, could his numerous commissions be executed by his hands alone. How, then, ought the modeller to value that carver, who possesses qualifications so highly essential to his future fame ; and in the hour of sickness or affliction, how wise it would be in the employer, setting aside gratitude, which ought to be the first mover, to be attentive to the wants of one so useful to him !

In this feeling Nollekens was extremely deficient, for he seldom bestowed his encouragement even upon the most deserving person : though he would raise the wages of an idle fellow who fed his dog, and suffer his most valuable assistants to want. Poor Gahagan,[1] for instance, who carved his figure of Pitt, erected in the Senate-house, at Cambridge, had only *three hundred* pounds for the task, when Nollekens's charge was *three thousand !* and when his excellent carver applied to Nollekens for *fifty* pounds more, stating that he had made a very hard bargain, his answer was, that he would think of it ; and he certainly did leave him a small sum in his will ; but Gahagan did not receive it until several years had elapsed, during which time he had undergone many serious vicissitudes of ill-fortune. Now, if the amount of the same sum had been given at the moment, it might

[1] Sebastian Gahagan. For other references see Index.

have saved him many a cheerless and melancholy day. I most sincerely lament, that it was not in my power to render him that assistance, which, in a letter addressed to me, he requested; but had I been a Residuary Legatee of Mr. Nollekens's vast property, I can assert most solemnly, that my first act should have been to have requited him with the small sum which he so modestly and so painfully solicited. To the eternal honour of Flaxman be it recorded, that whenever any of *his* assistants were ill, or visited with misfortune, he made them frequent presents, or sent them the full amount which they would have received had they been occupied for his interest; nor did his humanity rest here, for if it were deemed expedient to have the opinion or advice of a physician, he always paid for his attendance.

Independently of my own long personal knowledge of Mr. Flaxman, I am enabled to relate several anecdotes of his goodness, with which I have been favoured by his pupil Baily, the Royal Academician, a native of Bristol, who now stands so eminently conspicuous in the Art of Sculpture.[1]

In the early part of Flaxman's career, when at Rome, he was much noticed by an English nobleman, who employed him to execute a group of the Fury of Athamas, for which he was to receive a very small recompense. The artist, after working upon the marble for a considerable time, in conjunction with De Vere,[2] whom he paid liberally for his assistance, often complained of the severe task which

[1] Edward Hodges Baily, R.A. (1788–1867), the eminent sculptor, who, on coming from Bristol, worked for seven years in Flaxman's studio. He executed the reliefs on the Marble Arch and many important statues and busts.

[2] De Vaare (Smith prints De Vere) spent some years in Rome, and was afterwards employed at Coade's Artificial Stone Manufactory, where he executed the emblematical group now seen on the front of the Pelican Office in Lombard-street. See note on Coade's Artificial Stone in the biographical sketch of Bacon, *ante*.

his inexperience had induced him to undertake for so small a sum of money; but at the same time declaring, that instead of giving it up, and returning to England, he would persevere with all his powers to accomplish it, even though he were to die by the block.[1]

Modest as Flaxman in many instances certainly was, particularly in his later days, when he would listen to the opinions of others, few persons would believe that when he was a young man, he was the most conceited artist of his day; which, however, he acknowledged to his friend Baily to have been correctly the fact. He said, that when he presented his model for the gold medal at the Royal Academy, he believed, what many students then told him, that to a certainty he would gain the prize, and he continued to entertain that opinion even to the very hour of distribution; though he had received a pretty severe check on the day upon which he and his antagonist were to try their skill, by modelling a subject proposed by the Council in the presence of the Keeper, in order to convince the Academicians that each artist was fully capable of producing models equal to those they had sent in. Now it must be here noticed, that the two candidates, Flaxman and Engleheart, had agreed to allow each other to see what he had produced, within a certain time of the hours limited by the Council; at the expiration of the proposed time, Engleheart stepped forward to see what Flaxman, who had worked rapidly, and with the fullest confidence, had done; but when Flaxman walked round to look at Engleheart's model, he found that he had not even commenced; upon which, he was bold enough to conclude, that the medal must unquestionably be adjudged to him. Engleheart,

[1] Flaxman's exacting employer was the notorious Frederick Augustus Hervey, D.D., Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry, one of the most mixed characters who ever sat on the episcopal bench. His wayward career illustrated the saying that God created men, women, and Herveys.

MRS. MATHEW, WIFE OF THE REV. HENRY MATHEW.
THE FRIEND OF BLAKE AND FLAXMAN
From a pencil drawing by John Flaxman, R.A., in the Prints Department, British Museum

who had been deeply engaged in thought, was not discouraged by what he had seen, but received fresh vigour, and ultimately astonished Flaxman, who, notwithstanding, was so perfectly satisfied in his own mind of success, that he had boldly invited several friends to dine with him on the day of distribution, and actually left them with a view to go and take his medal, and a promise to return as soon as he had received it. But, alas! how fondly do we deceive ourselves! what was his chagrin, when, instead of hearing the name of Flaxman, that of Engleheart was pronounced as the successful candidate![1]

This timely lesson, he declared, so effectually operated upon his conceit, that he was determined ever after to talk less of his own talents, and to endeavour to do justice to those of others, who were also aspiring to the pinnacle of fame.—Sir Joshua Reynolds meeting Flaxman soon after he had received the hand of Miss Denman, in 1782, said to him, "So, Flaxman, you are married; there's no going to Italy now."[2] Mr. Baily, my informant, added, that it has been said, that it was in consequence of this observation of the President, that he was determined to visit Rome. Little did Sir Joshua imagine that the Sculptor to whom he then spoke, who at that time was only a student in the Academy, and inhabiting No. 27, one of the smallest houses in Wardour-street, would execute a statue to his memory, and that it would be erected in the Cathedral of St. Paul; nor could he ever suspect, great as his fame was, that this statue would have been as often visited as those of Pasquin and Marforio, or that the pedestal would have displayed

[1] The subject of the competition was "Ulysses and Nausicaa." Thomas Engleheart's wax medallion portrait of Edward, Duke of Kent, is in the National Portrait Gallery.

[2] Flaxman married Ann Denman, daughter of a gun-stock-maker in Mansell-street, Whitechapel, and took his wife to Wardour-street. It was the happiest of marriages.

the signatures of some of the highest characters in Europe, so justly celebrated for their worth and talent.

Lord and Lady Inchiquin solicited Nollekens to execute Sir Joshua's monument, which he declined, by stating that his engagements would not permit him to undertake it; but I never heard until lately, that he had recommended it to Flaxman, as some have asserted. For my own part, too, I do not believe it, as they were never intimate, and their modes of thinking and living were so diametrically opposite, that it was not possible for a man with Flaxman's elegant and benevolent feelings, to associate with Nollekens. I am fully convinced also, from the ignorant observations which I have heard him make upon Flaxman,—whose sublime ideas and conversations on Art he never could understand,—that Flaxman never would have been preferred by him to Scheemakers's nephew, whose business of monument-making, for so I must call it with him, arose entirely from the overflowings of the studio of Nollekens, his uncle's pupil.

At no period of Mr. Flaxman's life did he ever receive a present from any one beneath himself; and whenever he accepted any thing from persons, even in the highest station, he always selected something to give them in return, of at least double the value of that received: nor did he at any time, under any consideration whatever, when making a purchase, give less than what he conscientiously considered to be the full value. On the contrary, he has frequently been heard most vehemently to reprobate that detestable custom, so often practised by sordid and speculative money-getting men, of monopolizing articles, with a view of their increasing enormously in value at some future period.

Lavater, who has thought proper to judge of the qualities of a man's mind, by many slight peculiarities in the person's face or hand-writing, would have been perfectly safe, had he estimated the eminence of Flaxman's talents from the simplicity of his dress. His hair was simply combed, he

never at any time wore powder, nor did he ever attempt to exhibit ornaments of finery; he never kept a servant in livery, though sometimes his polisher of marble, John Burge, stood behind his chair, at the Royal Academy dinners, in his Sunday clothes.

It is not the practice of modern Sculptors to use the carving-stool according to the custom of the ancients: Michel Angelo was at times his own *boaster*, and it has been said, that he would carve a figure at once from the block, without having any model to work from. Of Michel Angelo's method of carving, our country can boast of a noble specimen, in the exquisitely-beautiful composition of the Holy Family, brought to England by Sir George Beaumont, and now erected by the worthy Baronet in his gallery in Grosvenor-square. Its effect is so imposing, that when the spectator is standing at a little distance, this inestimable treasure, though unfinished, appears more like the commencement of a chiaro-oscuro picture, than a production in any kind of stone. The style of the whole work is square and bold beyond conception, and appears as if the great artist had played with his chisel, as he did with his modelling tool: the hand of the Virgin is inimitable.[1]

Nollekens's time was mostly employed in modelling, and in consequence of his great practice, he acquired such dexterity with his clay, that he brought a bust wonderfully forward with his thumb and finger only. Flaxman also principally employed himself in modelling; but though not so dexterous as Nollekens, he kneaded the clay in a rough manner with the hand, under the influence of a great mind. The manner in which he produced that noble specimen, the shield of Achilles, for Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, the eternal monument of his fame, was truly curious. He first modelled the general design, without attending minutely

[1] This work, a bas-relief, is more properly described as "The Virgin, the Holy Child, and St. John." Beaumont presented it to the Royal Academy, in whose possession it remains.

to the respective parts; it was then moulded in compartments, and cast in plaster, and he afterwards finished it up, by cutting away to that inimitable height of excellence, which enabled his spirited employers to produce those splendid casts of it in silver gilt, which adorn the sideboards of the King, his Royal Highness the Duke of York, his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, &c.[1]

No one could be more blessed with the friendship of men of worth than Flaxman. Those highly esteemed characters William Hayley, Thomas Hope, and Samuel Rogers, were among his dear and inseparable friends; the latter of whom has not only the good fortune of having the chimney-pieces and cornices of the rooms of his elegant mansion in St. James's-place, executed from the designs of Flaxman, but is also, fortunately, in possession of two figures of Cupid and Psyche; which works alone would do eternal honour to the artist, and the liberal and tasteful possessor, who bespoke them. The first monument by Flaxman, after his return to England, was that of Lord Mansfield, erected in Westminster Abbey. In 1804, he had two other public monuments in hand; one being to the memory of Captain Montagu, for Westminster Abbey, the other of Admiral Earl Howe. In 1808, he was engaged in the following public works:—A national monument, for St. Paul's, of Admiral Viscount Nelson, in which the hero is resting on an anchor, surrounded by figures of the Seas; and beside the pedestal, Britannia is directing the attention of two boys to the Admiral. A statue of Mr. Pitt, for Glasgow. A statue of Sir Joshua Reynolds, for St. Paul's. A monument of Mr. Pitt, for India, as Chancellor of the Exchequer.[2]

[1] Rundell and Bridge commissioned Flaxman to execute this famous work in harmony with the description of Vulcan's handiwork in the eighteenth book of the Iliad. Flaxman received 620*l.* for his model; a copy in silver-gilt was sold to George III for 2000*l.*, and a few others were made.

[2] Flaxman's monument to

In 1820, the Duke of Bedford nobly converted a building, erected in 1789 for a green-house, into a gallery, for the reception of ancient and modern Sculpture. It measures one hundred and thirty-eight feet in length, twenty-five in breadth, and twenty-two by seven inches in height: and I shall here insert a quotation from a magnificent folio volume, privately printed at the Duke's expense, entitled, "*Outline Engravings and Descriptions of the Woburn Abbey Marbles*, 1822."

On the tympanum of the pediment of the portico of the Temple of Liberty, is a beautiful allegorical group, composed by Flaxman, representing the Goddess of Liberty, supporting a spear with one hand, and elevating in the other her pileus, or symbolical cap. On her right is Peace, holding a branch of olive, and caressing a lamb, near which a lion is reposing. On the left of the Goddess are Genii, pouring out of the horn of plenty the rich fruits of the earth; near which are a bale of merchandize and sheaves of corn.

Plate thirty-eight of this costly work exhibits an outline of the above pediment, beautifully etched by Moses, whose needle is sure to enrich every work in which it is employed.[1]

When the late Mr. Kemble retired from the stage, several of his numerous friends, considering that some decided and permanent mark of their high approbation of his dignified career should be voted him, Mr. Flaxman was requested to design a cup, or vase, which it was agreed should be executed by Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, and presented at the Farewell-dinner. Flaxman, entertaining the most profound veneration for the grand and elevated talents of Kemble, not only acquiesced in their wishes, by commencing im-

Nelson in St. Paul's was not erected and shown until May, 1818. That to Sir Joshua Reynolds was erected in 1813.

[1] Henry Moses (1782 ?–1870) engraved many similar works, and was employed upon the official *Ancient Marbles in the British Museum*, 1812–1845. He illustrated an edition of *Pilgrim's Progress* (1844).

mediately upon the pleasing task, but liberally presented the design as his part of the subscription, which composition was modelled by his pupil Mr. Baily.

The design is a tripod-stand, upon which a cup or vase is placed, surmounted by a wreath of laurels, standing erect. The first panel contains a bust of Shakspeare on a therme. Mr. Flaxman took this head of Shakspeare from Droeshout's print, which, if we may rely upon the testimony of Ben Jonson, who was no flatterer, was considered an excellent likeness of his rival. My own humble opinion is, that most, if not all the pictures which have been engraved with the greatest avidity, are most impudent impositions; produced, as many of them can be proved, by well-known impostors and needy men, whose necessitous families have urged them, like the Apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*, to sell the poison.[1] A figure, representing Kemble, is seated, studying with a book in his hands: a winged figure, the Genius of Shakspeare, has just descended to direct his attention to the following characters of the great dramatic poet, which are inscribed on the therme in the following order; viz. King John, Macbeth, Hamlet, Richard, Hotspur, Wolsey, Posthumus, Romeo, Brutus, and Coriolanus.

The second side represents Mr. Kemble, advanced in years, and just descended from the stage, upon which he has left his senatorial chair, and dropped his dagger, while a figure of Tragedy, who has followed him, is crowning him with laurels.

Upon the third was engraven the dedicatory inscription,

[1] The portraits of Shakespeare have recently been exhaustively studied by Mr. M. H. Spielmann, whose essay on the subject may be found in Vol. X of the Shakespeare Head Press edition of Shakespeare. Mr. Spielmann, in his turn, writes: "I may say at once that a long and minute study of the portraits of Shakespeare in every medium and material has led me, otherwise hopeful as I was at the outset years ago, no distance at all towards the firm establishment of any one of them as a true life-portrait."

composed by Mr. Poole.[1] The whole of the working-expenses of this elegant tripod-cup and wreath, (weighing nearly four hundred ounces of silver, in value about three hundred guineas,) were liberally presented by Messrs. Rundell and Bridge as their subscription.

The cup not being finished, the drawing and cast were produced, by Mr. Mathews and Mr. Rae, at the Freemasons' Tavern, on June 27th, 1817,[2] the day Mr. Kemble attended his Farewell-dinner, which was graced by the presence of twenty-two Noblemen, nine Members of the Royal Academy, William Locke, Samuel Rogers, and other eminent and highly talented characters.

Mr. Flaxman, after receiving the highest encomiums upon so classic and elegant a design, in returning thanks, kept gradually walking up to the noble President, and, when he had finished his address, returned to his seat, filled his glass, with which he again advanced to the noble Lord, and drank to the whole company for the honour they had done him in drinking his health. The address of Mr. Flaxman to Lord Holland was, like most of his speeches, short and nervous. He declared that the merit of the design was highly increased by the name of the man whose memory the cup was to perpetuate ; and he also assured his Lordship, that he felt proud in knowing that his name would be hereafter associated with the object of that day's commemoration.

When Mr. Kemble left this country for the benefit of his health, which, by his theatrical exertions, was most seriously impaired, he left this elegant memento in the possession of his celebrated sister, Mrs. Siddons.

Upon Mr. Flaxman seeing some of Mr. Stothard's early and beautiful designs for the *Novelist's Magazine,* in the course of its periodical publication, he observed to his father, that he should like to know the artist ; an intimacy

[1] Thomas Poole, the friend of Coleridge.

[2] Alexander Rae, the actor (1782–1820).

soon commenced, and they ever after entertained a mutual friendship for each other. Wherever Mr. Flaxman found superior talent, he upon all occasions spoke openly and nobly of its possessor. I recollect, when my father showed him the early productions of Mr. Howard, the Academician, that he considered them as works of the highest promise, and nothing could possibly exceed the encomiums which Mr. Flaxman continued to express, till the end of his life, upon the productions of that amiable artist: and I must also declare, though I own in feeble language, that the eloquent and honourable eulogium passed upon Mr. Flaxman, by the President of the Royal Academy, did not surpass in esteem and respect the manner in which Mr. Howard has always mentioned the name of Flaxman.

I was present one evening, at the Argyll-Rooms, when Pistrucci, the Improvisatore,[1] received, amongst other papers, from the audience, a request for his ideas in poetry for the composition for a monument to the memory of Canova; after he had read the request, he bowed to the centre of the second seat before him, and passed an elegant encomium upon our late British Phidias; saying, he could not think of delivering his ideas upon that subject, while there was a Flaxman present, who could, with a few lines of his pencil, far surpass ten thousand lines of his verses.

To the eternal honour of Sir Thomas Lawrence, the first English Artist who has followed the noble example of Sir Peter Paul Rubens, by liberally purchasing the works of contemporary artists, he has not only secured likenesses of Fuseli, Smirke, and Stothard, but unquestionably one of the finest busts of Flaxman extant, which are from the hand of Baily, the Academician, Flaxman's favourite pupil. Sir Thomas is also the fortunate possessor of two figures, designed and modelled by Flaxman, measuring

[1] Philip Pistrucci, elder brother of Benedetto Pistrucci, the medallist. Tom Moore describes his improvisations at Lady Jersey's in his diary, June 2nd, 1823.

about two feet in height; one represents Michel Angelo, the other Raffaelle. These stand in his front-parlour, unconscious of the inestimable treasures the cabinets of that room contain from their immortal hands.

For some weeks previous to his decease, though he was met in the street by several friends only three days before his death, he certainly was on the decline; and yet his dissolution was unexpected. He departed in his house in Buckingham-street, and was buried in the church-yard of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, next to that of St. Pancras Old Church. He was the first Professor of Sculpture in the Royal Academy.

The following inscription is cut upon an altar-tomb erected to the memory of his wife in the middle of the burial-ground:—

JOHN FLAXMAN, R.A.P.S.
Whose mortal life
Was a constant preparation
For a blessed immortality:
His angelic spirit returned to the Divine Giver,
On the 7th of December, 1826,
In the 72d year of his age.

WILLIAM BLAKE

I BELIEVE it has been invariably the custom of every age, whenever a man has been found to depart from the usual mode of thinking, to consider him of deranged intellect, and not unfrequently stark staring mad; which judgment his calumniators would pronounce with as little hesitation, as some of the uncharitable part of mankind would pass sentence of death upon a poor half-drowned cur who had lost his master, or one who had escaped hanging with a rope about his neck. Cowper, in a letter to Lady Hesketh, dated June 3rd, 1788, speaking of a dancing-master's advertisement, says, "The author of it had the good hap to be crazed, or he had never produced any thing half so clever; for you will ever observe, that they who are said to have lost their wits, have more than other people."

Bearing this stigma of eccentricity, William Blake, with most extraordinary zeal, commenced his efforts in Art under the roof of No. 28, Broad-street,[1] Carnaby-market; in which house he was born, and where his father carried on the business of a hosier. William, the subject of the following pages, who was his second son, showing an early stretch of mind, and a strong talent for drawing, being totally destitute of the dexterity of a London shopman, so well described by Dr. Johnson, was sent away from the counter as a booby, and placed under the late Mr. James Basire,

[1] This house stood at the corner of Broad-street and Marshall-street, where there is now a chandler's shop.

an Artist well known for many years as Engraver to the Society of Antiquaries.[1] From him he learned the mechanical part of his art, and as he drew carefully, and copied faithfully, his master frequently and confidently employed him to make drawings from monuments to be engraven.

After leaving his instructor, in whose house he had conducted himself with the strictest propriety, he became acquainted with Flaxman, the Sculptor, through his friend Stothard, and was also honoured by an introduction to the accomplished Mrs. Mathew, whose house, No. 27, in Rathbone-place, was then frequented by most of the literary and talented people of the day.[2] This lady, to whom I also had the honour of being known, and whose door and purse were constantly open and ready to cherish persons of genius who stood in need of assistance in their learned and arduous pursuits, worldly concerns, or inconveniences,—was so extremely zealous in promoting the celebrity of Blake, that upon hearing him read some of his early efforts in poetry, she thought so well of them, as to request the Rev.

[1] James Basire (1730–1802), illustrator of *Vetusta Monumenta*. Blake's father had proposed to apprentice him to the more eminent William Wynne Ryland, but the boy replied, "Father, I do not like the man's looks, he looks as if he would live to be hanged." About ten years later this engraver was hanged at Tyburn for forgery. He accordingly went to Basire at 31 Great Queen-street, opposite the Freemason's Tavern, and worked under this engraver seven years.

[2] In his *Book for a Rainy Day*, under 1784, Smith writes: "This year Flaxman, who then lived in Wardour-street, introduced me to one of his early patrons, the Rev. Henry Mathew, of Percy Chapel, Charlotte-street. . . . At that gentleman's house, in Rathbone-place. . . . At Mrs. Mathew's most agreeable conversaziones I first met the late William Blake, the artist, to whom she and Mr. Flaxman had been truly kind. There I have often heard him read and sing several of his poems. He was listened to by the company with profound silence, and allowed by most of the visitors to possess original and extraordinary merit."

Henry Mathew, her husband, to join Mr. Flaxman in his truly kind offer of defraying the expense of printing them; in which he not only acquiesced, but, with his usual urbanity, wrote the following advertisement, which precedes the poems.

The following sketches were the production of an untutored youth, commenced in his twelfth, and occasionally resumed by the author till his twentieth year; since which time, his talents having been wholly directed to the attainment of excellence in his profession, he has been deprived of the leisure requisite to such a revisal of these sheets, as might have rendered them less unfit to meet the public eye.

Conscious of the irregularities and defects to be found in almost every page, his friends have still believed that they possessed a poetical originality, which merited some respite from oblivion. These, their opinions, remain, however, to be now reproved or confirmed by a less partial public.

The whole copy of this little work, entitled "*Poetical Sketches*, by W. B." containing seventy pages, octavo, bearing the date of 1783, was given to Blake to sell to friends, or publish, as he might think proper.

The annexed Song is a specimen of the juvenile playfulness of Blake's muse, copied from page 10 of these Poems.

SONG

How sweet I roam'd from field to field,
And tasted all the Summer's pride,
'Till I the Prince of Love beheld,
Who in the sunny beams did glide!

He show'd me lilies for my hair,
And blushing roses for my brow;
He led me through his gardens fair,
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May-dews my wings were wet,
And Phœbus fired my vocal rage;
He caught me in his silken net,
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;
Then stretches out my golden wing,
And mocks my loss of liberty.

But it happened, unfortunately, soon after this period, that in consequence of his unbending deportment, or what his adherents are pleased to call his manly firmness of opinion, which certainly was not at all times considered pleasing by every one, his visits were not so frequent.[1] He however continued to benefit by Mrs. Mathew's liberality, and was enabled to continue in partnership, as a Printseller, with his fellow-pupil, Parker, in a shop, No. 27, next door to his father's, in Broad-street;[2] and being extremely partial to Robert, his youngest brother, considered him as his pupil. Bob, as he was familiarly called, was one of my playfellows, and much beloved by all his companions.

Much about this time, Blake wrote many other songs, to which he also composed tunes. These he would occasionally sing to his friends; and though, according to his confession, he was entirely unacquainted with the science of music, his ear was so good, that his tunes were sometimes most singularly beautiful, and were noted down by musical professors. As for his later poetry, if it may be so called, attached to his plates, though it was certainly in some parts enigmatically curious as to its application, yet it was not always wholly uninteresting; and I have unspeakable pleasure in being able to state, that though I admit he did not for the last forty years attend any place of Divine worship, yet he was not a Freethinker, as some invidious detractors have thought proper to assert, nor

[1] Messrs. Ellis and Yeats, in their critical biography of Blake, surmise that the root of the trouble was social rivalry and difference of opinion between Blake and Smith himself.

[2] This was James Parker, the stipple and line engraver. His partnership with Blake in Broad-street, Carnaby-market, lasted three years. Parker died in 1805.

was he ever in any degree irreligious. Through life, his Bible was every thing with him; and as a convincing proof how highly he reverenced the Almighty, I shall introduce the following lines with which he concludes his address to the Deists.

> For a tear is an intellectual thing;
> And a sigh is the sword of an Angel-King;
> And the bitter groan of a Martyr's woe
> Is an arrow from the Almighty's bow.

Again, at page 77, in his address to the Christians:

> I give you the end of a golden string;
> Only wind it into a ball,
> It will lead you in at Heaven's gate,
> Built in Jerusalem's wall.

In his choice of subjects, and in his designs in Art, perhaps no man had higher claim to originality, nor ever drew with a closer adherence to his own conception; and from what I knew of him, and have heard related by his friends, I most firmly believe few artists have been guilty of less plagiarisms than he. It is true, I have seen him admire and heard him expatiate upon the beauties of Marc Antonio and of Albert Durer; but I verily believe not with any view of borrowing an idea; neither do I consider him at any time dependent in his mode of working, which was generally with the graver only; and as to printing, he mostly took off his own impressions.

After his marriage, which took place at Battersea, and which proved a mutually happy one, he instructed his *beloved*, for so he most frequently called his Kate, and allowed her, till the last moment of his practice, to take off his proof impressions and print his works, which she did most carefully, and ever delighted in the task: nay, she became a draughtswoman; and as a convincing proof that she and her husband were born for each other's comfort, she not only entered cheerfully into his views, but, what is curious, possessed a similar power of imbibing ideas, and has pro-

duced drawings equally original, and, in some respects, interesting.

A friend has favoured me with the following anecdotes, which he received from Blake, respecting his courtship. He states that "Our Artist fell in love with a lively little girl, who allowed him to say every thing that was loving, but would not listen to his overtures on the score of matrimony. He was lamenting this in the house of a friend, when a generous-hearted lass declared that she pitied him from her heart. 'Do you pity me?' asked Blake. 'Yes; I do, most sincerely.'—'Then,' said he, 'I love you for that.'—'Well,' said the honest girl, 'and I love you.' The consequence was, they were married, and lived the happiest of lives."[1]

Blake's peace of mind, as well as that of his Catherine, was much broken by the death of their brother Robert, who was a most amicable link in their happiness;[2] and, as a proof how much Blake respected him, whenever he beheld him in his visions, he implicitly attended to his opinion and advice as to his future projected works. I should have stated, that Blake was supereminently endowed with the power of disuniting all other thoughts from his mind, whenever he wished to indulge in thinking of any particular subject; and so firmly did he believe, by this

[1] The "lively little girl," whom Blake first loved, was Clara, or Polly, Ward. Made ill by her refusal of his addresses, he was sent to stay with a nursery gardener at Richmond, named Boucher, whose daughter Catherine became his affianced wife under the circumstances narrated above. They were married on August 18th, 1782, and went to live in Green-street, Leicester-fields.

[2] Robert Blake died in 1787, and Blake then gave up the shop in Broad-street and moved to 28 Poland-street. In 1800 Blake wrote to Hayley: "Thirteen years ago I lost a brother, and with his spirit I converse daily and hourly in the spirit, and see him in remembrance, in the regions of my imagination. I hear his advice, and even now write from his dictate."

abstracting power, that the objects of his compositions were before him in his mind's eye, that he frequently believed them to be speaking to him. This I shall now illustrate by the following narrative.

Blake, after deeply perplexing himself as to the mode of accomplishing the publication of his illustrated songs, without their being subject to the expense of letter-press, his brother Robert stood before him in one of his visionary imaginations, and so decidedly directed him in the way in which he ought to proceed, that he immediately followed his advice, by writing his poetry, and drawing his marginal subjects of embellishments in outline upon the copper-plate with an impervious liquid, and then eating the plain parts or lights away with aquafortis considerably below them, so that the outlines were left as a stereotype.[1] The plates in this state were then printed in any tint that he wished, to enable him or Mrs. Blake to colour the marginal figures up by hand in imitation of drawings.

The following are some of his works produced in this manner, viz.: *Songs of Innocence and Songs of Experience, The Book of Jerusalem,* consisting of an hundred plates, *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell, Europe and America;* and another work, which is now very uncommon, a pretty little series of plates, entitled *Gate of Paradise.*

Blake, like those artists absorbed in a beloved study, cared not for money beyond its use for the ensuing day; and indeed he and his " beloved " were so reciprocally frugal in their expenses, that, never sighing for either gilded vessels, silver-laced attendants, or turtles' livers, they were contented with the simplest repast, and a little answered their purpose. Yet, notwithstanding all their economy, Dame Fortune being, as it is pretty well known to the world, sometimes a fickle jade, they, as well as thousands more, have had their intercepting clouds.

[1] In other words (Ellis and Yeats), the process was " etching reversed," the lines being raised, not sunk, on the copper.

As it is not my intention to follow them through their lives, I shall confine myself to a relation of a few other anecdotes of this happy pair; and as they are connected with the Arts, in my opinion they ought not to be lost, as they may be considered worthy the attention of future biographers.

For his marginal illustrations of *Young's Night Thoughts*,[1] which possess a great power of imagination, he received so despicably low a price, that Flaxman, whose heart was ever warm, was determined to serve him whenever an opportunity offered itself; and with his usual voice of sympathy, introduced him to his friend Hayley, with whom it was no new thing to give pleasure, capricious as he was. This gentleman immediately engaged him to engrave the plates for his quarto edition of *The Life of Cowper*, published in 1803–4; and for this purpose he went down to Felpham, in order to be near that highly respected *Hermit*.

Here he took a cottage, for which he paid twenty pounds a-year, and was not, as has been reported, entertained in a house belonging to Mr. Hayley, rent-free. During his stay he drew several portraits, and could have had full employment in that department of the Art; but he was born to follow his own inclinations, and was willing to rely upon a reward for the labours of the day.[2]

Mr. Flaxman, knowing me to be a collector of autographs,

[1] These marginal illustrations, forty-three in number, were made by Blake for an edition of Dr. Young's *The Complaint and the Consolation; or, Night Thoughts*, printed by R. Noble for R. Edwards, 142 Bond-street, 1797. A fine copy, lent by A. M. S. Methuen, Esq., originally in the Crewe collection, and with the designs tinted by Blake in water-colours, was included in the loan exhibition of Blake's works held at the National Gallery of British Art, October–December, 1913. The volume is fully described by Mr. A. G. B. Russell in *The Engravings of William Blake*, 1912.

[2] Blake's ever-growing mysticism was too much for Hayley,

among many others, gave me the following letter, which he received from Blake immediately after his arrival at Felpham, in which he styles him

DEAR SCULPTOR OF ETERNITY.

WE are safe arrived at our cottage, which is more beautiful than I thought it, and more convenient. It is a perfect model for cottages, and, I think, for palaces of magnificence; only enlarging, not altering, its proportions, and adding ornaments, and not principals. Nothing can be more grand than its simplicity and usefulness. Simple without intricacy, it seems to be the spontaneous effusion of humanity, congenial to the wants of man. No other-formed house can ever please me so well; nor shall I ever be persuaded, I believe, that it can be improved either in beauty, or use.

Mr. Hayley received us with his usual brotherly affection. I have begun to work. Felpham is a sweet place for study, because it is more spiritual than London. Heaven opens here on all sides her golden gates; her windows are not obstructed by vapours; voices of celestial inhabitants are more distinctly heard, and their forms more distinctly seen, and my cottage is also a shadow of their houses. My wife and sister are both well, courting Neptune for an embrace.

Our journey was very pleasant; and though we had a great deal of luggage, no grumbling. All was cheerfulness and good-humour on the road, and yet we could not arrive at our cottage before half-past eleven at night, owing to the necessary shifting of our luggage from one chaise to another; for we had seven different chaises, and as many different drivers. We set out between six and seven in the morning

who tried to confine him to mechanical work. Blake wrote grimly in a note-book:

When H——y finds out what you cannot do,
That is the very thing he sets you to.

Nevertheless Blake was happy at Felpham, and it was here that he formed his symbolic conceptions of Moses, Dante, and Milton, and saw a fairy's funeral in his garden. Blake's home still stands, a retired thatched cottage, facing the sea but some distance from it. (E. V. Lucas, *Highways and Byeways in Sussex*).

of Thursday, with sixteen heavy boxes, and portfolios full of prints.

And now begins a new life, because another covering of earth is shaken off. I am more famed in Heaven for my works than I could well conceive. In my brain, are studies and chambers filled with books and pictures of old, which I wrote and painted in ages of eternity, before my mortal life; and those works are the delight and study of archangels. Why then should I be anxious about the riches or fame of mortality? The Lord, our father, will do for us and with us according to his Divine will for our good.

You, O dear Flaxman! are a sublime Archangel, my friend and companion from eternity. In the Divine bosom is our dwelling-place. I look back into the regions of reminiscence, and behold our ancient days before this earth appeared in its vegetated mortality to my mortal-vegetated eyes. I see our houses of eternity which can never be separated, though our mortal vehicles should stand at the remotest corners of Heaven from each other.

Farewell, my best friend! Remember me and my wife in love and friendship to our dear Mrs. Flaxman, whom we ardently desire to entertain beneath our thatched roof of rusted gold: and believe me for ever to remain,

Your grateful and affectionate,
WILLIAM BLAKE.

Felpham, Sept. 21st, 1800.
Sunday morning.

In a copy of Hayley's *Triumphs of Temper*, illustrated by Stothard, which had been the one belonging to the Author's son, and which he gave after his death to Blake, are these verses in MS. by the hand of the donor.

Accept, my gentle visionary, Blake,
Whose thoughts are fanciful and kindly mild;
Accept, and fondly keep for friendship's sake,
This favour'd vision, my poetic child.

Rich in more grace than fancy ever won,
To thy most tender mind this book will be,
For it belong'd to my departed son;
So from an angel it descends to thee.

W. H.
July 1800.

I copied the above from the book, now in the possession of Mrs. Blake.

Upon his return from Felpham, he addressed the public, in page 3 of his *Book of Jerusalem*, in these words: "After my three years' slumber on the banks of the ocean, I again display my giant-forms to the public," &c.

Some of the "giant-forms," as he calls them, are mighty and grand, and if I were to compare them to the style of any preceding artist, Michel Angelo, Sir Joshua's favourite, would be the one; and were I to select a specimen as a corroboration of this opinion, I should instance the figure personifying the "Ancient of Days," the frontispiece to his *Europe, a Prophecy*.[1] In my mind, his knowledge of drawing, as well as design, displayed in this figure, must at once convince the informed reader of his extraordinary abilities.

I am now under the painful necessity of relating an event promulgated in two different ways by two different parties; and as I entertain a high respect for the talents of both persons concerned, I shall, in order to steer clear of giving umbrage to the supporters of either, leave the reader to draw his own conclusions, unbiassed by any insinuation whatever of mine.

An Engraver of the name of Cromek, a man who endeavoured to live by speculating upon the talents of others, purchased a series of drawings of Blake, illustrative of Blair's *Grave*, which he had begun with a view of engraving and publishing.[2] These were sold to Mr. Cromek for the insignificant sum of one guinea each, with the

[1] Blake returned from Felpham to settle, at No. 17 South Molton-street, in 1804, but his great drawing, "The Ancient of Days," had been executed ten years earlier, and was then used as the frontispiece to his *Europe*. See a later note.

[2] Robert Blair's poem, *The Grave*, originally appeared in quarto in 1743, and was thereafter reprinted down to the end of the century.

promise, and indeed under the express agreement, that Blake should be employed to engrave them; a task to which he looked forward with anxious delight. Instead of this negotiation being carried into effect, the drawings, to his great mortification, were put into the hands of Schiavonetti.[1] During the time this artist was thus employed, Cromek had asked Blake what work he had in mind to execute next. The unsuspecting artist not only told him, but without the least reserve showed him the designs sketched out for a fresco picture; the subject Chaucer's *Pilgrimage to Canterbury;* with which Mr. Cromek appeared highly delighted. Shortly after this, Blake discovered that Stothard, a brother-artist to whom he had been extremely kind in early days, had been employed to paint a picture, not only of the same subject, but in some instances similar to the fresco sketch which he had shown to Mr. Cromek. The picture painted by Stothard became the property of Mr. Cromek, who published proposals for an engraving from it, naming Bromley as the engraver to be employed. However, in a short time, that artist's name was withdrawn, and Schiavonetti's substituted, who lived only to complete the etching; the plate being finished afterwards by at least three different hands. Blake, highly indignant at this treatment, immediately set to work, and proposed an engraving from his fresco picture, which he publicly exhibited in his brother James's shop-window, at the corner of Broad-street, accompanied with an address to the public, stating what he considered to be improper conduct.

In 1809, Blake exhibited sixteen poetical and historical inventions, in his brother's first-floor in Broad-street; eleven pictures in fresco, professed to be painted according

[1] Luigi Schiavonetti (1765–1810), born in Italy, settled in London and became a popular and successful illustrator. He lived at No. 12 Michael's-place, Brompton.

to the ancient method, and seven drawings, of which an explanatory catalogue was published, and is perhaps the most curious of its kind ever written. At page 7, the description of his fresco-painting of Geoffrey Chaucer's *Pilgrimage* commences. This picture, which is larger than the print, is now in the possession of Thomas Butts, Esq. a gentleman friendly to Blake, and who is in possession of a considerable number of his works.[1]

So much on the side of Blake. On the part of Stothard, the story runs thus. Mr. Cromek had agreed with that artist to employ him upon a picture of the Procession of Chaucer's *Pilgrimage to Canterbury*, for which he first agreed to pay him sixty guineas, but in order to enable him to finish it in a more exquisite manner, promised him forty more, with an intention of engaging Bromley to engrave it; but in consequence of some occurrence, his name was withdrawn, and Schiavonetti was employed. During the time Stothard was painting the picture, Blake called to see it, and appeared so delighted with it, that Stothard, sincerely wishing to please an old friend with whom he had lived so cordially for many years, and from whose works he always most liberally declared he had received much pleasure and edification, expressed a wish to introduce his portrait as one of the party, as a mark of esteem.

Mr. Hoppner,[2] in a letter to a friend, dated May 30th, 1807, says of it:

This intelligent group is rendered still more interesting by the charm of colouring, which though simple is strong, and most harmoniously distributed throughout the picture. The landscape has a deep-toned brightness that accords most admirably with the figures; and the painter has ingeniously

[1] Butts was Muster Master General. In 1799 he agreed to take fifty drawings from Blake at a guinea apiece.

[2] John Hoppner, R.A. (1758–1810).

CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY PILGRIMS
Painted and engraved by William Blake

PILGRIMAGE TO CANTERBURY
Etched by Luigi Schiavonetti, and finished by James Heath, A.R.A., from the painting by Thomas Stothard, R.A.

contrived to give a value to a common scene and very ordinary forms, that would hardly be found, by unlearned eyes, in the natural objects. He has expressed too, with great vivacity and truth, the freshness of morning, at that season when Nature herself is most fresh and blooming—the Spring; and it requires no great stretch of fancy to imagine we perceive the influence of it on the cheeks of the Fair Wife of Bath, and her rosy companions, the Monk and Friar.

In respect of the execution of the various parts of this pleasing design, it is not too much praise to say, that it is wholly free from that vice which painters term *manner;* and it has this peculiarity beside, which I do not remember to have seen in any picture, ancient or modern, namely, that it bears no mark of the period in which it was painted, but might very well pass for the work of some able artist of the time of Chaucer. This effect is not, I believe, the result of any association of ideas connected with the costume, but appears in primitive simplicity, and the total absence of all affectation, either of colour or pencilling.

Having attempted to describe a few of the beauties of this captivating performance, it remains only for me to mention one great defect. The picture is, notwithstanding appearances, *a modern one.* But if you can divest yourself of the general prejudice that exists against contemporary talents, you will see a work that would have done honour to any school, at any period." See the *Artist,* by Prince Hoare, Esq. No. 13, Vol. I. page 13.

In 1810, Stothard, to his great surprise, found that Blake had engraved and published a plate of the same size, in some respects bearing a similarity to his own.

I must do Mr. Stothard the justice to declare, that the very first time I saw him after he had read the announcement of Blake's death, he spoke in the handsomest terms of his talents, and informed me that Blake made a remarkably correct and fine drawing of the head of Queen Philippa, from her monumental effigy in Westminster Abbey, for Gough's *Sepulchral Monuments,* engraved by Basire. The

collectors of Stothard's numerous and elegant designs, will recollect the name of Blake as the engraver of several plates in the *Novelist's Magazine*, the *Poetical Magazine*, and also others for a work entitled the *Wit's Magazine*, from drawings produced by the same artist. Trotter, the engraver,[1] who received instructions from Blake, and who was a pattern-draughtsman to the calico-printers, introduced his friend Stothard to Blake, and their attachment for each other continued most cordially to exist in the opinion of the public, until they produced their rival pictures of Chaucer's *Canterbury Pilgrimage*. Such are the outlines of this controversy.[2]

Blake's ideas were often truly entertaining, and after he had conveyed them to paper, his whimsical and novel descriptions frequently surpassed his delineations; for instance, that of his picture of the Transformation of the

[1] Thomas Trotter drew and engraved the well-known portrait of Dr. Johnson in his walking garb, and with an oak stick, as he travelled in the Highlands. He died February 14th, 1803.

[2] The merits of the quarrel so lengthily described by Smith cannot now be clearly perceived. If Blake saw and praised Stothard's picture while it was on the easel, the grievance he made later would seem to have been imaginary. On the other hand, the circumstance of the choice of the same subject at the same time by the two artists suggests Cromek's duplicity strongly, and this explanation is adopted by Sir Leslie Stephen in his notice of Cromek in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, where he describes him as "a shifty speculator, who incurred the odium attaching to men of business who try to make money by the help of men of genius. The fact that he ruined himself in the attempt has not procured him pardon." Blake did not suffer his injury passively. In his own description of his picture, printed in the catalogue of the sixteen frescoes he exhibited in 1809 in Broad-street, he bitingly criticised Stothard's errors of characterisation, but these passages are now the least interesting in a composition which Charles Lamb declared to be the finest essay on Chaucer that he had ever read.

Flea to the form of a Man, is extremely curious. This personification, which he denominated a Cupper, or Blood-sucker, is covered with coat of armour, similar to the case of the flea, and is represented slowly pacing in the night, with a thorn attached to his right hand, and a cup in the other, as if ready to puncture the first person whose blood he might fancy, like Satan prowling about to seek whom he could devour. Blake said of the flea, that were that lively little fellow the size of an elephant, he was quite sure, from the calculations he had made of his wonderful strength, that he could bound from Dover to Calais in one leap. This interesting little picture is painted in Fresco. It is now the property of John Varley, the Artist, whose landscapes will ever be esteemed as some of the finest productions in Art, and who may fairly be considered as one of the founders of the Society of Artists in Water Colours; the annual exhibitions of which continue to surpass those of the preceding seasons.[1]

Whatever may be the public opinion hereafter of Blake's talents, when his enemies are dead, I will not presume to predict. Blake's talent is not to be seen in his engravings from the designs of other artists, though he certainly honestly endeavoured to copy the beauties of Stothard, Flaxman, and those masters set before him by the few publishers who employed him; but his own engravings from his own mind are the productions which the man of true feeling must ever admire, and the predictions of Fuseli and Flaxman may hereafter be verified—"That a time will come when Blake's finest works will be as much sought after and treasured up in the portfolios of men of

[1] This drawing of the "Ghost of a Flea" was one of the many which Blake executed to please Varley, who took a sympathetic interest in his friend's visions. Blake said, "I see him now before me," and proceeded to draw. Varley "felt convinced, by his mode of proceeding, that he had a real image before him."

mind, as those of Michel Angelo are at present."[1] This I am certain of, that on the score of industry at least, many artists must strike to him. Application was a faculty so engendered in him that he took little bodily exercise to keep up his health: he had few evening walks and little rest from labour, for his mind was ever fixed upon his art, nor did he at any time indulge in a game of chess, draughts, or backgammon; such amusements, considered as relaxations by artists in general, being to him distractions. His greatest pleasure was derived from the Bible,—a work ever at his hand, and which he often assiduously consulted in several languages. Had he fortunately lived till the next year's exhibition at Somerset-house, the public would then have been astonished at his exquisite finishing of a Fresco picture of the Last Judgment,[2] containing upwards of one thousand figures, many of them wonderfully conceived and grandly drawn. The lights of this extraordinary perform-

[1] The fulfilment of this prediction is a commonplace, but it may be illustrated by two events. In 1903 the Crewe collection of Blake's drawings and illustrations was sold at Sotheby's, when the following prices were realised: Twenty-one designs in colours for the *Book of Job*, and twenty-two proof engravings from these, £5000; the original designs for Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Le Penseroso," with the text and explanations of the designs, £1960; *The Book of Urizen*, £307; *America: a Prophecy*, original coloured issue, £295; the *Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, with twenty-seven plates, £260; and *Europe*, seventeen coloured plates, £203. In October–December, 1913, a most representative collection of Blake's drawings and illustrations was organised at the National Gallery of British Art, and gave rise to much controversial discussion. A valuable catalogue of the exhibits, with biography and notes, was prepared by Mr. Archibald G. B. Russell, who also advised the trustees on the selection of the works exhibited.

[2] A painting in tempera measuring 7 feet by 5 feet. Blake's full account of its meaning and details is printed in Gilchrist's *Life*, Vol. II, pp. 161–176. See also Blake's letter to Ozias Humphry, describing an earlier version of the same subject, *post*. This picture has disappeared.

ance have the appearance of silver and gold; but upon Mrs. Blake's assuring me that there was no silver used, I found, upon a closer examination, that a blue wash had been passed over those parts of the gilding which receded, and the lights of the forward objects, which were also of gold, were heightened with a warm colour, to give the appearance of the two metals.

It is most certain, that the uninitiated eye was incapable of selecting the beauties of Blake; his effusions were not generally felt; and in this opinion I am borne out in the frequent assertions of Fuseli and Flaxman. It would, therefore, be unreasonable to expect the booksellers to embark in publications not likely to meet remuneration. Circumstanced, then, as Blake was, approaching to threescore years and ten, in what way was he to persevere in his labours? Alas, he knew not! until the liberality of Mr. Linnell, a brother-artist of eminence, whose discernment could well appreciate those parts of his designs which deserved perpetuity, enabled him to proceed and execute in comfort a series of twenty-one plates, illustrative of the Book of Job.[1] This was the last work he completed, upon the merits of which he received the highest congratulations from the following Royal Academicians: Sir Thomas Lawrence, Mr. Baily, Mr. Philips, Mr. Chantrey, Mr. James Ward, Mr. Arnald, Mr. Collins, Mr. Westmacott, and many other artists of eminence.

[1] For details of Linnell's assistance, see Story's *Life of John Linnell*, Vol. I, p. 169. Blake had already made a series of designs for the Book of Job for his friend Captain Butts. In 1821 he made replicas for Linnell, at whose wish he engraved these on copper two years later. In all Linnell paid Blake 150*l*. These great drawings were afterwards in the Blake collection of Lord Houghton, which passed to his son, the Earl of Crewe. In 1903 this collection was sold at Sotheby's, and the twenty-one designs for the Book of Job, together with as many proof engravings, and Blake's portrait by himself, were bought by Mr. Quaritch for 5600*l*.

As to Blake's system of colouring, which I have not hitherto noticed, it was in many instances most beautifully prismatic. In this branch of the art he often acknowledged Apelles to have been his tutor, who was, he said, so much pleased with his style, that once when he appeared before him, among many of his observations, he delivered the following:—"You certainly possess my system of colouring; and I now wish you to draw my person, which has hitherto been untruly delineated."

I must own that, until I was favoured by Mr. Upcott[1] with a sight of some of Blake's works, several of which I had never seen, I was not so fully aware of his great depth of knowledge in colouring. Of these most interesting specimens of his art, which are now extremely rare, and rendered invaluable by his death, as it is impossible for any one to colour them with his mind, should the plates remain, Mr. Richard Thomson,[2] another truly kind friend, has favoured me with the following descriptive lists.

SONGS OF EXPERIENCE. The author and printer, W. Blake. Small octavo; seventeen plates, including the title-page. Frontispiece, a winged infant mounted on the shoulders of a youth. On the title-page, two figures weeping over two crosses.

Introduction. Four Stanzas on a cloud, with a night-sky behind, and beneath, a figure of Earth stretched on a mantle.

Earth's Answer. Five Stanzas. A serpent on the ground beneath.

The Clod and the Pebble. Three Stanzas. Above, a head-piece of four sheep and two oxen; beneath, a duck and reptiles.

A Poison Tree. Four Stanzas. The tree stretches up the

[1] William Upcott (1779–1845), the autograph collector and assistant to Porson at the London Institution.

[2] Richard Thomson, joint librarian with E. W. Brayley of the London Institution.

right side of the page; and beneath, a dead body killed by its influence.

The Fly. Five Stanzas. Beneath, a female figure with two children.

Holy Thursday. Four Stanzas. Head-piece, a female figure discovering a dead child. On the right-hand margin a mother and two children lamenting the loss of an infant which lies beneath. Perhaps this is one of the most tasteful of the set.

The Chimney-Sweeper. Three Stanzas. Beneath, a figure of one walking in snow towards an open door.

London. Four Stanzas. Above, a child leading an old man through the street; on the right-hand, a figure warming itself at a fire. If in any instance Mr. Blake has copied himself, it is in the figure of the old man upon this plate, whose position appears to have been a favourite one with him.

The Tiger. Six Stanzas. On the right-hand margin, the trunk of a tree; and beneath, a tiger walking.

A Little Boy Lost. Six Stanzas. Ivy leaves on the right-hand, and beneath, weeping figures before a fire, in which the verses state that the child had been burned by a Saint.

The Human Abstract. Six Stanzas. The trunk of a tree on the right-hand margin, and beneath, an old man in white drawing a veil over his head.

The Angel. Four Stanzas. Head-piece, a female figure lying beneath a tree, and pushing from her a winged boy.

My Pretty Rose Tree. Two Stanzas: succeeded by a small vignette, of a figure weeping, and another lying reclined at the foot of a tree. Beneath, are two verses more, entitled, *Ah! Sun Flower;* and a single Stanza, headed *The Lilly.*

Nurse's Song. Two Stanzas. Beneath, a girl with a youth and a female child at a door surrounded by vine-leaves.

A Little Girl Lost. Seven Stanzas; interspersed with birds and leaves, the trunk of a tree on the right-hand margin.

The whole of these plates are coloured in imitation of fresco. The poetry of these songs is wild, irregular, and

highly mystical, but of no great degree of elegance or excellence, and their prevailing feature is a tone of complaint of the misery of mankind.

AMERICA: *a Prophecy.* Lambeth; Printed by William Blake, in the year 1793; folio; eighteen plates or twenty pages, including the frontispiece and title-page. After a preludium of thirty-seven lines commences the Prophecy of 226, which are interspersed with numerous head-pieces, vignettes, and tail-pieces, usually stretching along the left-hand margin and enclosing the text; which sometimes appears written on a cloud, and at others environed by flames and water. Of the latter subject a very fine specimen is shown upon page 13, where the tail-piece represents the bottom of the sea, with various fishes coming together to prey upon a dead body. The head-piece is another dead body lying on the surface of the waters, with an eagle feeding upon it with outstretched wings. Another instance of Mr. Blake's favourite figure of the old man entering at Death's door, is contained on page 12 of this poem. The subject of the text is a conversation between the Angel of Albion, the Angels of the Thirteen States, Washington, and some others of the American Generals, and "Red Orc," the spirit of war and evil. The verses are without rhyme, and most resemble hexameters, though they are by no means exact; and the expressions are mystical in a very high degree.

EUROPE: *a Prophecy.* Lambeth: Printed by William Blake, 1794; folio; seventeen plates on the leaves, inclusive of the frontispiece and title-page. Coloured to imitate the ancient fresco-painting. The Preludium consists of thirty-three lines, in stanzas without rhyme, and the Prophecy of two hundred and eight; the decorations to which are larger than most of those in the former book, and approach nearest to the character of paintings, since, in several instances, they occupy the whole page. The frontispiece is an uncommonly fine specimen of art, and approaches almost to the sublimity of Raffaelle or Michel Angelo. It represents "The Ancient of Days," in an orb of light surrounded by dark clouds, as referred to in Proverbs viii. 27, stooping down with an enormous pair of compasses to describe the

destined orb of the world, " when he set a compass upon the face of the earth."

> ———in His hand
> He took the golden compasses, prepar'd,
> In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
> This universe and all created things :
> One foot he centr'd, and the other turn'd
> Round through the vast profundity obscure ;
> And said, 'Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
> This be thy just circumference, O World !'"
>
> *Paradise Lost*, Book vii., line 236.

He was inspired with the splendid grandeur of this figure, by the vision which he declared hovered over his head at the top of his staircase ; and he has been frequently heard to say, that it made a more powerful impression upon his mind than all he had ever been visited by. This subject was such a favourite with him, that he always bestowed more time and enjoyed greater pleasure when colouring the print, than any thing he ever produced.

Mr. F. Tatham employed him to tint an impression of it, for which I have heard he paid him the truly liberal sum of three guineas and a half.[1] I say liberal, though the specimen is worth any price, because the sum was so considerably beyond what Blake generally had been accustomed to receive as a remuneration for his extraordinary talents. Upon this truly inestimable impression, which I have now before me, Blake worked when bolstered-up in his bed only a few days before he died ; and my friend F. Tatham has just informed me, that after Blake had frequently touched upon it, and had as frequently held it at a distance, he threw it from him, and with an air of exulting triumph exclaimed, " There, that will do ! I cannot mend it."[2] However, this

[1] Frederick Tatham, son of Charles Heathcote Tatham, the architect.

[2] This tinted impression of Blake's great design was lent by the Trustees of the Whitworth Institute, Manchester, to the Blake Exhibition held at the National Gallery of British Art, October–December, 1913. It is printed in yellow, and embellished in water-colour and gold.

was not his last production; for immediately after he had made the above declaration to his beloved Kate, upon whom his eyes were steadfastly fixed, he vociferated, "Stay! keep as you are! *you* have ever been *an angel* to me, I will draw you!" and he actually made a most spirited likeness of her, though within so short a period of his earthly termination.

Another splendid composition in this work, are the two angels pouring out the black-spotted plague upon England, on page 9; in which the foreshortening of the legs, the grandeur of their positions, and the harmony with which they are adapted to each other and to their curved trumpets, are perfectly admirable. The subject-matter of the work is written in the same wild and singular measures as the preceding, and describes, in mystical language, the terrors of plague and anarchy which overspread England during the slumbers of Enitharmon for eighteen hundred years; upon whose awaking, the ferocious spirit Orc bursts into flames "in the vineyards of red France." At the end of this poem are seven separate engravings on folio pages, without letter-press, which are coloured like the former part of the work, with a degree of splendour and force, as almost to resemble sketches in oil-colours. The finest of these are a figure of an angel standing in the sun, a group of three furies surrounded by clouds and fire, and a figure of a man sitting beneath a tree in the deepest dejection; all of which are peculiarly remarkable for their strength and splendour of colouring. Another publication by Mr. Blake, consisted only of a small quarto volume of twenty-three engravings of various shapes and sizes, coloured as before, some of which are of extraordinary effect and beauty. The best plates in this series are,—the first of an aged man, with a white beard sweeping the ground, and writing in a book with each hand, naked; a human figure pressing out his brain through his ears; and the great sea-serpent; but perhaps the best is a figure sinking in a stormy sea at sunset, the splendid light of which,

and the foam upon the black waves, are almost magical effects of colouring. Beneath the first design is engraven "*Lambeth, printed by W. Blake,* 1794."

Blake's modes of preparing his ground, and laying them over his panels for painting, mixing his colours, and manner of working, were those which he considered to have been practised by the earliest fresco-painters, whose productions still remain, in numerous instances, vivid and permanently fresh. His ground was a mixture of whiting and carpenter's glue, which he passed over several times in thin coatings: his colours he ground himself, and also united them with the same sort of glue, but in a much weaker state. He would, in the course of painting a picture, pass a very thin transparent wash of glue-water over the whole of the parts he had worked upon, and then proceed with his finishing.

This process I have tried, and find, by using my mixtures warm, that I can produce the same texture as possessed in Blake's pictures of the Last Judgment, and others of his productions, particularly in Varley's curious picture of the personified Flea. Blake preferred mixing his colours with carpenter's glue, to gum, on account of the latter cracking in the sun, and becoming humid in moist weather. The glue-mixture stands the sun, and change of atmosphere has no effect upon it. Every carpenter knows that if a broken piece of stick be joined with good glue, the stick will seldom break again in the glued parts.

That Blake had many secret modes of working, both as a colourist and an engraver, I have no doubt.[1] His method

[1] Loutherbourg was also, in *his* way, very ingenious in his contrivances. To oblige his friend Garrick, he enriched a Drama, entitled *The Christmas Tale,* with scenery painted by himself, and introduced such novelty and brilliancy of effect, as formed a new era in that species of art. This he accomplished by means of differently-coloured silks placed before the lamps at the front of the stage, and by the lights behind the side scenes. The same effects were used for distance and atmosphere. As for instance, Harlequin in a fog, was pro-

of eating away the plain copper, and leaving his drawn lines of his subjects and his words as stereotype, is in my mind perfectly original. Mrs. Blake is in possession of the secret, and she ought to receive something considerable for its communication, as I am quite certain it may be used to the greatest advantage both to artists and literary characters in general.

That Blake's coloured plates have more effect than others where gum has been used, is, in my opinion, the fact, and I shall rest my assertion upon those beautiful specimens in the possession of Mr. Upcott, coloured purposely for that gentleman's godfather, Ozias Humphry, Esq. to whom Blake wrote the following interesting letter.

TO OZIAS HUMPHRY, ESQ.

THE design of The Last Judgment, which I have completed by your recommendation for the Countess of Egremont, it is necessary to give some account of; and its various parts ought to be described, for the accommodation of those who give it the honour of their attention.[1]

Christ seated on the Throne of Judgment: the Heavens

duced by tiffany hung between the audience and himself. Mr. Seguier, the father of the Keeper of the King's Pictures, and those of the National Gallery, purchased of Mr. Loutherbourg ten small designs for the scenery of Omai, for which scenes the manager paid him one thousand pounds. Mr. Loutherbourg never would leave any paper or designs at the theatre, nor would he ever allow anyone to see what he intended to produce; as he secretly held small cards in his hand, which he now and then referred to in order to assist him in his recollections of his small drawings. (S.)

[1] This water-colour design was an elaborate rendering of two earlier versions of the same subject, the first of which, dated 1806, was lent by Sir John Stirling-Maxwell, Bart., M.P., to the exhibition of Blake's works (Oct.–Dec., 1913) already mentioned. The design for the Countess of Egremont is at Petworth, and is reproduced in Mr. A. G. B. Russell's *Letters of William Blake* (1906). A fourth and greatly enlarged copy, in tempera, has already been mentioned by Smith.

in clouds rolling before him and around him, like a scroll ready to be consumed in the fires of the Angels; who descend before his feet, with their four trumpets sounding to the four winds.

Beneath, the Earth is convulsed with the labours of the Resurrection. In the caverns of the earth is the Dragon with seven heads and ten horns, chained by two Angels; and above his cavern, on the earth's surface, is the Harlot, also seized and bound by two Angels with chains, while her palaces are falling into ruins, and her counsellors and warriors are descending into the abyss, in wailing and despair.

Hell opens beneath the harlot's seat on the left hand, into which the wicked are descending.

The right hand of the design is appropriated to the Resurrection of the Just: the left hand of the design is appropriated to the Resurrection and Fall of the Wicked.

Immediately before the Throne of Christ are Adam and Eve, kneeling in humiliation, as representatives of the whole human race; Abraham and Moses kneel on each side beneath them; from the cloud on which Eve kneels, and beneath Moses, and from the tables of stone which utter lightning, is seen Satan wound round by the Serpent, and falling headlong; the Pharisees appear on the left hand pleading their own righteousness before the Throne of Christ: The Book of Death is opened on clouds by two Angels; many groups of figures are falling from before the throne, and from the sea of fire, which flows before the steps of the throne; on which are seen the seven Lamps of the Almighty, burning before the throne. Many figures chained and bound together fall through the air, and some are scourged by Spirits with flames of fire into the abyss of Hell, which opens to receive them beneath, on the left hand of the harlot's seat; where others are howling and descending into the flames, and in the act of dragging each other into Hell, and of contending in fighting with each other on the brink of perdition.

Before the Throne of Christ on the right hand, the Just, in humiliation and in exultation, rise through the air, with their Children and Families; some of whom are bowing before the Book of Life, which is opened by two Angels on clouds: many groups arise with exultation; among them is a figure crowned with stars, and the moon beneath her

feet, with six infants around her, she represents the Christian Church. The green hills appear beneath; with the graves of the blessed, which are seen bursting with their births of immortality; parents and children embrace and arise together, and in exulting attitudes tell each other, that the New Jerusalem is ready to descend upon earth; they arise upon the air rejoicing; others newly awaked from the grave, stand upon the earth embracing and shouting to the Lamb, who cometh in the clouds with power and great glory.

The whole upper part of the design is a view of Heaven opened; around the Throne of Christ, four living creatures filled with eyes, attended by seven Angels with seven vials of the wrath of God, and above these seven Angels with the seven trumpets compose the cloud, which by its rolling away displays the opening seats of the Blessed, on the right and the left of which are seen the four-and-twenty Elders seated on thrones to judge the dead.

Behind the seat and Throne of Christ appears the Tabernacle with its veil opened, the Candlestick on the right, the Table with Shew-bread on the left, and in the midst, the Cross in place of the Ark, with the two Cherubim bowing over it.

On the right-hand of the Throne of Christ is Baptism, on his left is the Lord's Supper—the two introducers into Eternal Life. Women with infants approach the figure of an aged Apostle, which represents Baptism; and on the left-hand the Lord's Supper is administered by Angels, from the hands of another aged Apostle; these kneel on each side of the Throne, which is surrounded by a glory: in the glory many infants appear, representing Eternal Creation flowing from the Divine Humanity in Jesus; who opens the Scroll of Judgment upon his knees before the living and the dead.

Such is the design which you, my dear Sir, have been the cause of my producing, and which, but for you, might have slept till the Last Judgment.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

January 18, 1808.

Blake and his wife were known to have lived so happily together, that they might unquestionably have been regis-

tered at Dunmow. "Their hopes and fears were to each other known," and their days and nights were passed in each other's company, for he always painted, drew, engraved and studied, in the same room where they grilled, boiled, stewed, and slept; and so steadfastly attentive was he to his beloved tasks, that for the space of two years he had never once been out of his house; and his application was often so incessant, that in the middle of the night, he would, after thinking deeply upon a particular subject, leap from his bed and write for two hours or more; and for many years, he made a constant practice of lighting the fire, and putting on the kettle for breakfast before his Kate awoke.

During his last illness, which was occasioned by the gall mixing with his blood, he was frequently bolstered-up in his bed to complete his drawings, for his intended illustration of Dante; an author so great a favourite with him, that though he agreed with Fuseli and Flaxman, in thinking Cary's translation superior to all others, yet, at the age of sixty-three years, he learned the Italian language purposely to enjoy Dante in the highest possible way. For this intended work, he produced seven engraved plates of an imperial quarto size, and nearly one hundred finished drawings of a size considerably larger; which will do equal justice to his wonderful mind, and the liberal heart of their possessor, who engaged him upon so delightful a task at a time when few persons would venture to give him employment, and whose kindness softened, for the remainder of his life, his lingering bodily sufferings, which he was seen to support with the most Christian fortitude.[1]

[1] Blake began to make these designs for Linnell in 1825. They are described by Ellis and Yeats as overtopping all that he ever did for startling emphasis and novelty. "He came to a consideration of the mysticism of the Divine Comedy from the independent point of view of an equal and a brother visionary."

On the day of his death, August 12th, (not the 13th, as has been stated by several Editors who have noticed his death,) 1827, he composed and uttered songs to his Maker so sweetly to the ear of his Catherine, that when she stood to hear him, he, looking upon her most affectionately, said, "My beloved, they are not mine—no—they are not mine." He expired at six in the evening, with the most cheerful serenity. Some short time before his death, Mrs. Blake asked him where he should like to be buried, and whether he would have the Dissenting Minister, or the Clergyman of the Church of England, to read the service: his answers were, that as far as his own feelings were concerned, they might bury him where she pleased, adding, that as his father, mother, aunt, and brother, were buried in Bunhill-row, perhaps it would be better to lie there, but as to service, he should wish for that of the Church of England.

His hearse was followed by two mourning-coaches, attended by private friends: Calvert, Richmond, Tatham, and his brother, promising young artists, to whom he had given instructions in the Arts, were of the number.[1] Tatham, ill as he was, travelled ninety miles to attend the funeral of one for whom, next to his own family, he held the highest esteem. Blake died in his sixty-ninth year, in the back-room of the first-floor of No. 3, Fountain-court,[2] Strand,

[1] Edward Calvert, who executed many plates and wood-blocks in Blake's style, died in 1883.—George Richmond, the portrait painter, first met Blake at Linnell's house at Highgate when he was sixteen, and, walking back to Fountain-court with him, said it was "as though he had been walking with the prophet Isaiah." His earlier work was influenced by Blake.—Frederick Tatham was the eldest son of Charles Heathcote Tatham the architect; his sister Julia was married to George Richmond.

[2] The last remnant of Fountain-court (its west side) and with it Blake's house, was pulled down in 1902, when the Savoy Hotel buildings were enlarged. The court, whose site and association with Blake are now signified by a tablet, had its name from the Fountain Tavern and the ante-

and was buried in Bunhill-fields, on the 17th of August, at the distance of about twenty-five feet from the north wall, numbered eighty.[1]

Limited as Blake was in his pecuniary circumstances, his beloved Kate survives him clear of even a sixpenny debt; and in the fullest belief that the remainder of her days will be rendered tolerable by the sale of the few copies of her husband's works, which she will dispose of at the original price of publication; in order to enable the collector to add to the weight of his book-shelves, without being solicited to purchase, out of compassion, those specimens of her husband's talents which they ought to possess.

Walpolian Fountain Club which met there early in the eighteenth century. Henry Crabb Robinson records a visit to Blake here on December 17th, 1825: "I found him in a small room which seems to be both a working room and a bedroom. Nothing could exceed the squalid air both of the apartment and of his dress; yet there is diffused over him an air of natural gentility."

[1] No memorial to Blake was erected, and the site of his grave was long uncertain. In 1911 Mr. Herbert Jenkins rendered a great service to lovers and disciples of Blake by working out and identifying the visionary's grave by methods which he fully explained in an article contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* of July in that year. An asphalt pathway now passes over Blake's resting-place.

FINIS

INDEX

INDEX OF PERSONS

(*The page numbers refer to both text and notes.*)

Abbot, Francis Lemuel, II 73
Abel, Karl Friedrich, I 157
Abney, Sir Thomas, II 205
Abrahams, Mr. Aleck, I *Notes to Illustrations*, 35; II 4
Accutus, John, I 210
Adam, Robert, II 56, 61
Adams (his museum at the "Royal Swan"), I 205–6
— John, I 165
Addison, Joseph, I 170
Ainsworth, Robert, I 37
Albani, Cardinal, II 7–9
Albans, Hugh de St., II 118
Alderson, Amelia (see also Mrs. *Opie*), II 221
Alefounder, John, I 329
Alexander, William, I 311
Alscript, I 366
Andrews, Miles Peter, I 179
Andrieu, Bernard, I 261–62
Angelini, II 58
Angelo, Henry, II 103
— (Michael, Michel), I 198, 225 265, 297, 345; II 3, 85, 170
Angiband, Mr., II 164
Annesley, F., I 209
Aprice, II 190
Aratus, I 98
Arch (bookseller), II 4
Arden, Lady, I 319
Aretino, I 295
Argyle and Greenwich, Duke of, his monument, II 27
Arminger, W., I 52. 97
Armstrong, Dr. John, II 337
Arnald, A.R.A., George, I 11, 315; II 186
Arne, Dr., II 149
Ashburton, Louisa, Lady, II 155
Astle, Thomas, I 214
Astley, John (painter), II 321–22
Atkins, John, II 110
Audinet, Philip, II 55, 67, 68, 317
Ausel, I 22
Aylesbury, Lord, II 113

Bacon, R.A., John, and George III, I 68; II *Life*, 88–98
— John, jun., II 97–98
Baddeley, Sir J. J., I 304
— Robert, I 181
Bailey, R.A., E. H., I 232, 293; II 243, 355
Baillie, Captain, I 119
Bailye, Rev. Hugh, I 113
Baker, John (flower-painter), I 25
Balant, Theodore, II 50
Balme, Rev. Edward, I 349
Bandinelli, Baccio, I 156
Banks (cabinet-maker), II 176–77
— (Bancks), John, I 48
— Sir Joseph, I 231; II 137
— Lady, II 137
— R.A., Thomas, I 4; II *Life*, 117–31
Bannister, Charles, I 96–97; II 170
— John, I 182; II 222
Baptist, J. (flower-painter), I 38
Barber, Francis, I 113
Bardwell, Thomas (portrait-painter), II 133
Baretti, Joseph, I 21; II 57, 93, 108–10
Barker, Robert, I 36
Barnard, John ("Jacky"), I 288
Barrett, R.A., George, II 30, 100
— Rev. Jonathan Tyers, II 30
Barron, Hugh, II 123
Barrow, J. C., I 31
Barry, R.A., I 8, 9, 62–63, 83, 140, 275; II 211, 213, *Life*, 279–83
Bartolozzi, R.A., Francisco, II 30, 75, 134, 149
Barton (actor), I 130
Basire, James, I 49, 130; II 366
Baskerville, John, I 175
Bateman, Lord, I 29

Bathurst, Lord Chancellor, I 370; II 11
— Dr. Richard, I 170
Batridge (a barber), I 184; II 150
Bayne, Capt. William, I 370
Bean, Rev. James, II 212
Beard, John, II 29, 88, 157–58
— Lady Henrietta, II 157–58 (see *Powis*)
Beauclerk, Topham, II 114
Beaufoy, Messrs., II 131
Beaumont, Sir George, I 116; II 149, 266
Beaupré (a carver), II 112
Beckford, William (Lord Mayor of London), II 134–35
Beechey, R.A., Sir William, I 327, 333, 349, 361–62
Bell, Mr. Walter, I 145
— Dr. William, I 20, 143
Bellamy, Mr. (a linen-draper), II 155
Bellodi (an organ-maker), II 68
Bemrose, Mr. William, I 162
Bensley, Thomas (printer), I 112; II 184
Bentham, William (a collector), I 30
Bernini, G. L., I 225
Bessborough, Earl of, I 12, 95, 292; II 4
Betew, Panton, I 158–64
Bicknell, John, II 138, 141
Bird, Francis, I 149, 167, 376; II 121
Blackwell, Mr. Thomas, I 39
Blair, Robert (poet), II 376
— Capt. William, I 370
Blake, William—
  Birthplace, II 367
  Married life, II 371
  At Felpham, II 173
  His Canterbury Pilgrimage fresco, II 377–80
  The Ghost of a Flea, II 380–81
  Predictions of his fame, II 381–82
  Crewe collection of his drawings, II 382
  His Book of Job drawings, II 383
  List of his writings, II 384–86
  "The Ancient of Days," II 376, 386–87
  His technical methods, II 389–90
  His Last Judgment design, II 382, 390–92
  Death and burial, II 395
  Grave identified, II 305
Blake, Robert, II 376
Blundell, Henry, I 12; II 130, 248, 297
Blunt, Mr. Reginald, I 162
Boitard, II 203
Bologna, John di, I 225
Bone, R.A., Henry, II 222–24
Bonomi, Joseph, I 39–40, 242, 265, 278, 280, 311, 326–27; II 281
Booth, John (bookseller), I 29
— Mrs., II 152
Boothby, Sir Brooke, II 79
Borgard, Colonel, II 297
Borsi, De, I 235
Bossy, Dr. (the quack), I 255
Boswell, James, I 47, 76, 106, 108, 202; II 105
Bourgeois, Sir Francis P., R.A., I 315, 327; II 328
Bowyer, Robert, II 286
Boydell, Alderman J., II 87, 125, 183–85, 285
Bray (a silversmith), I 112
Braybrooke, Lord, II 223
Brettingham, Matthew, I 155
Bridge, John Gawler (of Rundell and Bridge), II 87, 172
Bridgeman, Sir Orlando, II 209
Britton, Thomas, I 181
Bromley (a Herald painter), I 23
Brompton, John, I 298
"Bronze" (Nollekens's servant Elizabeth Rosina Clements, "Black Bet"), I 79, 80, 90–94, 137, 177, 189, 210, 211, 280, 296, 299, 300, 325, 328, 339, 342, 343, 348
Brooking, Charles, I 159
Brooks, John, I 111
— William, II 267, 269, 322
Brown, John, II 320
— Robert, II 277
Browne, Mr., I 292
Brownlow, Lord, I 292
Brudenell, Lord, II 136
Bryan, Michael, II 323
Bubb, George, II 106
Buckland, Frank, II 170
Bulloch, Mr. J. M., I 221
Bunbury, Lady Sarah, I 137
Bunn, Mary (Mrs. Opie), II 221
Buonaparte, Napoleon, I 261
Burch, Edward, I 263
Burdett-Coutts, Baroness, I 368
Burford (of Burford's Panorama), I 36
Burgess, Lieut.-Col., II 197
Burgoyne, General, I 366

Burgoyne, Lady, her monument, II 238
Burke, Edmund, II 137, 279–80
Burlington, Lord, II 143
Burney, Dr. Charles, I 36, 93; II *Life*, 136–41
— D.D., Charles, I 42, 131
— Fanny, I 36; II 137
Burrell, Sir Merrick, II 219, 220
Burton, Hill, I 221
Busby, Dr., I 149–50; II 121
Bute, Lord, his fine leg, II 228
Butts, Thomas, II 378
Byng, Admiral, I 23
Byres, James, I 208
Byrne, William, I 268
— Mrs., I 352
Byron, Lord, I 241; II 175

Cadogan, Lord, II 201
Callcott, R.A., Sir A. W., II 186
Calvert, Edward, II 394
Cambasio, Luca, II 204
Cambridge, Owen, II 297, 300
Camden, William, I 148; II 118, 121
Campbell, Lord Frederick, II 57
Canaletti, II 29, 188
Canova, I 235; II 96, 334
Cansby, Captain, II 198
Capitsoldi, I 21; II 102, 122
Capon, William, I 203
Careless, Betty, II 202
Carlile, Mr., I 30
Carlini, R.A., Agostino, I 131; II 56, 57, 109, *Life*, 132–35
Carlisle, Earl of, II 6, 77
— Sir Anthony, I 349
Carpenter, General, II 198, 200
Carr, Miss, II 269
Carter, Elizabeth, I 53, 62, 96, 172–73, 175–76, 277
— John, I 147, 150
— Thomas, II 236
Cass, Sir John, I 377
Catherine of Russia, II 12
Catherine, Queen, of Valois, her remains in Westminster Abbey, I 145
Catling, John, I 142–43, 144, 147, 150
Catton, R.A., Charles, I 25
Cauldfield, Joseph, I 200
Cavallini, II 119
Cave, Edward, I 153, 192
Cavendish, Lord George, I 328
Cawdor, Lord, I 216
"Cazey, Little," II 202–03
Ceracchi, Giuseppe, II *Life*, 56, 57
Chamberlen, Dr., II 40
Chambers, Sir Robert, II 105–06
— Lady (Miss Wilton), I 21, 174; II 105–6, 115
— Sir William, I 81; II 102, 113, 130
Champness (Champneys), I 149–50
Chancellor, Mr. E. Beresford, I xvi; II 52, 120
Chantrey, R.A., Sir F. L., I 218, 227, 231, 252, 257, 264–65, 324, 373; II 13
Charlemont, Lord, II 114, 275
— Lady, II 11
Charles I, Le Sœur's statue of, II 171
Chatelain, B.C., John, I 158; II 29, 79, 183
Chatham, Earl of, II 93
Chaworth, Mary, I 137
Cheere, Sir Henry, I 63, 234; II 31, 41, 49, 242
Cheney, Bartholomew, I 151
Chester, John de, II 118
Chesterfield, Lord, I 56, 57
Cheyne, Lady Jane, I 225
Chippendale, Thomas, II 175
— William, II 146
Chippendall ("Chippendale"), I 184
Christie, the auctioneer, I 41, 221, 275, 353, 362; II 3, 5, 30, 130, 264
Churchill, Charles, II 274
Cibber, Gabriel, I 190
Cipriani, R.A., J.B., I 21, 22, 168–69, 208, 216, 305; II 17, 100, 102, 113, 134
Clarke, Baron, II 205
— Captain, II 205
— Dr. Edward Daniel, II 234
Clarkson, Nathaniel, I 24
Claude, Lorraine, I 259; II 101
Clay, Henry, I 175
Clements (Clement), John (a trunk-maker), I 100
Clements, Elizabeth Rosina, I 33 (see *Bronze*)
Clermont, II 163
Clint, George, II 340
Clive, Lord, II 40
— Kitty, I 97; II 179

Coade family, II 56, 90, 355
Coade and Sealy, II 90
Cobb (an upholsterer), II 177–78
Cobbett, Pitt, II 169
Cockerell, Samuel P., II 143
Coke, Mrs., I 325; II 15, 228
Colburn, I xv
Colchester, Lord, II 172
Cole, Rev. William, I 74; II 270
Coleraine, Lord, I 204; II 142
Collick, II 159
"Collier, Joel," II 138
Collins, John, II 213
— Miss, of Winchester, II 76
— Samuel, II 290–94
— Sen., II 265
— Wilkie, II 265
— William (carver), II 243
— R.A., William, II 265
— William (the poet), II 253
Colman, George, I 108
Combe, Harvey Christian, I 300
— Taylor, I 311–12; II 112
— William, II 321
Cook, Mr., of Bedford Square, I 201
— Captain, I 36
Cooke, "Memory," I 27
Cooper, Richard (the elder), I 267
— — (the younger), I 267; II 179
Coote, Sir Eyre, I 118; II 125–26
Coram, Captain, II 147
Corbet, Sir Corbet, II 234, 253
"Corks, Old," an itinerant dealer, I 182–83
Correggio, Antonio, I 265, 275
Corri, Domenico, II 136
Cosway, R.A., Richard, I 94, 112, 271, 274, 295; II *Life*, 319–30
Cotes, R.A., Francis, I 59
Coutts, Thomas, I 373
— Mrs. (Harriet Mellon), I 373–74; II 350
Coverley, Roger de, I 146
Cowley, Hannah, II 324
Coxe, Peter, I 324; II 322–23
Cozens, Alexander, II 125
Crace, John, I 24
Craft, I 161
Craggs, James, II 196
Cranmer, Charles (a model), I 60
Craven, Lord, I 54
Cribb, Mr. (publisher), II 334
Croggan and Co., II 56, 91
Cromek, Robert Hartley, II 376–78, 380
Cromwell, Oliver, II 151
Crone, Robert, I 226, 288
Crowe, Rev. Henry, II 13, 225
Crowle, John Charles, II 30
Crowther, John (Bow porcelain maker), I 160–61
Crutchley, Jeremiah, II 352
— Richard, II 257
Cumberland, Duke of, II 135
Cunningham, Allan, II 28, 92
Cuper, Boydell, II 130
Cussans, William, II *Life*, 215–17
Cutler, Sir John, I 376; II 121

Dallaway, Rev. James, I 154; II 191
Dalton, Richard, I 66, 225; II 166
Damer, Mrs., II 57
Dance-Holland, R.A., Sir Nathaniel, I 22, 131–33, 174, 234, 324; II 177
Daniel, Lady Duckenfield, II 322
D'Argenson, Marquis, II 261
Darley, Matthew, II 320
Dartrey, Lord, I 162
Dasent, Mr. Arthur Irwin, I 155; II 172
David, Jacques Louis, II 57
Davies, Tom, II 76
Davison, Alexander, I 334
Dawkins, James, I 375
Dayes, Edward, II 297–98
Deacon, James, sen., II 204–5
— — jun., II 204
Dean, John, II 346
Deare, Edward, II 235–36
— John, I 167, 207, 346, 375; II *Life*, 234–59
— Joseph, II 236, 254, 259
De Cort, Henry, II 331
Deheim, I 297
De la Faye, II 193
De la Place, I 31
Delvaux, Laurent, I 97; II 38, 39, 45, 99
Demar, II 207
De Montrevil, Maréchal, II 199
Denman, Ann (Mrs. John Flaxman), II 357
Derby (Darby), Mrs., I 137
Desenfans, Noel, I 314–15; II 56
Deval, I 369
Devay, Abbé, I 213
De Vere (De Vaare), II 355
Deville, the phrenologist, I 321–22, 381; II 10
Devis, Arthur, II 111–12

Devonshire, Duke of, II 7
— Duchess of, II 74, 323
D'Hancarville, I 213–14
D'Israeli, Isaac, II 143
De Wint, Peter, I 131
Dibdin, Charles, I 200, 213
Dighton, Robert, II 320
Dillon, Mr. Edward, II 101
Dixon, J., I 130–31
Dobson, Mr. Austin, I 110, 223
— William, I 266
Dodd, James William, I 129
Dodimy, I 328, 331, 362
Dolben, Mr., I 148
Dormer, Colonel, II 198
Douce, Francis, I 349, 361
Douglas, "Mother" (of Covent Garden), I 110; II 190
Droeshout, II 362
Drogheda, Marquess of, II 225
Drummond, George, II 11
— Samuel, II 331
Dryden, II 144
Du Bourgay, Colonel, II 197
Duckenfield, II 322 (see *Daniel*)
Duckworth, Richard, I 49
Duff, Captain George, II 94
Du Jardin, I 259
Duncannon, Lady, II 74
Duncombe, M.P., Charles, II 101
Dundas, Sir Thomas, I 275
Dunn, II 53
Dyott, Richard, I 311

Earlom, Richard, II 320
Ecksteine, John, I 151; II 238
Edmonds (cabinet-maker), II 298
Edridge, Henry, I 297; II 297
Edward VI, II 40
Edwards, Edward, I 24; II 150
Egremont, Earl of, I 231, 316; II 3, 6
Eldon, Lord, I 30
Eleanour, Queen, legend concerning, II 234
Elgin, Lord, I 241–44, 250
Elisha, James, I 39
Ellis and Yeats, II 369
Ellis, William (a lunatic), II 202
Englehart, Thos., II 357
Evans, H., II 4
Exeter, Earl of, I 208, 209
Eyndhoven and Co., Van, II 159
Eyre Coote, Lieutenant-General Sir, I 118

Fagan, Robert, I 201; II 255
Fairy, Mary, I 276
Faithorne, William, I 378
Feary, John, I 291
Ferg, Paul, I 163; II 168
Fiamingo, I 12, 160, 375
Fielding, Sir John, I 109, 110, 111
— Henry, I 104, 105, 163, 202
Finch, Rev. D., I xxv
Finny, Kit, I 166
Fisher, Edward, I 34
— (Fischer) Johann, Christian, II 85
Fitzwilliam, Lord, II 78
Flaxman, R.A., John, I vii, 12, 65, 89, 129, 152, 179, 230, 231, 242, 245, 255–63, 291, 301, 337, 344, 346, 373; II 7, 27, 37, 126, 130, 167, 172, 228; II, *Life*, 351–65
Fleming, II 27
Flitcroft (Fleetcraft), Henry, I 148–49
Foote, I 177; II 148
Ford, Richard, I 116, 117
— Theodosius, I 119
Forrest, Ebenezer, I 119
Foss, Henry, II 323
Fountain, I 31
Fountayne, Dr., I 31
Fox, Charles James, I xxv, 73, 381, 382; II 12, 221
Franklin, Maria, II 88
— Rev. Dr., II 88
Franks, II 263
Frederick, Kitty, II 298
— Prince of Wales, I 155; II 188
Frenz, Louis, I 327
Fry, Elizabeth, II 294
Fryer, Dr., II 89, 281
Fuller, II 234
Furley, II 199
Fuseli, R.A., Henry, I vii, 57, 60, 80, 140, 202, 203, 265, 310, 372; II 189, 220, 332, *Life*, 337–50

Gahagan, Sebastian, I 97, 278, 321, 367, 368, 371; II 354
Gainsborough, R.A., Thomas, I 58, 88, 156, 157, 160, 298; II *Life*, 82–87
— Mrs., II 87
Gamble, Ellis, II 272
Gardelle, Theodore, II 148
Garrard, A.R.A., George, I 313–14; II 34
Garrick, David, I 8, 128–34, 161,

175, 184, 223, 272, 283; II 33, 34, 69, 83–85, 116, 177, 192, 207
Garrick, Mrs., I 131–32, 133
Garthshore, Dr., II 162
Gaugain, Thomas, I 381
Gay, John, I 154; II 152
Gayfere, I 147–9, 152–3
Geddes, Dr. Alexander, I 201
Geminiani, Francesco, I 93
Genelli (Gianelli), II 289
George III, I xxv, 67–68, 154–55; II 93, 98, 105, 112, 135, 178
George IV, I 134
Gerrard (auctioneer), I 84, 119, 313–14
— Miss, I 326
Giardini, Felix, II 85
Gibbons, Grinling, I 29
Gibson, Mr., I 311
Gifford, I 191, 201
Gilliland, Thomas, I 274
Girdlee and Slaughter's (Sloane, Leedham and Co.), II 169
Gladstone, Right Hon. W. E., II 164
Gloucester, Duke of, II 185, 268
— Duchess of, II 124
Goblet, I 280, 342, 348, 363, 371; II 15
Godfrey, Sir Edmondbury, II 210
Golding, Dr., II 158
Goldsmith, Oliver, I xxv, 52, 59, 97, 120, 271, 273; II 274
Goltzius, Henry, I 265; II 60
Gordon, Duke of, II 12
— Lord George, I 26
Gorsuch, Colonel, II 194, 195
Gosse, Mr. Edmund, I xvi, 3
Gosset, Dr., II 210
Goubert, M., I 136–37
Gough, John, II 379
Goupy, I 19; II 164
Grafton, Duke of, I 39
Graham, Dr., II 313
Granger, Rev. James, I 220
Grassini, I 237
Gravelot, Hubert, I 144
Gray, Thomas, II 150
Green (a sculptor), I 97
— Benjamin, II 306
— John (of Covent Garden), I 173, 175, 255; II 203, 215, 266
Greenaway, Rev. Stephen, I 128
Greenwood (auctioneer), I 158, 275
Grenville, Lord, I 65
Greville, Hon. C., I 89, 214
Gribelin, I 170
Grignon, Charles, I 174, 289; II 144, 256
— Thomas, I 25, 54, 103, 162, 228; II 165, 207, 258
Grose, Captain, I 5, 119; II 151
Guerchy, de, Count, I 29
Gurney, Sir Goldworthy, I 309
Guy, Thomas, II 40, 94
Gwyllim, Mrs., I 236
Gwynn, John, II 145, 159

Hackman, Rev. James, I 173
Haid, Johann, I 130; II 32
Hall, John, II 67, 307, *Life*, 317–18
— Rev. Dr., II 67
Hamilton, Colonel, I 157–58
— Gavin, I 58, 156–57, 207, 208, 305, 312
Hamlet, Thomas, II 30
Hancock (Nollekens's barber), I 205, 352
Hand, II 125–26
Handel, I 31; II 27
Hanger (George) (see *Coleraine*)
Hanmer, Sir John, II 144
Hanway, Jonas, I 35
Harding, Samuel, II 159
Hargrave, II 27
Harlow, G.H., II *Life*, 331–6
Harman, Jeremiah, I 345
Harrison and Ansley, II 62
Harwood, Rev. T., I 113
Haslam, Dr. J., I 199
Hassau, Count, II 197
Hastings, Marquis of, I 374
Hatchet, Mrs., II 159
Hawkins, John Sidney, I 107; II 183–84
— Laetitia, I 90, 93, 107, 191–4
— Sir John, I 107, 112–13, 181, 190, 194
Hawkwood, Sir John, I 210
Hayley, William, I 89; II 103, 373
Hayman, R.A., Francis, I xvi, 78, 81, 347; II 42, 165, 271
Hazlitt, William, II 329
Hellyer, W. V., I 112
Hemskirk, Egbert Van, II 271, 272
Henderson, John, II 83–85
— William, II 279
Henning, I 256, 258, 374, 375; II 121
Henry VI, II 94
Hervey, Bishop, II 356
Hewson, Hugh, I 238

Highmore, Joseph, II 154, 155, 271, 272
Hill, Sir John, II 138
— Aaron, I 289
Hilton, William, I 131
Hinchcliffe, Dr., II 73, 86
Hinchinbrook, Lord, II 176
Hippisley, I 97
Hoadly, John, Dr., I 223
Hoare, Prince, II 97
— Sir Richard, II 219–20
— William, R.A., I 193
— Lady, II 219
Hoby, II 295
Hodges, R.A., William, II 268–69
Hodgson, Mr. F. C., II 300
Hogarth, William, I 19, 35, 44, 128–29, 164–65, 222–23, 233, 266, 348, 379; II 65, 113–16, 133, 147–48, 153–55, 160–63, *Life*, 270–76
Holland, Sir N. Dance (See *Dance-Holland*)
Holme, Anderson, I 22
Holt, Mrs., I 340–44, 348–49, 364
Hone, A.R.A., Horace, I 123
— R.A., Nathaniel, I 119–22, 123–28; II 177, 233
Hoole, John, I 184; II 146
Hope, Thomas, II 175, 299
Hoper, W., I 112
Hopkins, Bond, II 4
Hoppner, R.A., John, I 368; II 378
Horn, Count, I 61, 234
Hornby, II 174–75
Hornecks, The, I 59
Horsley, Samuel (Bishop of Rochester, etc.), I 142, 150, 372; II 173
— John, II 29
Howard, R.A., Henry, I 381; II 124, 303
— John, II 94
— Mrs., of Corby, monument to, by Nollekens, II 15
Hoyle, Edmond, I 18
Hudson, Thomas, I 33, 183, 266; II 36, 127, 128, 146, 147, 159, 160, 161
Hume, Sir Abraham, II 63, 65
Humphry, R.A., Ozias, II *Life*, 290–300
Hunter, Dr. John, II 170
Hurd, Bishop, II 318
Hussey, Mrs., I 105, 106
Hutchins, Hassell, I 128; II 151
Hutton, Charles, Dr., I 191–92
Inchiquin, Lady (see *Thomond*)
— Lord and Lady, II 9
Ireland, John, II 211
— Samuel, I 178; II 148, 272–73
Jackson, John, R.A., I 325, 374; II 83
— William, II 291
Jacobs, Mr. Reginald, I 187
Janson, Sir Stephen, II 317
Jarvis (Jervas) Thomas, II 231, 321
Jebb, Dr., I 172
Jefferys, Thomas (map-engraver), II 173
Jekyll, Joseph, I 27
Jenkins, Thomas (antique dealer), I 11, 12, 207–8, 288
Jennings, Henry, Noel Constantine ("Dog"), I 240; II 101
Jernigan, Henry, I 289
Jodrell, Paul, I 281
Johnes, II 125
Johnson, Dr. Samuel
Praises Nollekens's busts, I xv, 48
Compliments Mrs. Nollekens, I 16
His bust by Nollekens, I xxv, 46–47, 377; II 13
Refuses to alter Goldsmith's epitaph, I 51
Sips his tea, I 59
Calls Nollekens "Little Nolly," I 69
Seen in Mortimer Street
Rebukes Nollekens, I 95
Pats J. T. Smith on the head, I xxiii, 98
Attends Saunders Welch's police office, I 104
His friendship with Saunders Welch, I 106
Boasts he might have married Mary Welch, I 106
His liking for Ann Welch ("Miss Nancy") I 106, 236
Is bequeathed five guineas by Saunders Welch, I 108
His death, I 111
His silver tea-pot, I 111–12
His watch, I 113–14
His punch-bowl, I 113
His Life of Pope, I 114
His "Beauties" and "Deformities," I 114–15
And the Westminster Gatehouse, I 153
His charities, I 190

His judgment of Lord Mansfield, I 193
Would he have condemned Hogarth ? I 223
Said to have portrayed Mrs. Nollekens as "Pekuah," I 277
Banters ladies at Nollekens's table, I 281
Miss Pond: his "Idler" essay on, I 307
His statue in St. Paul's, II 94
Writes a shop-bill, II 99
His supposed preface to Gwynn's "London and Westminster," II 145
Writes Latin inscription to a picture, II 285
Johnson, J. (a builder), II 92
Johnstone, Charles, I 170
— John ("Irish"), I 173
Jones, Inigo, I 184–85, 258
Joseph, A.R.A., George Francis, I 68, 276

Kauffmann, A.R.A., Angelica, I 53, 57–8, 60–1, 61–2, 78, 120, 125, 127, 234–36, 299, 305, 375; II 232, 350
Kean, Edmund, I 329
— Moses, I 329
Keate, George, I 133; II 211, *Life*, 232–33
Keene, Jeremiah, II 192
Kemble, John, I 315; II 85, 362–63
Kent, William, II 43
Kerrich, Rev. Thomas, I 279, 361, 368
Kettle, Tilly, II 293
Killigrew, Captain, II 199
King, Captain, I 214
— Colonel, I 37
— Mrs., murdered by Gardelle, II 148
— Moll, I 110; II 190, 202, 271
Kinnaird, a magistrate, II 76
Kirby, Joshua, II 160
Kirgate, Thomas, II 190
Kirk, Thomas, I 88
Kitchiner, Dr. William, I 179, 180
Kneller, Sir Godfrey, I 185, 378
Knight, Edward, II 353
— Richard Payne, I 26, 27, 61
— William, I 369
Knowles, John, I 372; II 333, 338, 344

Labelye, I 154
Lake, Lord, I 367
— Sir James Winter, I 161; II 264
Lamb, Charles, I 129, 303; II 165, 380
Lambert, Daniel, II 205
— George, II 157–58, 160
Lang, Andrew, I 221
Langford, I 33; II 41
Lansdowne, Marquess of, II 211
Laroon, Marcellus (the younger), II *Life*, 190–205
Lauron (Laroon), Marcellus, I 41; II 192
Lavater, II 348–50
Lawrence, P.R.A., Sir Thomas, I 141, 171, 242, 253, 265, 337, 345; II 7, 228–31, 312
— Major-General, II 40
Leake, John, II 167
Le Bas, II 188, 260
Le Beck (Lebeck), I 105
Le Brun, M., II 127
Legat, Francis, II *Life*, 284–89
Leicester, Sir John, I 171
Lely, Sir Peter, I 171, 185, 378
Lennox, Sarah, I 137
Lenthall, II 174
Lerpinière, Daniel, II 185
Le Sœur, II 171
L'Estrange, Roger, I 43
Lettsom, Dr., I 87
Lewis, Mr., of Sussex Place, II 154
— Frederick Christian, II 332, 346
Lewknor, Sir Lewis, I 110
Leyland, F. R., II 171
Liart, Matthew, II *Life*, 54–5
Ligonier, Lord, I 34
Lilburne, John, I 103
Lilly, I 153
Lincoln, Earl of, II 42
"Lingo," I 264
Linley, Thomas, II 291
Linnell, John, II 383, 393
Lloyd, Mrs. (Miss Moser), I 54–55, 57–65, 280–82, 284, 286; II 350
— Robert, I 63
Lobb, Mrs., I 310–11
Locatelli, John Baptist, I 265; II *Life*, 58–61
Locke, John, II 100
— William, or Norbury, I 11; II 100–1, 111, 268

Lockyer, Lionel, II 167–68
Loggan, David, I 378
Long, Charles, II 16
— Miss Tylney, II 43
Lonsdale, James, I 372
Lovelace, Richard, I 153
Loving, II 133
Lort, Michael, Rev., II 210
Loutherbourg, R.A., Philip James, I 96; II 207, 389–90
Lowe, Tommy, I 31
— David (hotel keeper), I 28
— Thomas, I 96
Lucas, Mr. E. V., I 129; II 374
Lucian, quoted, I 112
Lupton, George, I 368–69
Lyttleton, Alfred, II 30

Macaulay, Catherine, II 134
— Zachary, I 107
Mackay, Dr. Charles, II 39
Macklin, Charles, II *Life*, 206–8
Macmichael, Holden, II 139, 159, 170
Macpherson, Sir John, I 275
Major, John (bookseller), II 191
— Richard, II 260
— Thomas, I 341; II 168–69, *Life*, 260–63
Malcolm, James P. (London typographer), II 171
Malone, Edmund, I 21; II 211
Malum, Mrs., I 139
Manchester, Earl of, II 193–94
Mangin, Dr., I 226
Mann, Sir Horace, II 244–45
Manners, Lord William, I 370
Manning, Major, II 201
Mansfield, Lord, I 193, 331
Mapp, Mrs., II 133
Maratti, Carlo, II 204
Marchant, R.A., Nathaniel, I 263
M'Ardell, James, I 197; II 147, 166–67, 223
Maria Clementina, of Poland, II 246
Marlborough, Duke of, II 195
Martin, Rev. T., I 82
Mason, William, II 112, 150
Mathews, Charles, II 165
Mathias, Thomas, I 65, 85
Matthew, Rev. H., II 351
Maule, Mr., I 374
May, (of May's Buildings), II 174
Mazzoni, Matthew, II 111
Mead, Dr. Richard, II 44
Medland, II 340
Mendoza, I 158
Mengs, I 266
Mercier, Philip, II 271
Metcalfe, Philip, I 190
Meyer, J., R.A., 59, 64, 174
Meyrick, Sir S. R., II 320
Middiman, Samuel, II 64
Mills, George, II 315
Milne, Robert, II 145
Milton, John, II 94, 236
Misaubin, Dr., II 163–64
Mitford, William, II 78
M'Kenzie, II 73
Moira, Lord, I 374
Molesworth, Col., II 195
Moll King, I 110; II 190, 202, 271
Monamy, Peter, I 23; II 174
Monk, General, I 146
Monsey, Dr., II 153
Montague, Captain, II 202
— Lady Mary Wortley, I 186
Moore, J. F., II 134, 215
— "Paddy," II 215
Morandi, II 188
Moret, II 192–93
Morison (a silversmith), I 164
Morland, George, I 23; II 263–5
Morris (a woollen-draper), II 29
Mortimer, A.R.A., J. Hamilton, I 26, 27, 305; II 149
— Thomas, II 212
Morton, Andrew, II 348
Moser, A.R.A., Mary (see *Mrs. Lloyd*)
— George Michael, I 54, 161; II 148–49
Mosman, I 208–9
Mouchett and Wild, I 123; II 177
Moyley, Henry, II 164
Moyser, Colonel, II 199
Mudge and Dutton, I 114
Mulready (Theophilus Marcliffe), II 128–29
Murphy, Arthur, I 76
Murray, Lord, II 200
Musgrave, George, II 164
Musters, Mrs., I 136–37

Nelli, II 188
Newborough ("Newburg," "Newburgh"), Lady, I 291, 320
Newcastle, Duke of, II 4
Newnham, II 73
Newton, Colonel, II 201
— Sir Isaac, I 36; II 139–40

Newton, Francis Milner, R.A., I 13, 14, 58, 126; II 17, 30, 89, 249
— Thomas, II 125–26
Nichols, John (of the *Gentleman's Magazine*), I 76, 192; II 209
Nightingale, II 27–28, 32
Nollekens, Corneille François (Joseph Francis), I 3–4; II 41
— R.A., Joseph—
Sketch of his career, I xxi–xxix
Pedigree, I 3–5
Fond of bell-tolling, I 6
Placed with Scheemakers, I 6
Goes to Rome, I 7–8
Habits and antique jobbing in Rome, I 10–13, 207
His smuggling propensities, I 13, 212
Meets Garrick, I 8
His bust of Sterne, I xxv, 8, 13, 26
Friendship with Barry, I 8–9
His house and studio, I 13, 14
Elected A.R.A. and R.A., I 14
His bust of George III, I 14, 66–68
Marriage to Mary Welch, I 15–16
Takes J. T. Smith into his studio, I 32
His mother, I 41, 293, 314
His bust of Dr. Johnson (see *Johnson*)
His manners with sitters, I 48–49, 317, 319–20, 326, 330, 366–67
His parsimony, I 50–51, 68–69, 287–88, 296, 320, 328, 335–36, 371–72
Personal appearance, I 69, 73–74
Gives a dinner party, I 76–80
Visits a snow house, I 82–83
His hatred of Romney, I 89
His love of street shows, dancing, etc., I 91–94, 201, 330
His workmen, I 97
Acts of liberality and generosity, I 98–99, 293, 316, 331, 336, 341
Neglect of his relations, I 99–100
His interest in Westminster Abbey, I 141–50
His recollections of friends and artists, I 158–62
Member of Royal Academy Club, I 187
Visits Harrogate, I 188
Ignorance of Shakespeare, I 195
At his barber's, I 205
Bickerings with Mrs. Nollekens, I 210–11
His artistic limitations, I 225, 227–28, 323, 337, 345–46
His spelling, I 238
Gives evidence on Elgin Marbles, I 242
Contrasted with Flaxman, I 255, 300–1
His collections, I 262–64, 316, 375; II 4, 7, 223
His widowerhood, I 278–80
His love of snuff, I 286–87
Friendship with Lady Newborough, I 291
His ways as a landlord, I 292, 329
His Confessor, I 295, 300, 339–40
His house and pictures, I 296–99
His religion, I 66, 300–1
Excursions on Paddington Canal, I 308–9
Visits J. T. Smith at British Museum, I 311–12
Courted by legacy hunters, I 326, 336–37
Intended legacy to Royal Academy, I 326
Visitor at Royal Academy, I 330
Specimen of his diary, I 335
His scanty wardrobe, I 343
His sketch-books, I 344
Fond of modelling small figures, I 347–48
His death, I 349
His will, I 350–60, 364–66
Funeral, I 361–64
His industry and eye to business, I 367
His statue of Pitt, I 368–71
His " Three Captains," I 370
Makes drawings of his wife, I 374
His death-mask of Fox, I 382
List of his busts, monuments, etc., II 10–23
Nollekens mentioned in Supplementary Lives, II 75, 105, 113, 167, 168, 181, 202, 207, 223, 228, 232, 233, 262, 268, 270, 350
— Mrs. (Mary Welch)—
Personal appearance and dress, I 15–17, 69
Her intellect, I 18
Thrift and miserly character-

istics, I 45, 71–72, 83–85, 89–90, 189–91
Her religion, I 66–67
Her servants, I 70, 276
Jealousy of her husband, I 85–87, 92–94, 188–89
Distinguishes seven airs at Hampstead, I 88
Conversation with wife of a dog-doctor, I 135–37
Visits Covent Garden, I 172–76
Walking with Nollekens, I 177–78
A conjugal dispute, I 210–11
Her female acquaintances, I 277
Portrayed as "Pekuah" by Dr. Johnson, I 277
Her death, I 278
Norman, Mrs., I 135, 136
Normanton, Lord, II 231
Norris, Lord, II 28
Northcote, R.A., James, I xxvii, 4, 237, 274; II 65, 86, 285, 294, 338, 347
Northumberland, Duchess of, II 35
— Duke of, II 171–73
Noverre, I 92
Nowell (Noel), Henry Constantine (see *Jennings*)
Nulty, II 56

O'Brien, William (the actor), I 307
Ogleby, Lord, I 62
O'Keefe, I 264
Oldham, Nathaniel, II 154–55
Opie, John, R.A., I 201; II 218–22, 219–21, 294
Oram, William, I 88
Orkney, Lord, II 195–96
Ottley, William Young, I 141, 345
Overton, John, I 42
Owen, David, keeper of the Royal tombs, I 147
Oxford, Earl of, II 58, 59, 118, 191, 275

Packer, William, I 101, 111; II 50, 148
Palmer, Mrs., I 321, 344, 347, 362; II 3
— I 130; II 228
Palmerston, Lord, II 229
Panzetta, I 93
Paoli, General, I 90
Papera, I 375; II 289
Paradise, Mrs., I 89, 281–82
Parker, John (historical painter), II 350
— (fellow pupil of Blake), II 369
Parkyns, G. T., I 31
Parry, John, II 149, 150, 151
Pars, Henry, I 5; II 319
Partington (a fashionable dentist), I 136
Pasquin, Anthony, I 306
Paterson, Samuel, II *Life*, 209–14
Paula, de, Franz, I 163
Paulet, Lady Betty, II 176
Payne, James, II 158–59, 293
— "Honest Tom," II 405
— Thomas, II 323
Peacham, I 146
Peake, Sir R., I 266
Pearson, James, 211–12
Peck, Jasper, I 362
Penn, John, I 376; II 257
Pennant, Sir S., II 205
Penny, I 45
Pepys, Samuel, I 153
Perceval, Spencer, I 276; II 13
Perreau, Robert and Daniel, II 170
Perrier, Francis, II 38
Pesné, Jean, I 40; II 338
Pether, Abraham, I 317–18
— William, II 296
Phillips, Colonel, I 36, 135; II 113, 136, 141, 153, 226
— (bookseller), II 306
Pidgeon, "Bat," I 294
Pigalle, Jeane Baptiste, II 99, 112
Pindar, Peter (see *Dr. Wolcot*)
Pine, John "Friar," II 162
Pisano, Vittore (Antonio), I 258, 263
Pistrucci, Philip, II 364
Pitt, William, I xxv, 369, 370; II 14
Planta, Joseph, I 313
Plara, I 97
Plott, John, II 233
Pocock, Admiral, II 40
— Nicholas, II 86
Pond, Arthur, I 306
— John, I 308
— Miss, I 307
Poole, Thomas, II 363
Pope, Alexander, I 114, 318; II 144
Pordenone, I 315
Poussin, N., I 40, 41; II 4, 75
Powell, Edward, II 103
Prescott, T., II 289

Preston, Colonel, II 200
Price, Thomas, II 267
Prideaux, Colonel W. F., I xvii, 221
Prime, Samuel, I 379–80
Prince of Orange, II 298
Pringle, Sir John, I xxv
Proctor, Thomas, I 346; II *Life*, 62–66
Pugh, Herbert, II 271–72
Pullen, John, II 174
Purling, Mr., II 161

Quaritch, Mr., II 383
Quick, I 129
Quin, I 129, 161; II 157, 277, 278

Radcliffe, Mrs., I 137, 138, 139
Rae, Alexander, II 363
Raffaelle, I 117, 263, 345; II 149
Raimondi, Marc-Antonio, I 226
Ramsay, Allan, II 227–28
Rann, Jack ("Sixteen-String Jack"), I 20–21, 143
Ravenet, Francis Simon, II 54, 317
Rawle, I 5; II 151
Rawthmell, I 5
Ray, Miss, I 173
Read, Nicholas, II 34–36
Rebecca, R.A., Biaggio, I 306
Rembrandt, I 33, 34, 198, 259; II 146, 159, 160, 223
Renton, John, I 321
Revett, Nicholas, I 19
Reynolds, P.R.A., Sir Joshua—
Inspired by a ballad cut, I 33–34
His villa at Richmond, I 82
Hone's attack on him, I 120
His care about a mop-stick, I 318
His throne chair, II 8–10
Repartee to Hudson, II 128
His opinion of M'Ardell, II 147, 223
His houses, II 165
Life, II 223–31
His pictures copied by Bone, II 223–25
His portrait of the Marquis of Drogheda, II 225
His snuff-taking, II 225–26
Seven pictures possessed by S. Rogers, II 226
Emulates Allan Ramsay in painting a leg, II 225–26
His statue offered to Nollekens, II 228
— executed by Flaxman, II 228
Eulogised by Sir T. Lawrence, II 228–31
His window at Oxford, II 231
Ricci, Marco, I 35; II 268
Rich, John, II 29, 157
Richard, Master of Reading, II 118
Richardson, George, I 98, 99
— J., jun., I 14
Richmond, Duke of, II 102, 103, 104, 111
— Frances, Duchess of, I 301
— George, II 394
Rigaud, R.A., J. F., I 170
Rimbault, I 256; II 67–68
Ringstead, I 22
Rising, J., II 64
Ritchie, D. (a hairdresser), I 17
Rivett, II 171
Roberts, Edward, I 150
— (James ?), II 79, 80
— Charles Barré, I 260
Robertson, Andrew, I 323
Robins, George, I 33; II 43
Robinson, Mrs., I 137; II 77
Rockingham, Marquis of, I 276; II 228
Rogers, Charles, II 204
— Henry, II 227
— Samuel, II 226
Romney, George, I 88
Rooker, A.R.A., Michael Angelo, I 31
Roscoe, Mr., I vii
Rossi, R.A., J. C. F., I 232, 253, 325; II 6, 58, 61
Roubiliac, Louis François, I 5, 199, 227, 376; II 4, *Life*, 27–37, mentioned, 96, 100, 115–16, 127, 143, 146, 148, 150, 157, 166, 176, 207
Rowe (Rouw), Peter, II 31
Rubens, I 168, 169, 170, 171, 197, 256; II 223
Rudd, Mrs., II 170
Rujolas, I 22
Runciman, Alexander, I 60; II 360
Rundell and Bridge, Messrs., II 118, 360
Russell, Mr. A. G. B., catalogue of W. Blake's prints, etc., II 373, 382
— Lady Elizabeth, I 146
Rutland, Duchess of, II 74
Rutton, Mr. W. L., II 143

Ryder, Thomas, II 298
Ryland, William Wynne, II 227
Ryley, Charles Reuben, I 291
Rysbrack, John Michael, II *Life*, 50–53

Sacq, Mary Anne Le (mother of J. Nollekens), I 4
St. Vincent, Earl, I 233
Sala, George Augustus, I 43
Salisbury, Lord, II 169, 174
— Earls of, II 169
Salmon, Mrs., I 144
Sancho, Ignatius, I 25–27
Sandby, Paul, I 117, 160
Sandwich, Lord, I 78
Sarti, Peter, I 239; II 243
Sayer, I 64–65
Scheemakers, Peter, I 6, 40, 345, 376; II *Life*, 38–49
— Thomas, II 40
Schiavonetti, Luigi, II 377
Score, William, I 33
Scott, Samuel, II 17, 160, 203
— Mrs., II 204
— Sir George Gilbert, I 152
— John Barker (a banker), I 113
— Sir Walter, I 133
Seguier, II 266–67
Selsey, Lord, I 12
Setchel, J. F., II 292
Seward, William, I 140
Shackleton, John, II 320
Shakespeare, I 147, 178, 195; II 33–34, 120, 125, 127, 144, 362
Sharp, William, I 219, 267–68; II 287, 307
— Michael W., I 282
Shaw, Miss E. Sylvia, II 146
Shee, Sir M. A., I 293, 334; II 10
Sheldrake, Mr., I 294
Shelley, Percy Bysshe, I 210
Sheppard, M.P., Thomas, I 64
Sheridan, Richard Brinsley, I 184, 203; II 149
Sherwin, John Keyse, I xxiv, 135, 192–93; II *Life*, 73–81
Shipley, William, I 5; II 319
— (Mrs.), II 16
Short, Sir Dudley, I 110
Shovel, Sir Cloudesley, II 121
Shuter, I 182
Siddons, Mrs., I 370; II 9, 77–78
Simmonds, Dr., I 362
Simmons, John, II 97
Simon, Abraham, I 260
Simon, Peter, II 87
— Thos., I 167, 260–61
Simpson, Robert, I 287
Skelton, I 219, 381; II 347
Slangau, II 193
Slaughter's Coffee Houses, I 123; II 144, 150, 158–59
Smart, John, I 295
Smedley, Henry, II 44
Smirka, R.A., Robert, 22–23
Smith, Admiral, II 267–68
— Charles, I 274
— "Consul," II 188
— James, II 60
— John Thomas (author of *Nollekens and His Times*)
His career, I xxi–xxix
His "Antiquities of London," I 29
Only present from Nollekens, I 32
Encouraged by Dr. Johnson, I 98
Apprenticed to J. K. Sherwin, I 192; II 73
Acts as model to Nollekens, I 77–78, 156, 219
Collects material for a history of Covent Garden, I 186–87
Appointed Keeper of Prints and Drawings at B. Museum, I 311; II 305
Chagrined by Nollekens's will, I 360, 364
His "Walks in London," II 39
His "Antiquities of Westminster," II 183
Origin of his name Thomas, II 268
Drawing-master at Christ's Hospital, II 306–7
— Nathaniel (father of J. T. Smith), I xxii, 5, 7, 32, 97; II 110, 134, 150, 166
Smollett, Dr., I 78; II 103, 277
Soane, Sir John, I 314, 338
Somers, Lord Chancellor, I 377
Southcott, Joanna, I 267
Sneak, Jerry, I 177
Spang, Michael Henry, I 345; II 166
Sparrow, Mr., I 81
Speed, I 210
Spielman, Mr. M. H., II 362
Spilsbury, John, I 307
Spinnage, Mr. (a magistrate), I 103
Stacie, Jack, II 274
Staines, Sir W., I 304

Standly, H. P., II 114, 164, 190, 276
Stanhope, General, II 196, 197–99, 200–1
Staremberg, Maréchal, II 196–98
Steevens, George, I 63–65; II 138, 211
Stella, C. B., II 338
Stepney, Sir Thomas, I 74
Sterne, Laurence, I xxv, 8, 13, 26
Stewart, Wheatley, and Adlard, II 153
— Major, II 201
Stone, John (a solicitor), I 113
— Nicholas, II 120
Storace, Stephen, II 317
Stothard, R.A., Thomas, I 146, 338; II 347, 377–78
Stow, James, I 157
— John, I 210
Stowger, Sam, II 340, 342
Strange, Sir Robert, I 225; II *Life*, 179–82
— Lady (*née* Lumisden), II 180–82
Strangways, Lady Susan, I 307
" Strap," I 258
Strutt, II 187
Stuart, Sir Charles, Nollekens's monument to, I xxv
— Gilbert, I 324
— (Athenian), I 10, 19, 35
Stubbs, George, A.R.A., I 298
Sturges, Joshua, II 150
Stutely, Martin, II 175
Suett, II 151–52
Sullivan, Luke, II 147–48
Sutherland, Colonel A. Hendras, I 30
Sutton, Thomas, II 120

Tabley, Lord de, II 9
Tassie, I 263
Tatham, Frederick, II 387
Taylor, John, I 77, 79, 80, 178, 280, 347; II 42, 166, 167
— Sir Robert, I 151
Tenducci, Giusto Ferdinando, I 73
Teuscher, I 14
Thomas, Master, I 118
— F., II 158
Thomond, Lady (*née* Mary Palmer), II 228
— Lord, II 228, 231
Thompson (a fashionable dentist), I 136
Thomson, R.A., Henry, I 131
— Richard, I viii; II 384
Thornhill, Sir James, I 162, 185; II 165–66, 168
Thornton, II 95, 280
Thrale, Mrs., I 95
Thurlow, Lord, II 261
Tijou, Messrs., II 336
Tinney, John, I 267
Titian, II 172, 223
Tomkison, Thomas, II 336
Topham, Colonel, II 79
Toplady, Augustus M., II 139
Torregiano, II 119
Touche, de la, James Digges, II 254
Townley, Charles, I xxiii, 10, 12, 97, 155–56, 188, 212–21
— John, I 313, 317
— Peregrine Edward, I 221
Townsend, Henry, II 264
— Lieut.-Col. Roger, I 151
Tracey, Hanbury, II 101
Tradescant, I 228
Tresham, R.A., Henry, I 202, 297, 310; II 326
Trotter, Thomas, II 380
Trumbold, Mr., I 323
Tull, Nathaniel, I 159
Tupper, John, I 320
Turner, J. M. W., R.A., I 293; II 336
Twigg, I 172–75
Twining, Thomas, II 137
Twiss, I 195–96; II 222
Tyers, Jonathan, I 77; II 31, 277
Tyrrell, Admiral, II 35–36

Udney, John, II 283
Upcott, William, II 31–32, 290, 293, 384

Vaare, De, II 355
Vandevelde, William, I 173
Vandyke, I 120, 171, 259
Vane, Lady, I 78
Van Gelder, II 237
Van Hawken (*Van Haeken*), II 271
Van Nost, John, II 165, 207
Van Somer, I 54
Varley, John, I 314
Vasari, II 118
Vendôme, Duke of, II 199
Vendramini, I 73
Vere, Sir Francis, II 28
Vernet, II 86, 185
Vernon, Admiral, II 173
Verrio, Antonio, I 305

Vestris, I 92
Vevini, II 42
Virtue, George, I 147
Vivares, Thomas, II 183, 187–88
Voyers, I 21

Waldron, II 211–12
Wale, II 30, 159
Walker, John, II 211–12
— T. (author of *The Original*), I 55
Walpole, Horace, I 23; II 114, 190, 261
— Sir Edward, II 31, 203
— Sir Robert, II 203
Walton, Parry, I 169
Ward, James, II 264
— Joshua, II 132–33, 165
— Mrs. Townley, II 75
— William, II 264
— (Anne, "Nancy"), II 264–65
— Clara, or Polly, II 371
Ware, Isaac, II 142–44
Warren, Sir Peter, II 27
Watkins, Joseph (a barber), II 275
Watson, James, I 128
Webb, General, II 195
Welch, Saunders, I 15, 21, 99, 100, 102, 103, 106, 107–11, 115, 172, 262, 299; II 202
— Mary (see *Mrs. Nollekens*)
— (Anne, "Nancy"), I 15, 106, 172, 177, 236, 238, 269; II 213
Wesley, John, I 206–7
— Samuel, I 195
West, P.R.A., Benjamin
  Sits for his bust to Nollekens, I 304–5; II 302
  His picture of the Paddington Canal, I 309
  Mentioned in Nollekens's will, I 351
  His birth, II 301
  His relations with Woollett, II 302
  Letter to Canova, II 305
  His friendship for J. T. Smith, II 305–6
  Founder of English Historical Painting, II 307
  His death and funeral, II 307–12
  Panegyric by Sir T. Lawrence, II 312–14
  His royal and other commissions, II 314–16
— Mrs. Benjamin, I 284; II 278
Westcott, George, II 125
Westmacott R.A., Richard, I 227, 231, 252, 264, 265; II 65
Weston, Rev. Stephen, I 362
Whalley, Peter, II 212
Wharton, Grace and Philip, I 379
Wheatley, Mr. H. B., I 111, 135
Whitbread, Samuel, I 234; II 49
White, George (a famous model), I 47
— William (a Fleet Street hatter), I 84–85
Whitefoord, Caleb, I 80, 270–74, 299, 324, 350, 366, 375
Whitfield (Whitefield), George, I 111
Wickstead, Philip, II 122–23
Wigston, John, II 264
Wilkes, I 102–4; II 267
Wilkie, R.A., Sir David, I 378
Wille, John George, II 288
Willett, H. R., II 125, 325
William Frederick, Prince of Orange, II 298
Williams, J. T., II 5, 6
— W., II 165
— Rev. Theodore, II 153
— (Nollekens's stepfather), I 6, 7, 314
— Miss Anna, I 46
Williamson, Sir Joseph, II 193
Wills, General, II 200
Wilson, Benjamin, II 68–69, 149, 161–62, 185, 222
— R.A., Richard, I 25, 115, 172, 185, 266, 299; II *Life*, 260–69
— Sir Robert, II 160–61
— Thomas, II 260–61
— Mrs. Thomas, I 341–42
— Rev. Thomas, II 134–35
Wilton, R.A., Joseph, I 21, 81, 158; II *Life*, 99–106
— Miss, II 105–6
Winston, James, II 49
Wivell, Abraham, I 332, 333
Wolcot, Dr. (Peter Pindar), I 115, 200, 308; II 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 293
Wolfe, General, II 107
Wollstonecraft, Mary, II 350
Woodburn, Samuel, I 141; II 167
Woodcock, Mr., I 237, 362
Woodward, Dr. John, I 37
— (the comedian), II 157, 274
Woollett, William, I 267; II 101, 104, 125–26, *Life* (with Vivares) 183–87

Worlidge, Thomas, I 184
Worsley, Sir Richard, I 375; II 250–51
Worthington, William, II 347
Wren, Sir Christopher, I 37, 149, 169, 170
Wright (Piccadilly bookseller), I 201
Wroth, Mr. Warwick, I 363; II 131
Wyatt, Richard, II 220
— Misses, II 219–20
Wycherley, I 380
Wynn, Sir Watkins Williams, I 132; II 149, 177
Yarborough, Lord, I xxv, 12, 46, 48; II 5, 91, 92
Yerrel, II 215–16
Young, Matthew, I 260
— II 280–81

Zincke, Christian, I 173; II 204
Zoffany, R.A., John, I 58, 64, 130, 213, 298, 366, 379; II 32, *Life* 67–72, 207
Zuccarelli, R.A., Francesco, II 101, 268, *Life*, 188–89
Zucchi, I 61, 236, 305

INDEX OF SUBJECTS

(*The page numbers refer to both text and notes.*)

Academy of St. Luke, Rome, II 334
Adams's " Rarities," I 205–6
Ægina marbles at British Museum, I 311–12
Age and Infancy, John Opie's, II 220
" Alcibiades' Dog," II 101
All Alive and Merry, a farthing newspaper, I 42
" All Friends round St. Paul's," I 100
American Buccaneers, The, I 204
Analysis of Beauty, Hogarth's, II 274
Ancient of Days, Blake's, II 376, 386–87
Anecdotes of Painting, Walpole's, II 191
Antiques, Faking of, I 11–12
Antiquities of London, J. T. Smith's, II 187
Antiquities of Westminster, J. T. Smith's, II 183
Apsley House, I 49
Argyll Street, James Northcote, R.A., in, I 237
Art, not hereditary, I 265
Artificial Stone Factory in Lambeth, II 90–91
Artists' Fund, The, II 81
Artists, Inborn genius of great, I 265–68
Arts, Society of, its London homes, I 5
— — Barry's wall-pictures for, I 91 ; II 281–82
— — its Octagon Room, I 275
— — Statue of Dr. Ward at, II 132
Arundel House, II 130–31
Arundel Marbles, The, II 130–31
Ashburnham House, I 143
Auctioneer, earliest to sell books in lots, II 209
Banqueting House, Whitehall, Rubens's ceiling in, I 168–70
" Barn, The," a haunt of chess and draughts players, II 151, 170
Bateman's Buildings, I 29
Bat Pidgeon, the hair-cutter, I 294
Bedford Arms tavern, Covent Garden, II 274
Bedford Street (" Little Bedford " Street), I 105
Beef Steaks, Sublime Society of, I 102
Beggar-model, A famous, I 47
Bell Bagnio, The, II 36
Bell-tolling, A talk about, I 49
Bentinck Street, II 119
Berkeley Square, Statue of George III formerly in, II 112
Berners Street, its builder, II 92
Berwick Street, Soho, II 318
Bethlehem Hospital, I 199–200
Birdcage Walk, Old privilege of driving in, I 135
— — Tree cut down in, I 214
" Black Bull " sign, painted by Morland, I 23
" Blackstock, Greystock, and Thinstock," II 217
Bloomsbury Square, Isaac D'Israeli in, II 143
Bolsover (Norton) Street, II 266
Bolt Court, Disastrous fire in, II 184
Bonaparte, Curious medal of, I 261–62
Bones of Queen Catherine of Valois, I 145
Bones as theatre tickets, I 201
Book auctions by Samuel Paterson, II 209–11
Book of Job, Blake's designs for, II 383
Bow porcelain, I 160–61
Brentford Church, Remarkable altar-piece at, II 72

Broad Street, Soho, William Blake in, II 366, 369
Buckingham Street, Fitzroy Square, Flaxman in, II 353, 365
Bunhill Fields, Blake's grave in, II 395
Busby wig, I 149
Bute, Lord, his fine leg, II 227–28

Caen Wood, Highgate, I 331
Cane heads made at Bow Porcelain factory, I 160
" Canteen, The," in St. Martin's Lane, II 170. See " *The Barn* "
Carmarthen Square, I 30
Carnaby Market, I 159
Cass, Sir John, School in Aldgate, I 377
Castle Street, II 145, 159
—— Oxford Street, Barry entertains Burke at No. 36, II 279–80
" Castle " Inn, St. Giles's, I 35
Cavendish Square, No. 32, I 59
Cecil Court, II 169
Cecilia, Sir Robert Strange's, II 181
Cerberus (Nollekens's yard dog), I 46, 166
" Chair, The," sign of Chippendale in St. Martin's Lane, II 175
Chalk Farm, I 70–71
Chandos Tavern, II 174
Charlemont House, Dublin, II 113
Charles I, Statue of, at Charing Cross, by Le Sœur, II 171
Charles II, Statue of, formerly in Soho Square, I 38
Charles Court, Strand, II 142
— Street, Westminster, I 25; II 284
Charterhouse, Monument to Sutton in, II 120
Chatham, Lord, his double, II 162
Chelsea China Works, I 162–63
— Farm, I 162
Chesterfield, Earl of, Statue of, by Wilton, II 106
Cheyne Walk, I 225
Children in the Tower, Northcote's, II 285
Chimney-sweep and Lord Burlington, II 142–43
Chiswick Hall, I 150
Christ in the Temple, West's, II 315–16
Church Court, Covent Garden, I 26
Cit's Country Box, The, I 63
Claude and the human figure, II 101
Clocks, Musical, II 67–68
" Clytie " bust in Townley Gallery, I 218
Coach-painting, I 25
Coade's Artificial Stone, II 90–91
Cockney Ladle Pond, I 29
Cockpit Steps, I 222
Colossal sculpture, I 167
Combe and Delafield's Brewery, I 300
Conjurer, The, Nathaniel Hone's, I 120–27
" Constitution " tavern, Bedford Street, II 149
Coronation coach of George III, I 21–22; II 105
Cottonian MSS., I 143
Covent Garden and seat of fashion, I 186
—— " Blackstock, Greystock, and Thinstock," II 217
—— Dr. Bossy, the quack, in, I 255
—— 18th century characters, II 202–3, 215, 271–74
—— Eccentricities of William Cussans in, II 215–17
—— Famous residents in, I 186
—— Hackney chairs in, I 175
—— Richard Wilson's model of its Piazza, II 269
—— Red Lion Tavern, II 215
—— Simplers in, I 172
Covent Garden Morning Frolic, Bostard's, II 202–3
Cranbourne Alley, I 108; II 270
Craven Buildings, II 148
—— Curious wall-painting in, I 54
Cries of London, I 41, 179–83
Cross Readings, Caleb Whitefoord's, I 272–73
Crown Court, Westminster, I 25
" Cumberland Cock," The, II 135
Cuper's Gardens, II 130–31

Damer, Mrs., Statue of, by Ceracchi, II 57
Dante, Blake's designs for, II 393
Dean Street, Soho, I 37–38
Death of Nelson, Arthur Devis's, II 111
Death masks, How Nollekens took, I, 367–68
Death of Wolfe, West's, II 67

London Amusement, Charles Dibdin's, II 213
London cries, I 179–83
" London Gazette," I 42–43
London houses, Numbering of, II 173
Long Acre, George Whitefield's chapel in, I 111
Lottery, An 18th century art, I 289
Lowe's Hotel, Covent Garden, I 28

Macaulay, Catherine, Extraordinary statue of, II 134–35
Maccaroni Painter, Dighton's, II 320
Macklin, Charles, his age and epitaph, II 207–8
Maddox Street, William Seward in, I 140
Mantelpiece sculptor, A, II 243
Marble, use of large blocks in sculpture, I 231–32
March to Finchley, Hogarth's, I 276; II 148, 161
Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, II 57
Marriage à la Mode, Hogarth's, II 155
Mary Queen of Scots Resigning her Crown, Gavin Hamilton's, II 285
Marylebone Basin, I 29, 30
— Famous Boarding-school in, I 31
— Gardens, I 31
Masks of Rivers on Somerset House, II 109
May-day dances in London, I 91
Mayor, Lord, his State coach, I 22
May's Buildings, St. Martin's Lane, II 174
Medals, by Italian masters, I 256–59
— by Thomas Simon, I 259–60
Michael overpowering Satan, Flaxman's, I 231
Middlesex Hospital, II 108
— Sessions House, II 61
Milkmaids' dances in London, I 91–92
Milton, Bacon's bust in St. Giles's, Cripplegate, II 94
Model, Venerable, of Sir Joshua Reynolds, I 47
Monmouth House, Soho Square, I 28–29
Moor Street, Seven Dials, I 40
Moorfields, Flax-dressers in, I 199
Moor's Yard, St. Martin's Lane, II 174

National Sporting Club, I 28
Negro, Famous literary, I 25–27
Nelson, Lord, Flaxman's monument in St. Paul's, II 360–61
New Burlington Street, Numbering of houses in, II 173
Newby, Yorkshire, I 12
Newgate, I 153
— Gaol, Fever at, II 205
— Windmill erected on, II 205
Newmarket, A lady's riding feat at, I 307
Newspapers, Early London, I 42–45
Niobe, Richard Wilson's, II 185–86
Night Thoughts, Dr. Young's, II 373
Noon, Hogarth's, Origin of a figure in, II 275
Norbury Park, The great room at, II 100
Norfolk House, I 155
Northumberland House, its lion, II 38
— — its marble staircase, II 171
— — Titian's " Cornaro Family," II 172
Norton (Bolsover) Street, II 266
Numbering of London houses, II 173

" Old Man's Coffee House," II 152
Omnibuses, Shillibeer's, I 363
Opera House, Haymarket, I 201
Orange Coffee House, II 149
— Court, II 219
— Street and Chapel, II 139
Oxford Market, I 82
— Street, Blackberries in, II 275
— church window, Sir Joshua Reynolds's designs for, II 231

Paddington Canal, Excursions on, I 308–9
— Old Church, Mrs. Nollekens buried in, I 278; Nollekens buried in, I 361–63; II 129
Panorama, Burford's, I 36
Pantheon, The, I 201–2
Papier mâché, its introduction to London, I 175; II 99
Park Street, Westminster, I 212
Parrot in Westminster Abbey, I 144, 301

Par's School, I 5; II 319
Patrons, The, Rev. Dr. Franklin's Royal Academy verses, II 88–89
" Pavement, The," St. Martin's Lane, II 159–60
Pelican Office, Lombard Street, Curious sculptures on, II 355
Penmanship, Gainsborough's love of good, II 86–87
Percy Chapel, Charlotte Street, I 34
Perreaus and Mrs. Rudd, Burial of, II 170
Phigalian Marbles in British Museum, I 312
Phrenologist, A famous, James Deville, I 321–22
Pilgrimage to Canterbury, William Blake's, II 377–80
Pills, Lionel Lockyer's, I 376
Pitt, Statue of, by Nollekens, I 368–69, 370–71
Plate, Duty on, I 206–7
" Plum " (£100,000), I 94
" Poet's Head " tavern, The, I 105
Poland Street, Soho, William Blake in, II 371
Polygraphic Society, II 322
Ponds, Old, in Marylebone, I 29–30
Poplar, Interesting chapel at, I 65
" Porto Bello " inn sign, by Monamy, I 23
Portrait of Richard II, I 147
" Potato Man," The, II 60
Prescot Street, Whitechapel, Numbering of houses in, II 173
" Primrose Hill," Covent Garden, I 174
Privy Gardens, Duke of Richmond's art gallery in, II 102–4
Pronouncing Dictionary, Walker's, II 211–12
Puck, Sir Joshua Reynolds's, II 227
" Puddings " worn by children, I 196–97
Punch and Judy, I 91

Quacks—
Bossy, Dr., I 255
Hill, Dr. John, the herbalist, II 138
Leake, Dr. John, and his Diet Drink, II 167
Lockyer, Dr. Lionel, and his pills, I 376; II 167
Misaubin, Dr., II 163–64
Ward, Dr. Joshua, II 132–34
Quakers' Meeting House, St. Martin's Lane, II 166
Queen Anne Street, East, I 21
" Queen's Head and Artichoke," I 70, 239

" Ragged Regiment, The," in Westminster Abbey, I 143–44
Rasselas, the original of Pekuah in, I 277
Rathbone Place, I 34; II 367
" Rat's Castle," I 311
Rebels of '45, their arrival in London, I 42
Red Lion tavern, Covent Garden, II 215
Reid's Hotel, St. Martin's Lane, II 157
Rembrandt hoax, II 159
Request, Courts of, I 6
Retaliation, Goldsmith's, Suspicions concerning the Whitefoord lines, I 273–74
Reynolds, P.R.A., Sir Joshua, his throne-chair, II 8–10
—— Statue of, in St. Paul's, II 357–58
Richmond, Sir Joshua Reynolds's villa at, I 82; II 128
Richmond House, Art gallery for students at, II 102–4, 111
Robinson Crusoe, Author and publisher of the song, II 216
Rock of Ages, Author of, II 139
Rome, A sculptor's walk to, II 39
Rope Walk near Middlesex Hospital, II 108
Rosamond's Pond, II 155–56
Rose of Normandy tavern, The, I 31
Rose Street, Long Acre, Bold capture of criminal in, I 109
Royal Academy, Baretti's Guide to, II 57, 93
—— Club, I 187
—— Eligibility of engravers for membership of, II 75
—— Exhibition in 1770 described, I 57–59
—— Poetical Toast of, II 88–89
—— Sir Robert Strange on, I 225
—— Two women members of, I 53
Royal Academians, Zoffany's picture of, II 67
Royal Exchange, II 106–7

" Royal Swan," Kingsland Road, I 205
" Running Box, The," I 41
Russell Square, No. 67, I 337
— Street, Covent Garden, I 24

Sablonière Hotel, Leicester Square, II 145
St. Albans' House, St. James's Square, I 155
St. George's, Bloomsbury, I 106
St. George the Martyr's burial ground, I 14, 107; II 161
St. Giles's, Cripplegate, I 303–4; II 126
— — Bust of Milton in, II 94
St. James's, Piccadilly, I 6; II 336
St. James's Square, Statue of William III in, II 97
St. Martin's Lane, its history and inhabitants, II 157–78
— — Cobb the Upholsterer, II 177
— — grapes grown there, II 163
— — mistaken tradition concerning Earls of Salisbury, II 169
— — Sir James Thornhill's house in, II 165
— — Turnpike in, II 173
— — Watch-house in, II 169
St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Church burial vaults, II 170
St. Martin's Street, Dr. Burney in, I 36; II 136–37
— — Sir Isaac Newton in, II 139–40
St. Mary-le-Bow Church, Bishop Newton's monument in, II 125–26
St. Paul's Cathedral, Bird's sculptured figures on, II 121
— — Figures of the Apostles on, I 167
— — First monuments erected in, II 94
— — Lightning conductors on, II 161
— — Nelson monument, II 360–61
— — Burial of Benjamin West in, II 309–12
St. Peter's Court, II 37, 166
St. Stephen's, Walbrook, Extraordinary statue formerly in, II 134–5
Salt Box, The, II 267
" Salutation " tavern, Covent Garden, II 215–17
Sardinia (Duke) Street, I 5
— Chapel, Lincoln's Inn Fields, I 27
Schomberg House, I 156; II 322–23
Sculpture, Drapery in, I 68
— Early English, II 117–22
— Immense marble blocks used in, I 231–32
— Magnitude in, depreciated, I 167
— Problem of light in, I 229–30
— an old trick with sitters, I 290
— Texture in, I 226–28
" Sea, The Little," I 30
Seven Dials, I 39
Shakespeare, Portraits of, II 362
— Gallery, Boydell's, II 125
— sign-board, Famous, I 24
— Tavern, The, I 173
Shakespeare, Sir T. Hanmer's, II 144
Shield of Achilles, Flaxman's, II 359–60
Shield, Curious, in British Museum, I 37
Shoe-blacks, I 175–76
Shop-bill, written by Dr. Johnson, II 99
Short's Gardens, I 110
Simplers in Covent Garden, I 172
Simpson's restaurant, II 319
" Six-and-Thirty " pond, The, I 30
Slaughter's Coffee Houses, II 144, 152–53, 158–59, 162
Sleeping Girl, Sir Joshua Reynolds's, II 226–27
Smuggling by Nollekens, Ingenious, I 13
Snow-house in Oxford Market, I 82
Snuff, Nollekens's addiction to, I 287
— Sir Joshua Reynolds's use of, II 225–26
Snuff-box, Famous, at St. John's Church, Westminster, I 148
Soho Square, I 28–29; II 56
— — Ambassadors' residences in, I 38
— — Sir Joseph Banks in, I 213
— — its lost statue of Charles II, I 38
Somerset House, its sculptures, II 57, 93, 109–10
Speakers of the House of Commons, Portraits of, II 172
Spinning Wheel Alley, I 199

Spiritualist, Richard Cosway, R.A., as a, II 328–29
Splendid Shilling, The, I 170
Stafford Row, Mrs. Radcliffe in, I 138
" Starter," I 27
Steam Carriage, Gurney's, I 309–10
Stocks formerly in St. Martin's Church crypt, II 169–70
Stratford Place, Richard Cosway, R.A., in, II 324–26
Strawberry Girl, Sir Joshua Reynolds's, II 226
Suett, Famous wig worn by, II 151–52
Sun and Horsehoe Tavern, I 92–93

Tash Street, I 151
Tavistock Row, I 173
— Street, Fashionable shops in, I 55
Tea-pot of Dr. Johnson, I 112–14
Thornhaugh Street, II 295
" Three Loggerheads " sign, painted by Richard Wilson, R.A., I 25
" Three Pigeons, The," a famous hair-dresser's shop, I 294
Throne-chair, Sir Joshua Reynolds's, II 8–10
Titian, his " Cornaro Family " at Northumberland House, II 172
" Tom of Ten Thousand," II 268
Tothill Street, I 152
Tower, Lions at the, I 67
Tower Street, Seven Dials, I 39
Townley Marbles in Park Street, Westminster, I 212–21
— — at British Museum, I 215
— — bought for the nation, I 10
Townley Hall, I 214
Trial of Queen Catherine, Harlow's, II 332–33, 346
Trivia, Gay's, I 154
Trunkmaker of St. Paul's Churchyard, I 100
Turnpike in St. Martin's Lane, II 173
Twining's tea business, II 137
Tyburn, Jack Rann executed at, I 20–21

Upholsterer in St. Martin's Lane, Famous, II 177–78
" Upper Flask " tavern, I 63

Vauxhall Gardens, II 29
Vegetable System, Dr. Hill's, II 138
Venus, The Townley, I 217
— Curiously restored, in Townley Gallery, I 219
— Torso, Story of a, II 110
Vine Street, I 6, 40
Vinegar Yard, I 110
Vortigern at Drury Lane, I 178

Walks in London, J. T. Smith's, II 39
Walnut trees, in St. Giles's, I 35
Wanstead House, Great sale at, II 43
Ward, Dr. Joshua, Statue of, by Carlini, II 132–34
Wardour Street, Flaxman in, 353, 357
Warwick Street, Capitsoldi's freak in, II 102
Watch-house in St. Martin's Lane, II 169
Watchman, a Sunday newspaper, II 176
Waterloo Bridge, Canova's tribute to, II 96
Wax-works, Mrs. Salmon's, in Fleet Street, I 144–45
Westminster Abbey, altar-piece, A much-removed, I 148
— — Argyle monument, and figure of Eloquence, II 96
— — Aymer de Valence, Tomb of, I 152
— — Birds in, I 149
— — Dr. Busby, II 121
— — Camden's injured monument, Story of, I 148
— — Charges for admission to, I 146, 302–3
— — Cornewall monument, I 151
— — Edward the Confessor's Shrine, II 119
— — Chapel of St. Blaize, I 150
— — Chatham's monument, Inscription on, II 93–94
— — Coffins exposed in, I 145
— — Finger, Traditional death from a pricked, I 146
— — Henry VII's tomb, II 119
— — Islip Chapel, I 144
— — Kissing a Queen, I 145
— — General Monk's cap, I 146
— — Nightingale tomb, The, II 32

Westminster Abbey, Norris monument, Roubiliac's tribute, II 28
— — Quack doctor's desire for a grave in, II 133
— — Rysbrack's monuments, II 52
— — Shakespeare's statue by Kent, II 33–34
— — Three Captains monument by Nollekens, I 370
— — Tombs by Torrigiano, II 119
— — Completion of the Towers of, I 149
— — Townshend monument, I 151; II 238
— — Admiral Tyrell's monument, II 35–36
— — Vere monument, II 28–29
— — Wax figures in, I 143–44
— — General Wolfe's monument, II 107–8
— — Woollett's monument in cloisters, II 125, 187
Westminster Bridge, Curious echo on Old, I 154
— Gate-house, I 153
— Scholars as Abbey vandals, I 146
Whitefield's Tabernacle, Bacon's epitaph in, II 96
White Bear Tavern, Piccadilly, I 158
White Lion sign, painted by Morland, I 23
White's Club, Humorous address of gamesters to George III, I 74–75
Wig, Dr. Lettsom's glass, I 87
— Charles II's black, II 151–52
Wig-combs, I 87, 381
Wigs in Art and Life, I 376–81
Wig-stealing, an 18th century trick, I 380
William III, Statue of, by John Bacon, jun., II 97
Windmill erected on Newgate Prison, II 205
Windmill Street, I 34
Windsor Castle, Practical jokes at, I 306
Woodman, Gainsborough's, II 87

"Yorkshire Stingo" tavern, I 363
"Young Man's" coffee house, II 152

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